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 PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XXIII.

THE post that brought to Roger Carey Lyssie's terrified and confused appeal brought also a brief communication from Mrs. Shore. She was anxious to consult Mr. Carey on business; could he run down to Old Chester for a day or two? She would be greatly indebted to him if he could spare the time to come.

As it happened, Roger really could not spare the time very well, and a stern sense of duty might have made him write to Lyssie, with anxious regret, that he could not possibly leave his office at what chanced to be an important moment; but Mrs. Shore's summons, couched in business terms, gave him an excuse with which to silence his conscience for stealing a day off with Alicia. "I've got to go," he assured himself, his face beaming with satisfaction. "Business is business; but I'll stay over Sunday, and maybe Lyssie will be willing not to go to church this once; — and then she'll tell me what troubles her," he thought, a little amused, but tender. Roger had forgotten his vague self-reproach for something he had not done on the day that he had last seen Lyssie and her sister, and he was aware now of nothing but eagerness to see his sweetheart again. "I'll take the Friday afternoon stage," he told himself, with great delight.

It happened that Mr. Joseph Lavendar took the same stage, and he, with instant hospitality, insisted that Mr. Carey, instead of putting up at the village

tavern, should come to the rectory. "My brother will be delighted to see you," he said, "delighted!"

Roger, alarmed at the prospect of the rectory, and morning and evening worship, and no food to speak of, protested that the tavern was very comfortable; that he was in town on business, and would be much occupied; that he could not think of bothering Dr. Lavendar: in fact, he offered all those excuses with which we try to evade undesired hospitality, and which never save us.

Mr. Lavendar pooh-poohed them all. "My brother'll be delighted," he insisted, beaming.

And Roger, with a sigh for the freedom of the tavern, declared that, in that case, he should be delighted, too; and so it was settled.

Mr. Lavendar was honestly glad to see the young man, because he was a young man, and in love, and on his way to Old Chester, — three things calculated to arouse a kindly sentiment in the mind of Joseph Lavendar; but he suddenly remembered that Mr. Carey was also a cousin of Mrs. Pendleton's, and he was at once conscious of a distinctly warmer feeling for him. As they sat side by side on the box seat, he scanned Roger furtively over the rims of his spectacles, and seemed to find the inspection satisfactory. He liked the young man's gray clothes; he liked his straw hat; he liked his clean-shaven face, his strong mouth, his keen eye. "He has a look of Amanda," Mr. Joseph thought sentimentally,

indifferent to the claims of blood on the part of the late Mr. Pendleton.

They did not talk very much. Roger, until the long, slow jog in the sunshine made him sleepy, was wondering what on earth Mrs. Shore could want of him; and the other had his own affairs to think of.

Mr. Joseph sighed once or twice, and looked at his companion as though about to speak. Yet they were more than half-way to Old Chester before, in the most casual way in the world, though with a flurried note in his voice which Roger might have noticed had he been less sleepy, Mr. Lavendar began to say something of his young friend's interesting relative Mrs. Pendleton. He spoke of her writings, her garden, her pleasing and most feminine manners, and then he ventured the criticism that she must be somewhat lonely, being (comparatively) a stranger in Old Chester.

Roger yawned, and said, Well, yes, he supposed so.

Then there was a little silence, after which the older man observed, hurriedly, that the afternoon was charming, and he wondered that so agreeable a lady had not married again.

"Yes," said Roger, glancing off across the russet fields.

"It surprises me a little," Mr. Lavendar remarked, and paused to cough gently behind his hand, "that she has not made another choice; though perhaps it is a little soon to think of it, and I am certain that your relative would observe every propriety. However, I have no doubt she will make another choice at some time?"

"Very likely," Roger agreed absently. He had waked up enough to say to himself again, "But why does she send for *me*? Where's Woodhouse? He looks after their affairs. I wonder if Shore advised it?" He did not notice how instantly the furtive anxiety had cleared from Mr. Lavendar's face, nor how he drew a full breath, and smiled,

and began to talk to the stage-driver with a certain excited gayety.

When Mr. Carey climbed down at Alicia's door, and said he should not come to the rectory until late, for he thought Mrs. Drayton would give him some supper, Mr. Lavendar hardly protested. His mind was too full of the conclusion he had drawn from the young man's assent to his statement that Mrs. Pendleton would no doubt make another choice.

"That settles the question of the will," he thought, his heart beating hard. For the rest of the evening he thought of nothing else, even while the preface to the chapters which were to be written upon *The Relation of Precious Stones to the Science and Practice of Medicine* was being read aloud to him, and while he told his brother all the Mercer news.

After supper, as usual, the brothers played dominoes, with Danny snuggled close beside Dr. Lavendar, who was constantly addressing the little grizzled dog with fierce epithets, and threatening that he would give him away to the first person who would take him. "You are a scoundrel, sir!" his master assured him, edging forward in his chair to make more room for him.

"Go on, Joey, it's your draw. You're slow, boy!"

Mr. Joseph drew. "Ah — brother Jim," he said, continuing to draw, "I spoke — I should say, young Carey spoke — of my friend Mrs. Pendleton. You recall your fear that she might be hampered, as you might say, by the will of the late Mr. Pendleton?"

Dr. Lavendar, about to mark his gains with a broken match upon an old cribbage board, looked up, his jaw dropping.

"Young Carey said," Mr. Joseph went on (still drawing) — "he said that — but I won't trouble you with what he said; only, brother Jim, I wished you to know that there are strong probabilities that the — impediment — which you mentioned does not exist."

"But nine hundred and ninety-nine

other impediments do!" cried Dr. Lavendar, choking.

"I am not aware of them," said Mr. Joseph, with dignity; but he breathed hard, and drew three more dominoes very rapidly.

"Have you asked her yet?" the brother demanded. ("Hold on! How many are you going to draw?")

Mr. Lavendar checked himself and apologized; beginning, with a shaking hand, to arrange a fence of dominoes like a Druid circle about the altar of a double six. "I haven't asked her yet; but now I mean to. I don't think we need pursue this subject; it is painful for us both."

"The result will be painful for you, sir!" Dr. Lavendar answered loudly. "But if Ephraim is joined to his idols, I suppose one must let him alone; only I should like to say one thing, and then we'll drop the subject. *Are you prepared to live on your wife, sir?*"

"I have my profession," returned poor Mr. Joseph, matching a five, and turning off the snaky line to the left; but he quivered under the thrust.

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, throwing himself back in his chair so suddenly that Danny squeaked, and scrambled out from under his arm, "in my young days, a young man wouldn't have had the face to go to a rich woman and say, 'I can earn my coach fare, ma'am, and a dollar or two beside, but I'll be obliged to you if you will marry me.' But never mind, never mind. Things have changed since then."

"James!"

"Well, he *would* n't," Dr. Lavendar said tremulously. Then he opened and shut his lips several times before he succeeded in adding, "I did n't mean that, Joey. You make me seem irritable sometimes; but not at all; I am merely impatient. Of course you earn your living. But I don't like her, Joey; that's the fact. She threw you over once; she'd do it again."

"You've no right to say that, brother Jim," Mr. Joseph said; then, the gibe about his money still rankling, he went on with some spirit: "And beside, it is n't as though I were a money-hunter; not at all. I have something beside my profession. There's the income we shall have from the book."

Dr. Lavendar was silent. He got up, and went over to the mantelshef and filled his pipe, forgetting to light it; then he came shuffling back. "It's your draw," he said, and stroked Danny's ears violently. "I—I, of course, expect a good income from my book. But you've no right to reckon on that. It belongs to me."

Mr. Joseph did not speak. Dr. Lavendar played excitedly; the tears stood in his eyes. "Don't you want a light, Jim?" his brother said, and got up and brought a live coal in the tongs; and then they played in silence.

Joseph Lavendar could hardly see. If he did not match his dominoes, his brother let it pass. "You've no right to reckon on that:" Mr. Joseph said it over and over. He forgot Mrs. Pendleton. Such a threat had no bearing upon his purpose, but it broke his heart. Jim's book—Jim's income—he had "no right to reckon" on them! He played on blindly; he felt as though he hated Mrs. Pendleton for this grief; but he matched a double, and turned and twisted the long line across the slippery top of the table, and made no protest.

It was a dreadful evening to these two brothers: they wished Roger Carey would come in; they could not meet each other's eyes as they sat there alone, and it would be something to have the young man to talk to and to look at. But he did not come; and by and by, at half past nine to the minute, they went out together to look, as usual, at the thermometer, and to mark the temperature upon a sheltered clapboard at one end of the porch, where a line of such marks showed the age of the habit.

Then they had prayers; after which, still as usual, they together conducted Danny to his bed in the barn, and blew out the lights. They put a candle and a match upon the hall table for Mr. Carey, and left the door on the latch. Then they said good-night, and each shut himself up in his room.

Both of them were awake when, the night half over, Roger Carey entered, and, with careful stealth, climbed the stairs to his bedroom.

XXIV.

When Alicia's first delight at seeing her lover had worn off, her face settled into anxious lines. But she was incapable of putting into words, even to him, the "dreadful thing," the "shameful thing," as she thought it, which had happened to her sister; all that she told him, the color coming up into her face, and even her slender neck flushing, was that something troubled Cecil and Philip. "I'm sure you can help them," she said.

Roger did not press her for any explanation.

"Very well, dear, I'll do my best," he told her gently, and saw the painful color ebb, and her clear eyes meet his again. He was very gentle with her, as one is with a child whose modesty is a beautiful ignorance; but it removed him very far away from her. In his own mind he smiled a little. "They've quarreled, I suppose," he thought, "and Lysie, bless her little heart! wants me to reconcile them. But I can't do anything. The fellow who tries to mediate between husband and wife is a fool. But why in the world did *she* send for me? It can't be this squabble?"

And when, directly after supper, he left Lyssie, with the promise of an early return, and went up to Mrs. Shore's, he was still in the dark as to why he had been summoned to Old Chester.

No, Mr. Shore was not at home, he was told. Mrs. Shore was in, yes; the servant would find out whether she would see Mr. Carey. Roger, waiting, received a leaping welcome from Eric, and responded as warmly. "You old scamp!" he said lovingly, as the dog showed that beautiful and joyous affection which the human creature is as unworthy to receive as he is incapable of experiencing in himself. But all the while he was listening intently for a step upon the stairs, and he was aware that he was breathing quickly. Then the maid came to say, Would Mr. Carey please go up to Mrs. Shore's sitting-room?

She did not rise to meet him, but she smiled, and held out her hand without speaking. That reception of smiling silence is strangely flattering. Roger felt it so now.

"You see I come at once," he said.

"You are very good," she answered cordially; and then said something of the bore of a stage ride, and asked him if he had had dinner, and would he not have a glass of wine?

"No, thank you," Roger said. The situation itself was suddenly like wine to him. He could not hold his eyes away from her. Behind her, high on the wall, a cluster of candles burned in an old sconce, and a shower of soft light fell on her bronze hair, wrapped in two noble braids about her head; at her suggestion, he threw a fresh log upon the fire, and when, with a leaping rush of sparks, the small flames curled about it as tremulously as the fingers of a player about the neck of his mandolin, the light shone on her face, and glimmered in a square topaz that caught the lace together at her throat, and spread itself in a sheen upon her lap.

Cecil talked, in her slow voice, — a voice that had color in it, — of this or that: told him Molly was in despair to have to go to bed without seeing him; laughed a little at the invitation from the rectory; said Eric had pined for him.

Eric, outside, heard his name, and rapped on the door with his tail. Roger answered recklessly and gayly. He had no longer any curiosity to know why she had sent for him; he was here, and he could look at her, and that was enough. He said to himself that he had never seen a more splendid creature. She was not Mrs. Philip Shore to him; still less was she Lyssie's sister: she was a "splendid creature."

"Yes," Cecil continued, "it is very good in you to come so promptly. I have some business matters I want to put into your hands, Mr. Carey. Mr. Shore and I are going to separate."

The blood flew to Roger Carey's face. "What?"

"Yes. Oh, I don't mean that I am going to need your professional services. Did you have a vision of the divorce court? No; we are most amicable, Mr. Shore and I. We are a perfect Darby and Joan in the way in which we agree about this. We are going to live apart; that's all. What I wanted to ask you was only a question about Molly. And I want you to take care of my money, too, if you will?"

Her words were like a dash of water in his face; he dropped abruptly from that haze of impersonal appreciation of the "splendid creature" to keen interest and very honest dismay. His friend's wife was going to leave him!

"Oh, Mrs. Shore," he cried, "this is very dreadful! It is — why, it is incredible! Surely you don't mean — it's only a passing impulse; you can't mean" —

"Yes," Cecil answered quietly, "I do mean it, Mr. Carey. I need not bother you with my reasons, but I do mean it."

"But I don't understand! You've had some difference, I suppose; and now you think — Oh, Mrs. Shore, it's impossible! You must let me see Philip and tell him you think better of it. You must let me — do something."

"You are very kind," Cecil said, with an annoyed look, "but it's all settled,

thank you very much. I merely wished to ask you one or two questions."

"I'll answer any questions I can, but first please let me say how distressed and shocked I am at what you tell me. Of course, if — if Philip has offended you in any way" —

"Oh, not at all. We have nothing against one another, — except each the existence of the other. Oh yes; the daily aggravation of Philip's good example has been very trying. My dear Mr. Carey, we are bored; that is all."

Roger was too dumfounded at the folly of it for words; his face grew rigid with consternation.

"I thought you believed in separation?" Cecil said. "Did n't you say the Todds ought to separate? Or no; it was Mr. Shore who said that; I had forgotten. But you certainly told me you believed in separation."

"Under some circumstances I do. The Todds ought n't to live together, perhaps, but such a separation ought to be made *by the State for the State*, — not by themselves for any selfish reasons. But how ridiculous to speak of such a thing! You and Philip are educated and responsible people, who propose to do an absolutely wicked thing, for apparently no reason or motive whatever!"

"Oh, we have very exalted reasons," Cecil answered, with a slight smile. "Mr. Shore knows that — that I no longer adore him; Love's young dream is over, so to speak, so on high moral grounds we think it right to part." Her color deepened as she spoke, and there was an instant's silence between them.

Then Roger said, constrainedly, something about false ideas of morality. "It's all very well to hide the fact under fine sentiments; but I tell you what it is, it is a case of the Emperor in Hans Andersen's story, who said he was so finely dressed: — do you remember what the child cried out? I don't care how exalted your reasons and Philip's are, the real naked fact is selfishness.

But I refuse to think it possible that you will do such a thing. It's only an impulse, as I said. Will you not authorize me to go to see Philip and tell him that you think better of it?"

"You would like to arrange a reconciliation, would n't you?" she said drolly. "Do you want Molly to fall ill, and then join our hands over her cradle? Or shall one of us die, to give freedom to the other, and uncomfortably remorseful love result? No, Mr. Carey; the dramatic does n't happen. Molly is very robust, thank Heaven, and neither Mr. Shore nor I mean to commit suicide" —

Roger interrupted her, frowning. "This is too grave a matter for flippancy. Let me discuss it with you seriously."

But even while he discussed it the old excitement crept over him, this time with a shadowy terror in it; his earnestness held a singular note of fright. He did not want Cecil Shore to be free! Her husband must not set a trap for him in this way! Every argument of conventionality, of duty to Molly, of ecclesiastical force, was hot upon his lips. She could not, he declared, find a word of complaint against Philip; Philip was the best fellow in the world. He sternly bade her realize her husband's worth. He was convinced, he said, that the fault was hers, if Philip, for this preposterous reason which she had given, wished to leave her. "You are a selfish woman," he said, — he was bending forward, one hand behind him, gripping the arm of his chair, the other outstretched, almost touching hers in his excitement, yet never unconscious enough really to do it, — "you are a selfish woman, and you are flippant, which is worse. Even now you are flippant. Here is a matter of awful seriousness, and you regard it — or you pretend to regard it — lightly, and from a simply selfish point of view."

Roger was battling for his friend with all his heart, but he looked all the while — he could not take his eyes away from her — at this beautiful woman, who, de-

spite the matter of which they were speaking, was again only a beautiful woman to him.

But defense of her husband was an insult to Cecil. She flung out at him that she only wished to consult him about Molly, — unless, of course, being Mr. Shore's friend, he did not wish to advise her? In which case she would consult some one else.

"I am here to advise you, whether you want it or not," he returned; "now just listen to me, please." He stood up in front of her, one hand in his pocket, the other emphasizing his curt words. "There shall be no question about Molly; you and Shore will both do your duty, and keep a home for her."

His indignation, his apparent feeling that her views and reasons were beneath argument, his evident and rude belief that if she would only behave herself like an intelligent woman Philip would "be willing" to give up this mad and wicked plan, made Cecil furious. She was not for a moment impressed by the value of anything he said. It is not impossible that this was because of its insincerity. He was arguing as he believed, but not because he believed it. He was arguing from absolute, dismayed selfishness.

"As for Molly," he said, "I can't help telling you frankly that I consider you the last person in the world to take charge of her; you spoil her, you amuse yourself with her, you neglect her, just as it happens to suit you."

"Mr. Carey, you force me to remind you that I have not asked your opinion about my conduct, I" —

"Well, I'm sorry to appear to thrust my opinion upon you, but it's certainly just as well you should know what people will think and say if you carry out this preposterous idea. Upon my word, Mrs. Shore, it is amazing to me that a man of Philip's integrity, and a woman of — well, of as much horse sense, in the long run, as you have, can seriously consider such a thing! I shall tell Philip

that he'll sacrifice Molly if he carries out an abstract idealism (of course that's what it is in him), because she will be left without his influence. It's the only influence for good the child has," he ended, looking at her severely.

She defended herself as well as she could, but his words beat her like whips. In spite of her anger and her pride, she cowered; tears, even, rose in her eyes. "You are very unjust—you are very unjust," she murmured.

"On the contrary, I am only just; I tell you the truth. As for your having Molly,—yes, I suppose she would be given to you, if you did anything so wicked as to push this matter to a question of law. Unfortunately, the court would not take cognizance of the fact that you are an unfit woman to be entrusted with her. But there must n't be such a question; you must go back to your husband,—and you must remember you're his wife. This matter of flinging off an obligation because it is n't agreeable is vicious and pernicious, I don't care what the ideals are! Ideality can be responsible for damnable crimes." He spoke with that brutal indifference as to his choice of words that a man reserves for men, and for the woman who loves him. It did not strike either of them at the time, but he did not excuse his indignant excitement on the ground of his approaching connection with the family.

He stood looking down at her, his chin set, his eyes narrowing in a certain aggressive masculinity that made all the woman in her shrink. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" he said.

She rose; his words and the jarring anger of his voice were as tangible as a grip upon her wrists, pulling her to her feet before him. "Don't say such things,—don't talk to me that way. It's done. I can't help it. It's done. I wish you would help me instead of talking that way."

He said, breathlessly, that he *was* help-

ing her when he told her she must not leave her husband; for Molly's sake, for —for— "My heavens! Philip Shore's a fool!" he burst out. But instantly, as though a quick rein tightened upon him, he again stammered something of duty. "Promise me to do your duty!"

"I'll think over what you've said," she answered faintly. She felt as though he had compelled the words; she was afraid of him. Her breath came in a sob, and she swayed a little as though about to fall.

"You are faint!" he said quickly. Her arms fell along his own stretched out to support her; he felt her warm, swaying weight upon his breast; their eyes met in one full, pulsating look,—met with a clash of exultant shame, and dropped, cowering.

Cecil drew back violently, flinging her hands behind her as though she had touched fire. Neither spoke. Roger Carey trembled to his soul.

"I—I beg your pardon; I thought you were faint"—

A spark from the fire leaped suddenly out across the hearth and fell on the white rug at their feet.

"How that wood does snap!" he said, breathless.

"Yes—yes; it's a nuisance to have it snap so. Oh, are you—must you go?"

"I think so. Yes. I will see you to-morrow. Good-night."

"Good-night."

XXV.

"No, it was so late when I left Mrs. Shore's, I thought I'd better not come in."

"Oh, Roger, could you make things straight? Oh, is n't it dreadful that she should have thought of such a thing? I felt sure you'd show her how wrong it was."

"Well, I said everything I could think of. Yes, I produced some effect. I had a note from her this morning, and"—

"Oh," interrupted Lyssie, "won't you please begin at the beginning? Tell me everything! I'm so worried."

But there was singularly little to tell.

"She promises to reconsider it," he said. "There's her letter; read it, if you want to. She just says she will reconsider it. Lys, after I left—Mrs. Shore's, I took a walk. That's another thing that made me late. The fact was, I wanted to think."

"About this, I suppose?"

"About you."

The color came into Lyssie's face, and she smiled, in spite of the grief of the world. "You might have found a better subject!"

They were in the parlor; Lyssie near the window, for the room was dark with a steady sweep of rain against the glass, and she was busy with a bit of sewing. Outside there was a glimpse of a frosted garden standing forlornly in the mist; there was a yellow litter of fallen leaves under the chestnuts, and in the sodden border a single blot of scarlet, where a late geranium burned bravely in spite of its pallid hanging leaves. Once or twice a drop splashed down the chimney and sputtered on the hearth; but the fire flamed cheerily, with a low murmur of sap, and Eric lay comfortably in front of it, steaming a little, and twinkling up at Roger from under anxious, deprecatory brows.

"He met me in the village, and he would come," Roger explained, and touched the dog's big nose with his foot. "Come, wake up, old man!"

Eric lifted one eyebrow, and flopped his tail, but he had no intention of moving.

"What a beastly day it is!" said Roger; he was wondering whether he looked as stupid as he felt.

"Yes," Lyssie assented, glancing up from her sewing. "Just see this yellow leaf the rain has beaten against the window! It's too bad about our walk, but perhaps it will clear by this afternoon."

"I don't believe it will," Roger remarked gloomily; and then he came and sat down by Lyssie's little work-table, and took her scissors and began to snip off bits of thread; when reproved for such untidy ways, he built the spools into pyramids, and then drummed on the table to make them totter and fall. He had nothing to say of Cecil and Philip, except that "it was all perfectly absurd," and just a passing impulse. "It will come out all right," he told her impatiently.

"Oh, Roger, are you *sure*?" Lyssie entreated, ready to cry with the relief of it. She wished he would be a little more explicit, but she would not tease him with questions; perhaps he felt that such a matter ought not to be spoken of.

Roger knocked all the spools down at a blow, and rose, and stirred Eric up, rolling him over with his foot, and worrying him with grumbling affection. "It's beastly, this rain," he announced again; which made Alicia put down her work and say with decision, "We will go out to walk. You don't mind the rain, do you? I don't. And it will be pleasanter than staying in the house."

Roger brightened up at once, but protested faintly: "You might get damp; your mother will think I am insane. Of course you mustn't go out in the rain. We can talk here just as well. I want to tell you what it was that I thought about you last night."

If this suggestion of a confidence by the quiet fireside was any temptation to Alicia, she did not betray it. "Damp? What does that matter! I'd love a walk in the rain;" and she silenced him by running away to get her cloak.

Left alone, Roger stood moodily by the window and looked out at the rain. The fact was, he had decided, after a night's sleep, that when he had left Mrs. Shore, the night before, he had taken himself too seriously.

There was certainly no doubt about it,—he had taken himself too seriously. He had gone down through Cecil Shore's

silent house, out into the amber dusk of the moonlit autumnal night, half drunk with excitement. All the man, for one glowing moment, had spoken in his eyes; all the woman had answered in hers; and then had come the speechless outcry of fear and triumph, the ringing silence; for those words of the habit of conventionality neither of them had heard. When he had shut the door behind him, he stood for a moment on the porch, staring into the night and breathing heavily. The stone steps were wet with mist; there was a scent of dead leaves and damp earth. In the house behind him some one closed a window; and he caught his breath with a start, as though he were awakening. Mechanically he walked across the terrace, and down along the flagged path to the pool. There was a light gauze of mist over the water, and the fallen leaves under the two old poplars were heavy with moisture. At the sound of his step along the path, the frogs stopped suddenly their bell-like clangor, and there was a splash somewhere under the mist, and then silence. Roger sat down on the stone bench, and passed his hand over his eyes.

"Good Lord! suppose I had kissed her?"

His danger made him shiver. A breath of colder air came straying across the pool, and touched his hands, clasped listlessly between his knees. Yes: she had leaned against his breast; he had felt the satin warmth of her arm along his wrist. Again the blood leaped in his temples, he felt hot pulses in his fingers; he drew in his lips, and his eyelids drooped into a smile that drove the soul out of his face. Ah, that swaying weight in his arms!

He exulted, even while he cowered at the danger he had been in; but he lifted his wrist to his lips and kissed it savagely, and cursed himself, with a laugh, for a fool.

"Well, I did n't. But damn Philip Shore!"

Then the shame of it grew upon him, and that inescapable fright which comes with the recognition of a possibility. His self-knowledge struck him insolently in the face. "But I did n't do it!" he insisted sullenly. He almost forgot Cecil, as he thus came to himself and saw his possibilities before him; his friend's wife had only opened the door to facts. He could forget the doorkeeper, face to face with the drunken crew whom she had admitted. In his dismay, he had no concern for any dismay that she might feel. A little later, to protect her in his thoughts, he decided that she was unaware of that hot impulse of his, and that he had read no consent in her eyes; but just at that moment, in the mist under the poplars, he did not think of her at all.

But how keenly aware Cecil had been of it all! When Roger Carey closed the door, and the flames of the candles swerved and bent, and then burned in a pointed gleam, she had stood quite still for a moment. She looked down at the charred bit of wood on the rug, and even pushed it away with her foot, and stooped as if to see whether the rug were burned. Then she walked the length of the room with violent haste, and stood, panting.

"Suppose he had kissed me? What could I have done? Why did n't he? He's not a fool."

She came back to the fire, and leaned her arms along the mantelpiece, resting her forehead on them. She felt herself smile and blush; and she shut her eyes and closed her teeth upon her lip. She stood there a long time, — longer than Roger Carey sat on the bench under the poplars. And when at last a log smouldered through, and fell apart with a soft crash of sparks, the light shone on a face stained by tears and full of a strange terror.

She went over to her writing-desk, and hunted among the litter of notes and papers, and found some telegram blanks. But she sat there a long time, making

idle marks upon her blotting paper, before she wrote: "Pray come back to Old Chester at once. Important." Then she addressed it to her husband.

Cecil Shore, too, had had a glimpse of her possibilities; all her instincts and traditions revolted in alarm. She fled to cover; she summoned her husband. "Lyssie — Lyssie — Lyssie!" she said to herself, her face hot with shame. "Oh, he is *good*!" she thought. She had decided swiftly that Philip should give up his foolery, and she her freedom, because Roger Carey was "good." She did not reason about it, but she wanted to meet him on his own level.

It was curious that, as he fell, he lifted her. Yet, absorbed in the selfishness of remorse, — and nothing may be more selfish than remorse, — Roger, sitting there on the stone bench, had not a thought for her, except perhaps of dull dislike.

But all that amazement and shame had been last night. By daylight things looked different; so different that, standing there at the window, in Lyssie's parlor, grumbling at the rain, he assured himself that he had not been guilty of the slightest impropriety; all the world might know that, seeing Mrs. Shore about to faint, he had supported her, and that he had come within an ace of kissing her! So long as he did n't do it, what an ass he had been to feel himself dishonorable! Good Lord, if a man is to agonize because he has had the impulse to kiss a pretty woman, he had best go into a monastery at once! He was morosely amused at himself. He had been too intense; and the reaction was an irritated conviction that he was a fool. It was this irritation which made it an effort to speak on a certain subject to Lyssie: he had made up his mind to ask her to be married at once; and then, as he put it to himself, "clear out, and let the Shores settle their own messes." He had not, in this connection, the slightest

impulse to confess to Alicia his experience of the night before. Confession would be as absurd as his remorse had been; he never thought of it; if he had, it would have been to say that "Lyssie would not understand," — in which he would probably have been correct. No, he was not going to confess; he was only going to catch at her tender hand to save himself from his possibilities. He did mean, however, to say that he was not good enough to tie her little shoes; and having told so much truth as that, he would feel, like the rest of his sex, that he was square with his conscience. That such statements only enhance his virtue in his beloved's eyes never troubles a man.

Roger Carey, to protect himself, was going to beg Lyssie to name the day.

Now, when a man wants to urge a speedy marriage on the girl he loves, he may well hold her hand in his, and perhaps kiss the finger tips, softly, and slip an arm around her waist to bring her shy face close to his, that he may hear her whisper, "Yes — yes; if you wish it!"

But any action seemed an effort to Roger; he was dull, he acknowledged listlessly; it would be easier to tramp along in the rain and hold an umbrella over Lyssie's head, and be perhaps just a little matter of fact. He was glad to start out; the fresh air would brighten him up, he thought.

The street was quite deserted. Dr. Lavendar's old hooded gig, sagging on its C springs, went slowly past them, leaving wheel-ruts full of running yellow water; the shaggy fetlocks of the little old blind horse came up from each step with a pull, and went squashing down again into the mud.

"Well, well," said Dr. Lavendar over the rubber apron, "are n't you young folks allowed to stay indoors to-day? Mr. Carey, you're welcome to my study, if Lyssie won't give you her parlor. What weather! What weather!"

"Is n't it funny," said Alicia, as the

gig bobbed along ahead of them, "that old people don't seem to see the pleasure of walking in the rain?"

"It depends on whether they are walking with their girls," Roger explained.

"No, it's pleasant anyhow!" Roger's girl declared. Her young face was wet with mist, and glowing with the color of a peach blossom; her eyes were shining under the dark brim of her hat.

"Lyssie, do you know what I was thinking about, — I mean when I took that walk, last night? I told you I was going to tell you what I was thinking about."

Lyssie's face sobered. "Cecil?"

"No! Why should I think of — of Mrs. Shore? Oh, you mean — oh, about that? That'll come out all right," he said, frowning. "I was thinking of you, Lyssie. Look here: this thing of seeing you for a day, and then going off for a month, is preposterous. I can't stand it. Let's put a stop to it. What do you say? This is the 28th of October; can't it be on the 1st of December? That's Wednesday. I looked it up on the calendar."

"Can't what be?" cried Lyssie. "Why, you don't mean — Roger, you are *crazy*!"

"I never was more sane. Lyssie, listen! Don't laugh. And please say 'yes.'"

"What are you talking about?" she said. "I never heard of anything so absurd; you might as well ask me to fly!" And then she sobered a little. "It's simply impossible, you know. In a month? If you had said a year, I should have laughed."

"I should have laughed if I had said a year! Be serious, Lys. Lots of people are married when they have n't been engaged as long as we have. There's no reason to wait. It's just waste of time. Let's begin to be happy. I know of a house, and I can have it all in order by the 1st of December."

"In the first place, you could n't. It

takes ever so much longer to put a house in order — Oh dear!" she interrupted herself, "would n't it be lovely?" All the domesticity of the sweet woman stirred in her, just as some women's eyes lighten when they look at the picture of a baby. "Yes, it takes a long time to put a house in order; but that is n't the question. I could n't, possibly, Roger."

"Could n't what?"

"Be — married," she said, looking up at him with clear, sweet eyes, but with the pretty color deepening suddenly in her face. "Oh, I could n't for ever so long."

Roger looked at her blankly, standing still, and holding the umbrella over his own head.

"What do you mean? Can't be married for a long time? Dear, consider!"

He was very gentle. Her shyness seemed so exquisite. He had no idea of her reason. It was not until they began to climb the hill on the further side of Old Chester that he realized that her unwillingness was on account of her mother.

"I'm young," she said; "I can wait."

"Well, but what about *me*?" he asked, in the simplicity of his astonishment.

Then Alicia looked at him with pathetic anxiety in her eyes that her ideal should not fail her. "Would n't it be just thinking of ourselves, if we — got married now?"

"I'm sure I don't know who else ought to be thought of! And look here: you may have a right to sacrifice your own life, but do you think you have a right to sacrifice mine? And that's what you will do, you little saint! Lyssie darling, if the 1st of December is too soon, really and seriously, why of course I'll not urge. I'll put it off a month, or even two months."

Alicia was silent with dismay. They had stopped on the top of the hill, and turned to look down into the valley, lying in a gray mist. The low sumacs that fringed the road were still burning their small red torches, but they had dropped

a carpet of yellow leaves upon the path. Eric, very muddy, and panting, flung himself down to rest; no doubt he thought of the fire and the rug, and decided that his two young friends were fools.

All Roger's listlessness had gone; Alicia's resistance made her more charming than he had ever seen her. As they walked back, he began again, so confidently that her little sad interruption, "It's impossible, Roger," was like the steel to his flint. But it brought love as well as anger into his voice.

"I believe you'd like to put it off a year!" he declared.

"A year?" returned Alicia, sighing. "There's no use thinking of a year; perhaps in two, in three" —

"In three years!"

"Oh, Roger, don't! Somebody will hear. Roger, listen. Why is n't it happiness enough to go on a little while as we are? You know I love you."

"I hope you do," he answered meanly.

"You know it. And I don't see why that is n't enough, — just to know I love you."

"Well, it is n't," Roger said, half mollified by her voice and words; and he proclaimed a dozen reasons to the contrary; in his earnestness, he almost touched the true reason: "I need you, Lyssie."

"But mother needs me, and" —

"She'll need you forever, if you're going to let that come into it," he interrupted angrily, again forgetting to hold the umbrella over her head, and gesticulating with it to emphasize his words. "Besides, I need you as no mere mother can."

Alicia was silent.

Roger talked on until they reached home, and then he paused long enough to take off her rubbers and scold her for being damp.

"Eric's feet must be wiped before he can come into the house," said Lyssie absently, and went to get a cloth.

Roger, looking cross and worried,

wiped the great paws; and Lyssie, watching him, laughed nervously at the dog's serious expression, and his sudden affection in trying to lick his friend's cheek; but Roger never smiled. Then they went into the parlor, and Roger put a log on the fire, and Alicia took up the bellows and sent a puff of flame and smoke crackling up the chimney, and the discussion went on as though there had been no interruption.

"You say your mother needs you. Dear, I need you. Your husband needs you, Lyssie."

The sudden color throbbed in her face, but she did not answer. Roger could not see how she was trembling, for she held the bellows hard to keep her fingers steady.

"And see the effect of your unreasonableness," he went on: "you make me — well, annoyed at your mother. Of course it is n't fair; but I can't help it."

Alicia looked at him hopelessly. "I don't seem able to put it right, or else you wouldn't feel so. Oh, I think it would kill her if I got married now."

"Kill her!" said Roger, and paused, for it would scarcely do to express his belief that there was no such luck to be expected. "Kill her! Why, look here: in the first place, she has all the wonderful vitality of the invalid; it would n't kill her at all. She'd be awfully interested; and it's the best thing in the world for hypochondria — I mean for people sick as she is, to be interested. It makes them forget themselves. And then she'd enjoy coming to visit us sometimes, and" —

"Visit us?" Lyssie broke in blankly.

"Why," said Roger, as blankly, "you did n't think she'd *live* with us?" And then they looked at each other.

"If you wish it, of course," Roger hastened to say, but in his own mind he added, "Good Lord!"

"I had thought so — when the time came," Lyssie faltered.

"Dear, with all due regard for your

mother, — and you know I'm very fond of her, — but as a matter of common sense, I do think it is a mistake for people to have their mothers-in-law live with them. I mean any mother-in-law, even a nice one — I'm not making this personal to Mrs. Drayton. Lyssie, please don't think I mean to be unkind!" he ended, in a burst. "I'm very fond of her, you know."

Lyssie drew in her breath, and looked away from him.

"I'd say it of my own mother, if she were alive," he protested, "and *she* was an angel. But she never would have wanted to live with us; she had too much sense," he floundered on.

"I don't want to thrust my mother on any one," said Alicia. "I had thought she would have a home with us; but — never mind."

Roger was silent for a moment; then he told her, as courteously as though he were not engaged to her, "Your wish settles it, my darling. And of course your mother is always welcome in my house. But if she is to come to us, you must see that there's no reason why we should n't be married at once."

"There's every reason, Roger. For one thing, she'll have to get used to the idea of leaving her own home. It would be dreadful for her. I have n't even dared to propose it to her yet. But I will. I promise you I will. And perhaps in two years, or a little more" —

Roger tramped back and forth across the room. Eric sprang up joyfully, and capered to the door; but nobody noticed him, and he subsided under the piano.

"Lyssie," the young man demanded, standing before her, with his hands in his pockets, "have you made any promise to your mother about this thing?"

"I said something once. But that has nothing to do with it. It is n't because of my promise. It's because I must n't."

"Well, may I ask how long you are going to prefer your mother to me?"

"Oh, Roger!"

"You need n't say 'Oh, Roger!' That's what it amounts to; but Lyssie, don't, *don't* push me off this way! There's so much uncertainty; and — I do need you. Don't push me off!" His voice trembled.

Lyssie, her fingers quite cold, her voice breaking, came up to him, and put her hands on his shoulders.

"I'll have to tell you. I did n't mean to, but I'll have to tell you. Then you'll understand." And with her face flaming with shame and pain, she told him of Mrs. Drayton's threat of suicide.

Roger Carey listened, — grimly, at first; then he swore under his breath; then he laughed, with the exuberance of gleeful relief and contempt.

"You poor blessed child! don't you know what that's worth? Just that!" and he snapped his fingers. "Kill herself? She'll outlive us both; they always do!" He would have kissed her, though he was still irritated; but she was rigid, and drew away from him stiffly.

"You must n't say such things. You have no right to say such things. You are cruel!"

Her anger lasted only long enough to kindle his; he was already out of patience. He said something bitter about "selfishness," and "that sort of love," and "having been mistaken, no doubt, in her feeling for him." He did not mean what he said, but, unfortunately, the effect of such statements is not in proportion to their sincerity.

Alicia's face whitened and whitened. These two young persons, with the little work-table between them, and Eric's head poking itself under Alicia's nervous hand and upsetting Roger's tottering columns of spools, looked into each other's eyes, and used words like swords, while each declared the other wrong.

"Then I am to understand that you dismiss me?" said Roger Carey.

"You shall not put it upon me!" Lyssie cried piteously. "It is n't my fault. You are perfectly selfish about it. I

am doing what is right. Of course our engagement is broken, but it is n't *my* fault!"

"Of course not; there's no fault about it. You simply choose between your mother and me. I don't blame you; I'd be the last person in the world to blame you. I always told you I was n't worthy of you, and I suppose now you've discovered it for yourself."

Lyssie was silent.

"Well, good-by. I — Oh well, there's no use talking! Good-by."

Roger swung himself out of the door

and out of the house without another look. He had never been so much in love with her before.

Eric jumped up with a great bound; the work-table rocked, and all the spools went rolling about on the floor; then he whined, and scratched, and looked at Alicia, and whined again.

She, with poor trembling hands, and with the breath catching in her young throat, opened the front door, and the dog, impatient for his friend, rushed past her, and went bounding with splendid leaps out into the rain.

Margaret Deland.

AUGUST BIRDS IN CAPE BRETON.

AFTER traveling for two weeks through Cape Breton, on rail, steamboat, wagon, and my own legs, I felt sure that its distinctive tree was the spruce, its prevailing flower the eye-bright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), and its most ubiquitous bird the junco. Certainly, three more cheerful, sturdy, and honest elements could not be woven into every-day life, and they seem to me to be emblematic of the island province and its people. The junco was everywhere, in sunshine and in rain, at gray dawn and after dewy eve; in the spruces which watched the sea at Ingonish, and in the early twilight of inland Loch o' Law. He, she, and the infant juncos were at the roadside, in the fields, in the pastures, on the mountain top, and by the trout pool, and they were always busy, happy, and treating their neighbors as they liked to have their neighbors treat them, like brothers. These neighbors included song sparrows, whitethroats, grass finches, yellow-rumped and black-and-white creeping warblers, black-capped and Hudsonian titmice, some of the thrush family, and occasionally pine siskins.

Of the thrushes, the robin was by far the most numerous, noisy, and generally distributed. He was not, however, a bird of the lawn, the orchard, and the shade tree by the house door, but by preference a dweller in larch swamps and spruce thickets, secluded river beds and upland forests. He was the first bird in every lonely grove or deep wood vista to give a note of alarm and warning to the neighborhood; and the first to respond to a cry of fear or pain uttered by any other bird. The hermit thrush was present in fair numbers, and blessed the woods and pastures with his anthem. I saw Swainson's and gray-cheeked thrushes, but the catbird and thrasher were apparently unknown, as was also the veery. The robin's conduct made me feel as though he were not one and the same with the common New England dooryard birds, but of a race as different from theirs as the Cape Breton Highlander's stock is from that of the matter-of-fact Scotch mechanic of the cities. The people round Loch Ainslie and between Cape Smoky and St. Anne's Bay speak and think Gaelic; and the robins in the Baddeck and Margaree

woods speak and think a language of the forest and the glen, not of the lawn.

One evening, as I lay on the sandy shore of Loch Ainslie, close to the mouth of Trout Brook, the spotted sandpipers of the lake told me a secret of their little lives which seemed well worth knowing. The evening air was full of rural music: the tinkle-tinkle of cowbells; the clatter of tiny sheep-hoofs speeding over the wooden bridge; the complaining of geese, homeward bound, by the roadside; and the harsh, rattling cries of the kingfishers, which, half a dozen strong, persecuted the small fry of Trout Brook's limpid waters. A school of big trout could be seen lying sluggish at the bottom of the brook, and their little kinsfolk were jumping freely in all parts of the quiet water. Tiny flies hovered over the pools; and if they touched, or almost touched, the water, agile fish flung themselves into the air after them. Again and again I cast my feathered fly upon the ripples; but as no answering rise pleased my expectant nerves, I tossed my rod aside, and drifted on towards evening with the stream of life and light and color flowing over me. The bell-cow came to the stream and drank, then passed slowly up the road homewards; a lamb, whimpering, followed his woolly parent to the fold; the geese, with outstretched necks and indignant heads, scolded all who passed them; and suddenly an eagle with mighty wing came sailing towards me across broad Ainslie's ripples, bound for his mountain loneliness. The sun had sunk below the western hills, — hills from whose seaward side Prince Edward Island could be seen as a long, low haven for a sinking sun to rest upon; the sky was radiant with color, and the lake's slightly ruffled surface took the color and glorified it in countless moving lines of beauty. From the gold sky and over the gold water the black eagle came eastward, swiftly and with resistless flight. Nearer and nearer he came, until his image dwelt for a moment in the still stream, then vanished as

he swept past above the bridge, and bore onward to the dark hills clad in their spruces and balsams. He seemed like the restless spirit of the day departing before the sweet presence of sleepy night.

Below the bridge, Trout Brook runs a score of rods between sandy beaches to a bar which half cuts it off from the lake. Upon this bar sandpipers were gathering by twos and threes, until their numbers attracted my attention. I strolled slowly towards them, crossing wide levels of sand, from which coarse grasses, sedges, and a few stiff-stalked shrubs sprang in sparse growth, and upon which a few clusters of rounded stones broke the evenness of the beach. As I drew near the margin of the lake the sandpipers rose, "peep-sweeting" as they flew, and with deeply dipping wings vibrated away over the water; heading at first towards the fading sunset, then sweeping inshore again, and alighting within an eighth of a mile of me on the curved beach. Noticing that some of the birds had risen from among the grasses above the line of wave-washed sand, I lay down upon the ground, with the hope that some of them might return, and perhaps come near me. Scarcely had my outlines blended with the contour of the shore when the clear "peep, peep, peep" of the little teeterers was heard on both sides, as they came in from distant points along the shore. Sometimes twenty birds were in sight at once, flying low over the water, apparently guided by a common impulse to gain the part of the beach near which I was concealed. I lay motionless, my head resting upon my arm, only a few inches above the sand. As I lay thus, the grasses rose like slender trees against the pale tinting of the August sky, and lake, distant hill, and sky all took on more emphatic tones, and appeared to have firmer and more significant outlines.

Slowly the light faded, and the line of clearest color shrank to narrower and narrower limits along the distant hills. I had almost forgotten the birds, although

small squads of them kept passing, or wheeling in upon the shining edge of wet sand nearest me. Suddenly a white object glided among the grass stems, only a few feet from my face. It paused and teetered, then slid along out of sight into a thicket of grasses. I sharpened my vision and hearing, and found that all around me tiny forms were moving among the weeds, and that groups of birds seemed to be collecting in answer to low calls which suggested the warm, comfortable sound which young chickens make as they nestle to sleep under their mother. The sandpipers were going to bed in the grass forest, and I was lying in the midst of their dormitory, like sleepy Gulliver among the Lilliputians. I might have remained quiet longer had the peeps and I been the only living creatures on the Trout Brook beach, but mosquitoes and gnats were present, and the waving grass tips tickling my face made them appear even more numerous than they really were. So at last, when stars began to appear in the sky, I rose abruptly to my feet. Had I exploded a mine, the whir and rush which followed my arising could not have been more sudden. It was really startling, for in a second the air was filled with frightened birds flying from me towards the lake. How many there were I cannot say, nor even guess, but it seemed to me that all the sandpipers which patrolled the sandy shores of Ainslie must have been gathered together on that one small area of beach, bent on finding safety or a feeling of security in close association through the night hours.

Once or twice I have met the Hudson's Bay titmouse in the Chocorua country in winter, but I had never seen him in numbers or in summer until I reached Cape Breton, and found him perfectly at home in its pasture and roadside thickets as well as in the deep forest. He is a cheaper edition of the common chickadee, who, on the same ground, excels him in many ways. His voice is feebler

and husky. What he says sounds commonplace, and his manner of approach lacks the vigilant boldness of the blackcap. His brown head is readily distinguished from the black crown of his more sprightly relative, though it is likely to be looked at closely merely to confirm the impression already conveyed by his voice that he is not the common chickadee, but a new friend well worth knowing. Apparently, in Cape Breton, he outnumbered our common titmouse by five or six to one, yet the blackcap was generally distributed, and was as numerous near Ingonish as farther south. Of the blackcap's friends, the white and the red breasted nuthatches, I saw nothing. Once at Margaree Forks I heard the "quank" of the red-breasted, but I failed to see the speaker, and had the note been less peculiar I should have doubted really having heard it.

About sunset on August 5, I was seated in an evergreen thicket a mile or more back of the village of Baddeck. By "squeaking" I had drawn near me a mob of whitethroats, juncos, both kinds of chickadees, ruby-crowned kinglets, and of warblers the yellow-rumped, black-throated green, Nashville, black-and-white creeping, and the gorgeous black-and-yellow, as well as robins, a purple finch, and some young flickers. Suddenly I heard an unfamiliar bird note, a harsh, loud call, which, without much consideration, I attributed to geese, great numbers of which are kept by the Cape Breton farmers. After an interval of several minutes the cries were repeated, and this time it occurred to me that geese were not likely to be wandering in a hackmatack swamp just at sunset, especially as the sky foretold rain and the wind was backing round into the east. So I left my thicket in search of the maker of the strange sounds. A path led through the larches to a clearing surrounded by a typical Cape Breton fence, or serial woodpile, which appeared to be built on the Kentucky principle

of being "horse high, pig low, and bull proof," and consequently impregnable to turkeys, geese, and sheep. The moment I emerged from the trees a fine marsh hawk rose from the ground and floated away out of sight. While watching him, a flash of white on the fence drew my eyes to the edge of the woods, and there, to my delight, I saw five of the most charming denizens of the great northern forests, — birds in quest of which I had traveled miles through the New Hampshire mountain valleys, always in vain. As I turned, one of these beautiful creatures, with wings widespread and tail like a fan, was sailing just above, but parallel with, the fence. He paused upon it, looked towards me with his large, fearless eyes, and then noisily tapped a knot in the upper pole with his beak. "Moose birds at last!" I exclaimed, and at once felt the strongest liking for them. There was nothing in their appearance to confuse them with their wicked cousins the blue jays; in fact, I found my instincts rebelling at the idea of both being *Covidæ*. Their large rounded heads had no sign of a crest, and the white on the crown and under the chin gave them a singularly tidy look, as though their gentle faces were tippeted. Their plumage as a whole was Quaker-like in tone, so that, considering their demure and gentle bearing, the name "Whiskey Jack," applied to them by the lumbermen, seemed to me absurdly inappropriate.

While I watched these birds, they moved slowly along the fence towards the swamp, coming nearer and nearer, and finally passing within about fifty feet of me. One of them was a young bird, with but little white on his dusky brown head; two others were females, also less white than the males. Finally they vanished in the swamp, the last bird going upstairs on a dead tree in true jay fashion, and then plunging, head foremost, into the shadows of the grove beneath. As I left the larches behind me, the same strange, harsh cry echoed from its depths, and I

accepted it as the moose birds' prophecy of impending rain. It is an odd fact that these birds die if they become chilled after being wet in a heavy rain, and on this occasion they were undoubtedly seeking dense foliage to protect them from the storm which began a few hours later.

Of the Cape Breton warblers, the black-and-yellow were among the most numerous, and by all means the most brilliant in plumage. Whenever I called the birds together, the magnolias were sure to appear, their gleaming yellow waistcoats showing afar through the trees, and contrasting with their dark upper plumage and the cool gray of their caps. One male redstart seemed the most richly marked bird of his species that I had ever met with. The black extended much lower on the breast than usual, and the vermilion which lay next it burned like a hot coal. Summer yellowbirds were common in the meadow borders, where Maryland yellowthroats also abounded; a single black-throated blue warbler appeared to me near Baddeck; one anxious mother Blackburnian scolded me in the dark forest near the falls of Indian Brook; and a few Canadian fly-catching warblers flashed in and out among their dark evergreen haunts in various parts of the island. Watching ever so eagerly, I failed to see any blackpolls, Wilson blackcaps, bay-breasted, mourning, or yellow redpoll warblers, and it seemed strange to miss entirely the oven birds, chestnut-sided, pine-creeping, and Parula warblers, so readily found near Chocorua. These species may be known to Cape Breton, but they could hardly have escaped my notice had they been abundant.

Years ago, when houses and barns were less often or less thoroughly painted than they are now, and when overhanging eaves were common, the eaves swallow was a familiar bird in New England. Now the youthful nest-robber thinks of the mud-nest builder as a rare bird, one for whose eggs he is willing to travel many a mile. In all the Cape Bre-

ton country, where barn swallows abound, I saw but one colony of eaves swallows, and that was in a place so dirty and dreary I regret that these charming birds must always recall it to my mind. Scottsville — may the spirit of cleanliness some day come with sapolio and Paris green to cleanse it! — lies at the head waters of Southwest Margaree, within sight of the point where that restless river leaves Loch Ainslie. Opposite the village store stands an unpainted building with ample eaves, and on its northern side, crowded into a space about thirty feet long, were one hundred of the retort-shaped mud nests of the eaves swallows. They were placed one above another, often three deep. Their bottle-mouths were pointed upwards, downwards, to left, or right, or towards the observer, as the overcrowding of the tenements made most convenient. While some of the older nests were symmetrical, others were of strange shapes, dictated by the form of the building-site left to them.

Bank swallows were abundant, almost every available cutting being riddled with their holes. Near Baddeck I found one hole in a bank overhanging the waves of Bras d'Or, at a point where every passing wagon must have made thunder in the ears of the tiny occupants of the nest, which was literally under the highway. I was attracted to this nest by seeing a bird enter it. The Bay of Fundy pours its terrible tides into the Basin of Minas, and the Blomidon region presents to the turbulent waters which rush into the basin not only vast expanses of red mud which are left bare at low water, but also cliffs of rock or red clay which resist the surging waves at high tide. In the earth cliffs, which stand as straight as brick walls above the floods, the bank swallows find houses just to their liking, and from the cliffs of Pereaux to the waving grass of Grand Pré the little fleets of these birds flit back and forth hour by hour in the warm sunlight, or veer and tack close to the

waves when chilly fogs come in from Fundy.

Of the chimney swift I saw little. He was in Cape Breton, but not in large numbers, and one or two farmers and fishermen said that he was a bird that built in hollow trees, and seemed not to know that in these times the chimney is supposed to be his chosen home. Night hawks were abundant, especially in the streets of Baddeck, where, in the twilight, which no lamp-post rises to injure, these swift and silent fliers darted in and out among the heads of the passers-by, to the bewilderment of those quick enough to see them. Probably, if I had visited Cape Breton in June or early July, I should have heard the whippoorwill; for when I whistled his song, the dwellers by sea or inland lake said, "Oh yes, we have that bird. He sings at night." To me, however, he said nothing, nor did the humming-bird condescend to make its small self known farther north than the Basin of Minas, which is a hundred miles or more from Cape Breton. Still, when I asked those who had gardens full of gayly tinted flowers if they knew the humming-bird, they always replied, "Yes, the one with the beautiful red throat;" which made me wonder why they never saw the female ruby-throat with her more modest coloring of green and white.

When I said that the junco was the distinctive bird of Cape Breton, I had in mind one rival claimant who certainly pervades the island with his presence. I well remember descending, just at sunset, into the exquisite glen of Loch o' Law, the most satisfying piece of inland scenery which I saw in all Cape Breton. As the road bent around the wooded border of the lake, seven large blue birds rose from one end of the lake, and flew, in a straggling flock, down to a spot remote from the road. They looked like kingfishers, but I thought I had learned from experience that, around small mountain lakes, kingfishers hunt singly in August.

Nevertheless they were kingfishers, and they were hunting in a flock. A few hours before, at Middle River, where trout lie in shallow sunlit water over a yellow sandy bottom, I had seen a kingfisher hover above a point in the stream for several minutes. A rival flew down upon him and drove him away; but before my horse could walk across the iron bridge above the river he was back again, hovering, kingbird-like, over the same spot. At Baddeck, the kingfishers perched upon the telegraph wires, or assumed statuesque poses upon the tips of slender masts of pleasure boats at anchor. There appeared to be no point on the Bras d'Or or the fresh-water lakes and rivers of the island where kingfishers were not twenty or thirty times as abundant as they are in northern New England.

The osprey was also common on good fishing-grounds, and scarcely a day passed without my seeing both ospreys and eagles. One afternoon, shortly before sunset, I saw an osprey rise from the Bras d'Or with a good-sized fish in his claws. I expected to see him take it to some point near by, but instead he flew westward, high above the trees, until finally he was lost in distance.

I have already mentioned seeing marsh hawks. None of the big *buteos* came near enough for me to identify them, nor did I see a Cooper's hawk, but, to my delight, sparrow hawks were not uncommon, and were comparatively fearless. The first that we saw were in a large field near Middle River. As we drove slowly along the road, a pair of sparrow hawks frolicked in front of us. They rose as we came near enough to see distinctly all their handsome markings, and flew airily from one perch on the fence to another a rod or two farther on. They rose and fell, tilted, careened, righted, tacked, made exquisite curves, and in fact performed as many graceful manœuvres in the air as a fine skater could on the ice, and then came back to the fence and perched again. I drove

slowly in order not to frighten them, and the result was that they rose and settled again before us more than a dozen times.

Although I saw no living owls during my trip, I saw stuffed birds representing the common species, and heard stories of the daring attacks of great horned owls upon the dwellers in the poultry yard, — geese, even, included. With snowy owls, the natives to whom I spoke seemed to be wholly unacquainted.

Crows and blue jays were common in all sections of Cape Breton, but the crow grew less interesting after I had met his big cousin the raven, just as the blue jay had sunk to even lower depths in my estimation after my introduction to the moose bird. The blue jay is a downright villain, and his rascality is emphasized by the Canada jay's virtues. The common crow is shrewd, but he lacks dignity. The first glimpse I had of a raven was from the top of Cape Smoky, where, from a crag more than a thousand feet above the waves which dashed against the rocks below, I saw three large black birds come round a headland and sail upon broadly spread wings to the face of a ledge upon which they alighted. The eye often detects differences in outline, movement, and carriage which the mind does not analyze or the tongue describe. The three black birds looked like crows; in fact, the Ingonish fisherman will deny all knowledge of the American raven, and insist that there is no specific difference between what he calls a "big crow" and any other crow. Nevertheless, something in the shape, bearing, and method of flight of the three visitors to Smoky fixed my attention several moments before a hoarse croak from the throat of one of them came echoing up the ravine and proclaimed their true character. At Ingonish they were abundant, especially near the cliffs of Middle Head, where I should expect to find them breeding if I made search at the proper season. Both ravens and crows were remarkably tame, and when I found that

very little Indian corn is grown in Cape Breton, and that the people seemed ignorant of the crow's affection for sprouting corn, I felt that I had discovered one reason for their tameness. It was not unusual for a flock of ten or more crows to sit quietly upon the top rail of a snake fence bounding a highway, until a person walking or driving past came nearly opposite to them. If they were in a tree twelve or fifteen feet above the road, they did not think of flying away. Six ravens in a pine-tree on Middle Head remained quiet while I clambered over a mass of rocks less than a hundred feet from them.

In Nova Scotia I saw kingbirds everywhere, four or five sometimes being in sight from the car window at once. I felt as though in the orchard and hay country of the Annapolis Basin the kingbirds must have discovered their chosen home. In Cape Breton, while not so abundant, they were by no means rare. On the other hand, pewees and small flycatchers were few and far between, and great-crested flycatchers, which are common at Chocorua, were not to be seen. Olive-sided flycatchers were present in various parts of Cape Breton in favorable localities; and when I heard their loud, unmusical call, coming from the tip of some leafless, fire-bleached pine, it always took me back to my first meeting with the bird high up on the desolate ridges between Chocorua and Paugus, where from the pinnacles of dead trees they scanned the air for insects, and wearied nature by intermittent cries.

Red-eyed vireos were not so numerous in Cape Breton as they are in New Hampshire, but there were enough of them to keep up a running fire of conversation from one end of the island to the other. I saw solitary vireos in several localities, one of which was a wooded pasture in Ingonish, near a small sheet of fresh water, and a hill in which the outcropping rock was gypsum. Within an hour I recognized over thirty kinds of

birds in this pasture, including, among those not already mentioned in these pages, a white-winged crossbill, a chipping sparrow, and several goldfinches. This white-winged crossbill was the only one that I saw during my trip, but red crossbills were to be met with in small numbers all through the region between Baddeck and Ingonish. The first that I saw appeared in the air over Baddeck River, just as I was driving a horse across the iron bridge which spans the river on the road to the Margaree. The wind was blowing so hard that I felt some concern lest my buggy should be tipped over; but the crossbills, with their usual appearance of having lost either their wits, their way, or their mother, perched upon the iron braces of the bridge directly over our heads, and looked this way and that, distractedly, with their feathers all blown wrong side out. An hour or two later, when approaching Middle River, I noticed a flock of blackbirds in a small grove by the roadside. I got out and entered the grove. Every bird in the flock of sixteen seemed to be reciting blackbird poetry, and that, too, in the sweetest voice which rusty grackles are capable of making heard. Although, on many other occasions, I saw representatives of this species in various parts of Cape Breton, I was unable to find any of its near kindred. No purple grackles, redwings, cowbirds, bobolinks, starlings, or orioles crossed my path; yet I saw much territory in which they might, for all I could see, have been very happy, and in which song, swamp, and savanna sparrows, Maryland yellowthroats, and similar birds appeared to be established.

Cape Breton is unquestionably a favorite resort of woodpeckers, including the flicker, hairy, downy, yellow-breasted, and black-backed, and I doubt not the pileated also, although I was not fortunate enough to see or hear him. Flickers were common, and consorted much with robins, as they do in New Hampshire during their autumn migra-

tion. The hairy woodpeckers were most abundant near highways, where they frequented the telegraph poles and snake fences. As I write, I cannot recall seeing a hairy woodpecker anywhere except upon the poles and fences close to roads, but I saw many in those favored places. They were noticeably tame, as most of the Cape Breton birds were, and allowed me to drive close to them, while they tapped gayly upon the bleached poles, or scrambled over, through, and under the fence sticks. Downy woodpeckers were less conspicuous, and of the yellow-breasted I saw only one. He was a young male that had been tapping alder trunks in a thicket growing upon very damp ground, on the edge of the Southwest Margaree, near the point where it escapes from the broad waters of Loch Ainslie. Nearly a dozen trees had been bled by him or his family. As soon as I entered the thicket he flew away; and although I awaited his return as long as time permitted, neither he nor any other woodpecker or humming-bird came to the sap fountains. One of the birds which I most wished to see in the northern woods was the black-backed, three-toed woodpecker. I searched for him near Baddeck, at Loch Ainslie, and on my journey northward from Baddeck to Ingonish, but he did not appear. One morning, during my journey southward from Cape Smoky, I arose very early and visited the beautiful falls and cañon of Indian Brook, which are about twenty-five miles north of Baddeck. In the deep woods near the falls I met three of these sprightly birds. I had concealed myself among the bushes to call birds around me, and was watching Hudson's Bay titmice, common chickadees, flickers, wary wood-wise robins, juncos, and a few shy warblers, when a woodpecker cry, manifestly not made by a flicker, rang through the woods. High up on a blasted tree was a medium-sized woodpecker, somewhat resembling a sapsucker in attitude and air of being up and

a-coming. I squeaked more vigorously, and he came nearer. Then a second and a third arrived, and all of them approached me with boldness born of curiosity and inexperience. They scolded and hitched up and down tree trunks, flew nervously from one side of me to the other, tapped protests on the sounding bark, and behaved in general like true woodpeckers. Differences in birds are what we think of most in studying them; but after all, their points of similarity, especially when these points hint strongly at the identity of the origin of species, are quite as instructive, and worthy of serious thought.

Leaving the three-toed inquisitors, I walked on through the woods skirting Indian Brook, and within quarter of a mile flushed a woodcock and several ruffed grouse. Of the latter I saw a dozen or more during my rambles near Baddeck and Ingonish, but of spruce partridges I failed to secure even a glimpse, although all the local sportsmen declared them to be abundant, and as tame as barnyard fowls. At the point where the highway between English-town and Cape Smoky crosses Indian Brook there is a long and very deep pool. As I emerged from the woods above this pool, I saw three red-breasted mergansers swimming slowly across it. A prettier spot for them to have chosen for their morning fishing could not have been found on the Cape Breton coast. High ledges overhanging dark water, and overhung in turn by spruce and fir forest, formed a beautiful setting for the still pool across which they swam in single file, with their keen eyes watching me suspiciously. Many are the young salmon and speckled trout they cut with their ragged jaws.

Had my visit to northern Cape Breton fallen during the period of the autumn migration, I should have seen wonderful flights and fleets of sea fowl. As it was, the species which I saw and the individuals which I met were few, save in the

case of Wilson's tern, which was ubiquitous, and the least sandpiper, which in numerous flocks swarmed upon the sands. I saw also solitary and semipalmated sandpipers, greater yellowlegs, herring gulls, dusky ducks, old squaws, and golden-eyes. Blue herons were plentiful near Baddeck, as they had been on the Annapolis Basin. They formed a striking part of every evening picture, where sparkling water, tinted sky, purple hills, and gathering shadows were united under the magic words "Bras d'Or." In Loch o' Law, as the sun sank over the Margaree, a mother loon swam and dived with her chick in the placid water; but the bird which impressed itself most strongly upon my memory, during my trip, was the lonely shag, or cormorant, which I saw on the outer end of a line of rocks projecting into Ingonish Bay from the side of Middle Head. Dark and slimy, melancholy and repulsive, its head and neck reminded me of

a snake or turtle more than of any genuine feather-wearer. When at last it saw me, it was to the bay that it turned for escape, and upon the waters, almost out of sight, that it settled down to rest among the waves. There is more community of interest between this creature and the fish which swim under the waves than with the swallow which flies above them.

All told, I think that I saw eighty species of birds during my two weeks' wandering in Cape Breton. Had I taken my tame owl Puffy with me, I should doubtless have seen more, for he would have drawn many shy birds round him which found no difficulty in secluding themselves from me. The island is certainly remarkably good ground for bird study; species are many, and individuals numerous. The combination of ocean, bay, inland lake, both salt and fresh, forest, and mountain is one which favors diversity and stimulates abundance.

Frank Bolles.

THE GIRLHOOD OF AN AUTOCRAT.

THE early years of the eighteenth century witnessed a singular spectacle, namely, the crown of a great empire used as a shuttlecock by a succession of foreign adventurers, who tossed it to and fro at will. The common people of Russia went to bed each night with little certainty under whose government they were to wake in the morning. It was not a matter which interested them deeply. To a small intriguing faction only was it of vital importance, — a faction composed of foreigners made Russian ministers, nobles grown gray in crime, and the regiment of Preobrajensky, who, after the fashion of the prætorians of old, disposed of the crown and made and unmade emperors at will. For the rest, the common people suffered equally, were

equally pillaged and despoiled, under one ruler as under another. They were beyond the pale of the law, and accepted dumbly the hardships of their lot, caring nothing for the spectral procession which mounted the throne, gliding like shadows, to disappear anon into Siberia or the dungeons.

Peter the Great died, and while the assembled nobles were deliberating over the succession Menchikoff stepped in, took the choice out of their hands, and nominated as Empress his repudiated mistress, Catherine I., widow of the Emperor Peter. To her succeeded Peter II., to die presently of smallpox. After him came the oldest daughter of Peter I., Anne, Duchess of Courland. Her reign was nominal, the real head of the

empire being her lover, Biren, an inhuman monster, who cemented his power with blood, and sent, it is calculated, no less than twenty thousand persons to Siberia. Marshal Munich disapproved of these severities. His candidate was the Duchess of Brunswick, mother of an infant who, in direct line of succession, stood next to the throne. There were plots and counterplots. At last, one fine night, Munich, with a rapid *coup d'état*, arrested Biren in his own palace, sent him into exile, and next morning proclaimed as regent the mother of the young Emperor. She was a mild and gentle creature, indolent, pleasure-loving, incapable of injuring any one; yet, a year later, the Princess Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Peter the Great, was led, by a series of intrigues set on foot by the French government, into believing her own life and liberty in danger from the inoffensive regent. Accordingly, on November 25, 1741, she presented herself before the guardhouse of the all-powerful regiment, magnificently dressed, and with a brilliant cuirass on her breast. She recounted her wrongs to the soldiers, who, flushed with sympathy and *vodka*, cried out, "Command, Mother, command, and we will slaughter them all!" No idle threat, for indiscriminate slaughter was held the proper thing on each change of government. Elizabeth was merciful. She turned aside the eager bayonets, and contented herself with arresting the regent, her husband, and the baby heir to the throne, and sending Munich to Siberia. By a curious irony of fate, the boat in which Biren had the year before started toward the same goal had been detained on the Volga, and was overtaken now by the escort having his rival in charge. These two Germans, who had "disputed the empire of Russia as though it had been a jug of beer," met in mid-current; both disgraced and in chains, and both bound on the same melancholy journey toward irremediable exile. History has few stranger situations to offer.

"The new empire seemed to go on wheels; nothing was lacking but an heir." Elizabeth looked about, and finally made choice of Peter, the orphaned grandson of the great Tzar, a boy of thirteen, who had been reared in the palace of his father's cousin, the Prince-Bishop of Lubeck. Weak and sickly of body, restive, impetuous, and brutal in temper, this lad, even at that early age, exhibited a pronounced passion for drink. He was nevertheless proclaimed heir to the throne. He made the necessary profession of faith in the Greek Church, and set to work on the course of study which was to qualify him for his high position, in which dancing and the elements of religion played a prominent part. The grand duke took kindly to dancing, but not to the elements of religion, disputing at length every thesis brought forward by his instructor, the Archbishop of Pleskov.

Three years later the question of his marriage arose, and the bride selected was the youthful Princess Sophia Augusta Frederika of Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg, known to her parents and intimate friends by the nickname "Figchen." She was ordered on for inspection, and arrived in St. Petersburg with her mother on the 9th of February, 1744, — a day of fate for the Russian people; for this child of fourteen, fair, playful, full of talent, of ambition, with an acuteness and a self-control remarkable at her age, became in later years the terrible woman-Emperor, Catherine II., who for a third of a century held the balance of power in Europe, and ruled "Holy Russia" with a despotic caprice which, in splendor and unbridled license, rivaled the worst records of imperial Rome.

At her death, in 1796, a sealed manuscript was found among her papers, written in her own hand, and addressed to her son, the Grand Duke Paul, great-grandfather of the present Tzar. It was no less than an autobiography of the early years of her marriage. The record was carried down to nearly the date of the

death of the Empress Elizabeth, and various notes and letters, explanatory and corroborative, were appended.

This manuscript, for reasons which are obvious, was regarded and treated as a state secret of the utmost importance. It was kept in the imperial archives, and guarded with scrupulous care, no one being allowed access to it. But the centuries play strange tricks with mysteries. At two different times copies of the autobiography were obtained, — in what manner is not explained; and from these other copies were made, one of them by the hand of the poet Pushkin. These, as soon as they were discovered, were seized, by order of the Emperor Nicholas, but one which escaped notice was carried to Paris, and eventually found its way into print. The first edition, it is reported, was confiscated and burned, at the request of the Russian authorities. It is from a copy, rare and hard to come by, of the second edition, that we collate the material for this paper.

It was a wretched position in which the young princess found herself, on her arrival in Russia. Her future depended entirely on the caprice of the Tzarina, and no one could predict what turn it was likely to take. On one side stood her mother, an illiterate German, greedy, irascible, ungovernable as to tongue and temper, who endangered her daughter's prospects every day by her irrational jealousies and quarrels, and, when she was not boxing Catherine's ears, complained to all and sundry that the girl was as cold as a stone, and had no natural affection in her. On the other was the grand duke, resenting the arrangement for marrying him, caring nothing for his promised bride, disclosing to her with a brutal and insulting frankness his love affairs with other women, and making not the least attempt to hide his indifference to herself. Beyond loomed the Empress, inaccessible, incalculable, degraded in morals, surrounded by a set of scandal-mongers who held her ear, and never lost a chance to

misrepresent the princess and magnify her smallest indiscretions into crimes. The princess had no friends, no advisers; alone and unhelped, she confronted the dangers of her situation, made more perilous by the extraordinary levity of the grand duke, who played with fire as a daily pastime. He had about as much discretion as a cannon ball, she remarks. "I said nothing, but listened, and this gained me his confidence; but in reality I was astounded at his imprudence and utter want of judgment in a variety of matters."

In her zeal to learn Russian, she rose early and sat up late, studying in a cold room; and the result, before she had been a fortnight in St. Petersburg, was a sharp attack of pleurisy. Her life was in danger for some days, and the utter want of tenderness and consideration exhibited by her mother during this period completed the disgust of the court for the unfeeling parent. Tales of her ill temper and greed flew about, and furnished a toothsome subject of scandal for the ladies in waiting.

"I had accustomed myself to lie with my eyes closed," writes the future Empress. "I was supposed to be asleep, and then the Princess Roumiamsoff and the other ladies spoke their minds freely. *I thus learned a great many things.*"

This philosopher of fourteen was certainly alive to the insecurities of her position. These were complicated by the intrigues of her mother, who, with none of the mental equipment of a diplomat, and no experience, wished to play the game of diplomacy in the interest of her relative, the king of Prussia, and, with all the intrepidity of a light brain, essayed the most complicated moves on the board of politics, gave audiences, promised preferments, and compromised herself first with one party, and then with the other. These schemes of the Princess of Zerbst were no secret, and soon brought down upon her the displeasure of the Empress. In the May following the arrival of the

girl bride, a stormy interview took place between her mother and the Empress. Catherine and the grand duke, perched on a window-sill of the anteroom, were awaiting its termination, and making merry meantime, after the fashion of young creatures of their age. The door opened. Count Lestocq came forth from the chamber, and, in passing, said to the princess, "This merriment will soon cease. You may pack up. You are going to set off home at once."

The grand duke asked what he meant, but the only answer he received was, "You will learn afterward."

"The grand duke and myself were left to ruminate on what we had heard. His commentaries were in words, mine in thoughts. 'But,' he said, 'if your mother is in fault, you are not.' I answered, 'My duty is to follow my mother, and do what she orders me.' I saw plainly that he would have parted from me without regret. As for myself, considering his character and sentiments, the matter was nearly indifferent to me, also, but *the crown of Russia was not so*. I do not know whether my mother succeeded in justifying herself to the Empress, but at all events we did not go away. However, my mother continued to be treated with much reserve and coldness."

Month after month the matter of the marriage remained in abeyance. Now it was reported as certain, now improbable, again as quite given up; the manners of the courtiers shifting from adulation to incivility, as the Empress's moods varied and changed. Finally the betrothal took place, but still the uncertainty continued, and the omens were evil. The outrageous mother of his promised wife quarreled continually with the grand duke. They all but came to blows now and again, and both vented their discontents on the unoffending bride elect. Fate lent a hand, also, toward delaying the union. The grand duke had first measles, then smallpox, neither improving his appearance or his temper. Cath-

erine's mother pillaged her wardrobe and extorted money from her, the grand duke "borrowed" what was left, the Empress upbraided her for extravagance. She was spied upon, defamed, misrepresented; her days were passed in a series of conflicting hopes and fears; but through all vicissitudes she held to her inexorable purpose. Empress of Russia she was resolved to be, and diligently and inflexibly she made ready for her predestined exaltation.

"I determined to husband carefully the confidence of the grand duke," she writes, "in order that he might at least consider me a person of whom he could feel sure, and to whom he could confide everything with the least inconvenience to himself, and in this I succeeded for a long time. Besides, I treated every one in the best way I could, and studied to gain the friendship, or at least to lessen the enmity, of those whom I in any way suspected of being badly disposed toward me. I made a promise to myself that I would do so; and when I have once made a promise to myself, I do not remember ever having failed in keeping it. I showed no leaning to any side, nor meddled with anything; always maintained a serene air; treated every one with great attention, affability, and politeness; and as I was naturally very gay, I saw with pleasure that from day to day I advanced in the general esteem, and was looked upon as an interesting child, and one by no means wanting in mind. I showed great respect for my mother, a boundless obedience to the Empress, and the most profound deference toward the grand duke, and I sought with the most anxious care to gain the affection of the public."

At last, on the 21st of August, 1745, after eighteen months of suspense and uncertainty, the marriage actually took place.

"As the day drew near I became more and more melancholy," Catherine tells us. "My heart predicted but little hap-

piness; ambition alone sustained me. In my inmost soul there was a something which never allowed me to doubt for a single moment that sooner or later I should become the sovereign Empress of Russia in my own right."

A month after the marriage ceremony, which was celebrated with much magnificence, the elder Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg returned, unregretted, to her minute principality. She left in disgrace, her employment as a spy and giver of secret information to the king of Prussia having been fully unveiled by the removal of La Chétardie, the French ambassador. She was forced to hear some hard truths from the lips of the Empress, and to realize that she had irrevocably lost by her conduct the favor she had hoped to acquire at the Russian court. With her departure a chief element of discomfort and danger came to an end for the grand duchess. The last act of this fond mother was privately to request the Empress to remove from her daughter's household Mademoiselle Joukoff, the only one of her attendants in whose company Catherine took the slightest pleasure!

A small act of arbitrary cruelty seems always to have been congenial to the Empress Elizabeth. She acted on the hint with a merciless severity. Mademoiselle Joukoff was dismissed at once in disgrace and without explanation. Appeal was in vain, and the grand duchess's later attempts to befriend the poor girl only drew upon Mademoiselle Joukoff the further wrath of the Empress, and led in the end to her banishment to Astrakhan. Catherine was left to study at leisure the mind and manners of her recently wedded spouse, which furnished a curious if not edifying subject for contemplation.

This wretched boy—he never grew to the mental stature of a man—was an extraordinary mixture of the coward, the sneak, and the tyrant. His timidity was checkered with a reckless audacity, and both veiled an underlying cruelty of na-

ture. The astute young wife, whom he neglected and insulted, was nevertheless his first refuge whenever he found himself in a difficulty of any sort. To her he ran when he hurt himself, when the Empress was angry with him, when he feared that the result of his follies was about to recoil upon himself. His levity was incredible.

He came one day and bade her and her ladies follow him at once and take part in an "agreeable surprise,"—he did not say what. They went, accordingly, and found all the boon companions of the grand duke sitting on stools and benches, each with an eye glued to an auger hole bored in the partition which divided the chamber from the private dining-room of the Empress. A carpenter had left his tools in the chamber, and it had suddenly occurred to the grand duke that it would be an excellent joke to bore a series of holes in the wall, and watch the Empress and her intimates when they supposed themselves alone and unobserved.

Catherine, terrified and indignant, refused to look through the holes, and set forth the probable results of this escapade in such forcible language that the company, catching her alarm, stole away one by one; and the grand duke, also frightened, and a little ashamed as well, followed them. It was impossible to mend the wall, however, and next day the inevitable explosion took place. The holes were noticed, and the Empress, in a violent rage, sent for her nephew and his wife.

The grand duke, who seems to have put the affair out of his mind, ran gayly in, clad in his dressing-gown, and kissed the hand of the Empress. She suffered the salutation, but then asked him how he dared to act as he had done, and play the spy over her during her moments of privacy. She reminded him that his grandfather, Peter I., had an ungrateful son whom he disinherited without compunction, and that the Empress Anne, who did not understand jokes, had been

in the habit of sending jokers to the Fortress. As for him, he was but a little boy, she added, to whom she would teach manners. When he attempted to reply, she grew more and more angry, loaded him with insults, and treated him with as much contempt as indignation. She relented a little when she saw the grand duchess in tears.

"This does not apply to you," she said; "I know that you neither looked nor desired to look through the holes."

She then wished them good-night, and retired with a flushed face and flashing eyes.

This storm blew over, but considering how many Russian heirs apparent, on less provocation than this, had vanished into the dreaded Fortress, to come no more out, the folly of the grand duke seems beyond belief. The lesson was thrown away upon him, however; all lessons were, in fact. Not many months later, his wife perceived that he was in a state of deep mental depression. He no longer played with his dogs, but instead read Lutheran prayer-books, and the histories of criminals who had been hanged or broken on the wheel. These symptoms alarmed her, as they well might. Gradually she coaxed a confession from him. He had been dabbling a little in conspiracy, the object of which was to kill the Empress, and crown him in her place! He had not exactly committed himself, but he had listened, and in a way approved. And now the conspirators had been arrested, and there was no knowing what they might say under torture; they might even implicate him!

This was more serious than the perforations in the partition, and for a time the youthful pair lived in a hush of terrible fear. But somehow this storm blew over, also. The persons under arrest did not mention the grand duke, and after a while they were released. Peter and Catherine were saved, but the foolhardiness of the grand duke went on un-

checked, and again and again only his wife's superior sense availed to save him from the consequences of his indiscretions.

The next thing about which we hear is that he had cut his cheek open with a whip. He was amusing himself, during a leisure hour, with cracking its long lash about the heels of his valets, making them jump from one corner to another, and the thong, recoiling, struck his face. Hoist thus with his own petard, he ran to Catherine, whimpering and terrified; for the Easter ceremonies were at hand, and he feared the displeasure of the Empress, and that he should be forbidden to communicate or to walk in the procession. His quick-witted wife at once recollected a preparation used for herself, years before, on the occasion of a similar misadventure. The ingredients were procured, were made up in the form of a pomade, and Catherine filled the cut and dressed the cheek so skillfully that no trace remained of the wound except a slight smear of grease, visible only in a strong light. The grand duke made a most edifying appearance in the procession, and no one ever found out about the accident, — a fact which speaks volumes for Catherine's surgery; for to conceal the slightest occurrence was most difficult, in the close espionage to which the young husband and wife were daily subjected.

They were virtually prisoners of state. They might neither go out nor communicate with outsiders without express permission. All their letters were inspected. Catherine was told that it did not become a grand duchess of Russia to write any, for whatever was proper would be composed for her at the office of Foreign Affairs, where she needed only to attach her signature, because the ministers knew better than she what was proper to be said! The infrequent notes which passed between her and her mother were smuggled into her hand or slipped into her pocket; their existence would

have been treated as a crime, had they been discovered. Almost every one of her attendants was a spy in the pay of the Empress. The least indication of a preference for anybody was a signal for that person's dismissal. The smallest imprudence on her part was magnified into an offense.

The Empress had a severe attack of illness. It was treated as a state secret, and only by the gloom and severity of the spies was the grand duchess led to suspect that something was wrong. Twice people whispered in her ear what was going on, both entreating her not to mention to any one what had been told. The grand duke was "elated." He does not seem to have had a ray of gratitude or regard for the aunt who had raised him to his high position. It was an embarrassing moment. The young couple dared not send to inquire how the Empress was, because at once the question would have been asked, "How and through whom did you learn that she was ill?" and any one named or suspected would infallibly have been dismissed, exiled, or sent to the secret chancery, that state inquisition more dreaded than death itself.

At last the Empress was better, and the Countess Schouvaloff inadvertently mentioning at the table that her Majesty was "still weak," Catherine took advantage of the remark to express her surprise and solicitude. It was not a moment too soon. Two days later came an angry message. The Empress was astonished and hurt at the little interest which the grand duke and duchess had taken in her condition; even carrying their indifference to the point of never once sending to inquire how she was!

"I told Madame Tchogloloff," writes Catherine, "that I appealed to herself that neither she nor her husband had spoken a single word to us about the illness of her Majesty, and that, knowing nothing about it, we had not been able to testify our interest in it. She replied,

'How can you say that you knew nothing about it, when the Countess Schouvaloff has informed her Majesty that you spoke to her at table about it?' I replied, 'It is true that I did so, because she told me that her Majesty was still weak and could not leave her room, and then I asked her the particulars of the illness.' Madame Tchogloloff went away grumbling, and Madame Vladislava said it was very strange to try and pick a quarrel with people about a matter of which they were ignorant; that since the Tchogloloffs alone had the right to speak of it, and did not speak, the fault was theirs, not ours, if we failed through ignorance. Some time after, on a court day, the Empress approached me, and I found a favorable moment to tell her that neither Tchogloloff nor his wife had given us any intimation of her illness, and that therefore it had not been in our power to express to her the interest we had taken in it. She received this very well, and it seemed to me that the credit of these people was diminishing."

This Madame Tchogloloff and her husband were highest in office among the spies placed by the Empress about her nephew and his wife. Next to them came a certain Madame Krause. Catherine had her own methods of dealing with these people. The Tchogloloffs were greedy after money, and liked to win at cards. She let them win, and so kept them in good humor. As for Madame Krause, she was more cheaply dealt with.

"I discovered in her a decided propensity for drink," writes the grand duchess coolly; "and as she soon got her daughter married to the marshal of the court, Sievers, she either was out a good deal or my people made her tipsy, and my room was delivered from this sulky Argus."

Madame Tchogloloff was passionately fond of her husband and very jealous of him. He was a husband of whose fidelity any wife might feel uncertain, and

she was resentful and unhappy when, later, he cast eyes of preference on the grand duchess. Catherine by no means reciprocated his sentiments, so she found it easy to treat him with a courteous avoidance, which won for her the gratitude of Madame Tchogloloff, and gradually transformed the implacable duenna into almost a friend. Nearly all the people placed about her through ill will began in a short time to take an interest in her, she tells us; and we can easily believe it, for her powers of pleasing were not inconsiderable, and were regulated and stimulated in their exercise by careful policy. She never relaxed in her steady determination after absolute power, and in her earliest girlhood had learned the importance and influence of the trivial.

The Prince of Anhalt died. The news was announced to his daughter, and greatly afflicted her.

"For a week I was allowed to weep as much as I pleased," she writes. "At the end of that time Madame Tchogloloff came to tell me that I had wept enough; that the Empress ordered me to leave off; that my father was not a king! I told her I knew that my father was not a king, and she replied that it was not suitable for a grand duchess to mourn for a longer period for a father who had not been a king. In fine, it was arranged that I should go out the following Sunday, and wear mourning for six weeks."

This regulation of natural grief by imperial ukase is sufficiently curious.

The grand duke divided his time between love affairs with his wife's ladies and the training of his dogs, of which he kept a great number. "With heavy blows of his whip and cries like those of a huntsman, he made them fly from one end to the other of his two rooms, which were all he had. Such of the dogs as became tired or got out of rank were severely punished, which made them howl the more. When he got tired of this detestable exercise, so painful to the ears

and destructive to the repose of his neighbors, he seized his violin, on which he rasped away with extraordinary violence and very badly, all the time walking up and down his rooms. Then he recommenced the education and punishment of his dogs, which to me seemed very cruel. On one occasion, hearing one of these animals howl piteously and for a long time, I opened the door of my bedroom, where I was seated, and which adjoined the apartment in which this scene was enacted, and saw him holding this dog by the collar, suspended in the air, while a boy who was in his service, a Kalmuck by birth, held the animal by the tail. It was a poor little King Charles spaniel, of English breed, and the duke was beating him with all his might with the handle of a whip. I interceded for the poor beast, but this only made him redouble his blows. Unable to bear so cruel a scene, I returned to my room with tears in my eyes. In general, tears and cries, instead of moving the duke to pity, put him in a passion. Pity was a feeling that was painful and even insupportable in his mind."

On another occasion, Catherine found an enormous rat suspended on a gallows in her husband's apartment, and was told that the penalty was inflicted for a crime which, by the law of the land, was deserving of capital punishment. The rat had climbed over the ramparts of a fortress of cardboard, and had eaten two sentinels made of pith who were on duty on the bastion! The grand duke was very angry with her for laughing on this occasion, but, as she dryly observes, it may at least be said in justification of the rat that he was hanged without being questioned or heard in his own defense.

During the second winter after the royal marriage, the strict surveillance established about the young couple was redoubled in severity. A stringent order was issued by the Empress forbidding any one from entering their apartments without express permission from the Tcho-

glokokoffs, and the ladies and gentlemen of their court were directed, under pain of dismissal, to keep in the antechamber, and never speak, not even to the servants, except in a loud voice which could be heard by everybody. The grand duke and grand duchess, thus compelled to sit and look at each other, murmured, and secretly interchanged thoughts relative to this species of imprisonment. To divert his ennui, the duke had five or six hounds brought from the country and placed behind a wooden partition close to his wife's bed. Poor Catherine was forced to endure the odor of this kennel all winter. When she complained of the inconvenience, the only answer she received was that "it was impossible to help it."

So puerile were the tastes of this lad of seventeen, the destined ruler of a great people, that he enjoyed playing with dolls and other childish toys. He did not dare to indulge in these amusements in public, but when the doors were locked for the night, and the royal pair were supposed to be asleep, the puppets, which were hidden under the bed, came out, and the grand duke played, and obliged his wife to play, with them, often till two in the morning. "Willing or unwilling, I was forced to join in this interesting amusement," writes poor Catherine. "I often laughed, but more often felt annoyed, and even inconvenienced, for the whole bed was filled with playthings, some of which were rather heavy."

Madame Tchoglokkoff, it would seem, got wind of these nocturnal pastimes, for one night, about twelve, she knocked at the door of the bedroom. For some moments no one answered, for the terrified grand duke and grand duchess, with the assistance of Madame Krause, were gathering up the toys and cramming them into or under the bed, — anywhere to conceal them. This done, they opened the door, to receive a scolding for keeping the visitor waiting, and an intimation that the Empress would be much displeased at their being awake at such an

hour. She then sulkily departed without having made any discovery, the door was relocked, and the grand duke went on with his amusement till he became sleepy.

It was a curious situation. On one side the partition was this brutal, foolish boy, flogging his dogs and his attendants, playing like a child with a regiment of puppets, often drunk, and passionately resisting the order to take a bath, which thing was abhorrent to his soul; on the other side was his girlish wife, acute, penetrating, silent, scrutinizing and judging things and persons, veiling beneath smiles and discreet words her real character and purposes. There she sat month after month, bending her curly head over a book. Books were her chief friends, she tells us, during those years of suspense. She always carried one in her pocket, and if she had a moment to herself she spent it in reading. She read political economy; she read Plato; she read somebody's history of Germany in nine volumes quarto, Madame de Sévigné, Baronius, Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, Voltaire's *Universal History*; also all the Russian books she could lay hold of, and the *Annals of Tacitus*, which, she says, caused a singular revolution in her brain, to which, perhaps, the melancholy cast of her thoughts at that time contributed not a little. She studied hard at languages, equipping herself in every possible way for that future on which she was implacably set. She read under surveillance as she did everything else. A maid always stood by to watch her. All she could see was the young duchess intent on her books. No one suspected the passions at work under that childish exterior, the pride, the resolve, the boundless ambition concealed behind the bright young eyes and the ready smile.

Here is her portrait, the portrait of a despot in embryo, painted by herself: —

"In whatever position it should please Providence to place me, I should never be without those resources which talent and determination give to every one ac-

cording to his natural abilities, and I felt myself possessed of sufficient courage either to mount or descend without being carried away by undue pride on the one hand, or feeling humbled and dispirited on the other. I knew I was a human being, and therefore of limited powers and incapable of perfection, but my intentions had always been pure and good. If from the very beginning I had perceived that to love a husband who was not amiable and who took no pains to be so was a thing difficult, if not impossible, yet at least I had devoted myself to him and his interests with all the attachment which a friend and even a servant could devote to his friend and master. My counsel to him had always been the very best I could devise for his welfare; and if he did not choose to follow it the fault was not mine, but that of his own judgment, which was neither sound nor just. When I came to Russia, and during the first years of our union, had this prince shown the least disposition to make himself supportable, my heart would have been opened to him; but when I saw that, of all possible objects, I was the one on whom he bestowed the least attention, precisely because I was his wife, it is not wonderful I should find my position neither agreeable nor to my taste, or that I should consider it irksome and even miserable. This latter feeling I suppressed more resolutely than any other; the pride and cast of my disposition rendering the idea of being unhappy most repugnant to me. I used to say to myself, happiness and misery depend on ourselves; if you feel unhappy, raise yourself above your misery, and so act that your happiness may be independent of accidents. To such a disposition I joined great sensibility, and a face, to say the least of it, interesting; one which pleased at first sight without art or effort. Naturally indulgent, I won the confidence of those who had any relations with me, because every one felt that the strictest probity and good will were the impulses which I most

readily obeyed; and, if I may be allowed the expression, I venture to assert in my own behalf that I was a *true gentleman*, one whose cast of mind was more male than female; and yet I was anything but masculine, for, joined to the mind and character of a man, I possessed the charms of a very agreeable female."

The royal residences of Russia in that day exhibited a singular mixture of squalor, inconvenience, and barbaric splendor. Money flowed like water at the court entertainments; immense sums were squandered at the gaming-table, and in jewels and equipage. (Four thousand superb dresses belonging to the Empress were burnt up in one fire alone which broke out in the Winter Palace; and fires were a common occurrence at that time, both in St. Petersburg and the country, from the faulty construction of the houses.) But with all this lavish expenditure, daily life, even for the junior royalties, was full of discomforts. There were evil smells from defective drainage; fevers lurked in the palace corners; many of the suites of rooms had but one entrance; the furniture was often scanty or deficient; there was absolute lack of privacy. When the court journeyed, matters were even worse. The Empress occupied the post-stations; the rest of the party were accommodated in tents and outhouses. Catherine chronicles dressing once close to an oven where the bread had just been baked, and at another time sleeping in a tent whose floor was covered ankle-deep with water. No well-to-do and self-respecting American mechanic of the present day would submit to such a state of things as these heirs of a great empire habitually endured.

The rooms in the palace of Peterhoff, where, in 1753, Catherine's eldest son was born, were sunless, gloomy, and full of draughts. They had but one issue, like all others in the Summer Palace; there was scarcely any furniture, and no kind of convenience. As soon as the child was safely in the world, had been

dressed and received his name, the Empress took him in her arms and swept away, followed by the grand duke and all present, except one lady-in-waiting. Catherine, who was lying on a temporary couch between doors and windows which did not shut tightly, was conscious of a chill. She begged to be removed to her own bed, and to have something to drink, but with these requests Madame Vladislava dared not comply. It was as much as her place was worth for her to touch the grand duchess without express permission. For nearly four hours the young mother lay weeping from pain, thirst, and the bitter sense of neglect before any one recollected to do anything for her. The Empress, intoxicated with joy at the birth of an heir, was absorbed in the child. The grand duke, intoxicated also, but after another fashion, was drinking his son's health with whomsoever he could get to join him. The bells were ringing, the populace shouting, the cannon firing *feux de joie*; no one wasted a thought on poor Catherine. At last the Countess Schouvaloff, "very elaborately dressed," arrived. When she saw the condition in which the grand duchess had been left, she was angry, and said it was enough to kill her, which was "very consolatory, certainly," as Catherine dryly remarks. It did almost kill her. The exposure brought on rheumatic pains, followed by a violent fever, during which the patient was almost as much neglected as at the outset of her illness.

"The grand duke, indeed, did come into my room for a moment, and then went away, saying that he had not time to stop. I did nothing but weep and moan in my bed. Nobody was in my room but Madame Vladislava; in her heart she was sorry for me, but she had not the power to remedy this state of things. Besides, I never liked to be pitied or to complain. I had too proud a spirit for that, and the very idea of being unhappy was insupportable to me."

Forty days after the confinement of

the grand duchess, the Empress came to visit her. The child came with her; it was the first time his mother had seen him since his birth. "I thought him very pretty," Catherine writes, "and the sight of him raised my spirits a little; but the moment the prayers were finished, the Empress had him carried away, and then left me." It was poor consolation for all this suffering to receive a christening present of one hundred thousand roubles, especially as, a week later, it was "borrowed" to be given to the grand duke, who had chosen to sulk because his wife had a gift, and he had not. It was not till some months later that the Empress repaid the loan.

Catherine was not allowed to have anything to do with her son. The Empress possessed him utterly, and treated him as if he had been her sole property.

"It was only by stealth that I could get any account of him," says the poor young mother; "for to have inquired about him would have passed for a doubt of the Empress's care, and would have been very ill received. She had taken him into her own room, and whenever he cried she herself would run to him, and, through excess of care, they were literally stifling him. He was kept in an extremely warm room, wrapped in flannel, and laid in a cradle lined with black fox furs. Over him was a coverlet of quilted satin lined with wadding, and over that one of rose-colored velvet lined with black foxskins. I saw him myself, many times afterward, lying in this condition, the perspiration running from his face and his whole body; and hence it was that, when older, the least breath of air that reached him chilled and made him ill. He had, beside, in attendance on him a great number of aged matrons, who, by their ill-judging care and their want of common sense, did him infinitely more harm than good, both physically and morally."

It is curious to hear of a baby swathed in rose-colored velvet and fox furs, and shut from every breath of air, whose

mother rose each morning at six to practice leaping in the riding-school, and, in the country, habitually spent six, eight, sometimes twelve hours a day in the saddle. Catherine's superb health bore her safely through everything that she was forced to undergo. Hardy in body, she became with advancing years more and more daring and defiant in spirit. It was the critical period of her life, and it was then that those seeds of corruption were sown which in the end made her notorious among profligate sovereigns. Her contempt and aversion for the grand duke increased year by year, and his dislike of her kept pace.

"I saw distinctly," she writes, "that three courses, almost equally perilous, presented themselves for my choice: first, to share the fortunes of the grand duke, be they what they might; secondly, to be exposed every moment to whatever he chose to do either for or against me; or, lastly, to follow a course entirely independent of all eventualities. To speak more plainly, I had to choose the alternative of perishing with him or by him, or to save myself, my children, and perhaps the empire also, from the wreck which all the moral and physical qualities of this prince made possible. This last choice seemed to me the safest. I resolved, therefore, to the utmost of my power, to continue to give on all occasions the very best advice I could for his benefit, but never to persist in this, as I had hitherto done, so as to make him angry; to open his eyes to his true interests on every opportunity that presented itself; and, during the rest of the time, to maintain a mournful silence, while, on the other hand, taking care of my own interests with the public, so that in the time of need they might see in me the saviour of the commonwealth."

Mortified in pride and thwarted in affection, with all the natural currents of duty dammed in at their outlet; filled with a bitter scorn for the paltry partner imposed upon her, and a resentment

equally bitter for the treatment accorded her; without one friend to speak a word in behalf of the higher law or point out the nobler way, it is not to be wondered at that Catherine listened to the base counselors who whispered in her ear that, under such circumstances, the grand duchess was excusable if she trampled upon conventional laws of morality. She did not emulate the engaging frankness of her husband, who, when she pretended sleep to avoid the recital of his amours, roused her with sturdy thumps and punches of his fist, and forced her to listen. No, her adventures were studiously kept secret, but none the less did they exist; and they were pursued by her with an audacious delight.

Gradually the grand duchess collected about her a little circle of intimates who encouraged her in all that was evil and dangerous. Abetted by these boon companions, she was able to defy the strict cordon of regulations drawn about her life by the arbitrary Empress. Parties met in her rooms night after night, the spies sitting without unconscious; or a mew, the chosen signal of mischief, would sound at her door, and hey! presto! the imprisoned princess was out of her prison, attending all sorts of merrymakings, suppers, and dances; or, dressed in man's attire, frolicking all over St. Petersburg with her lover, Leon Narishkine! It speaks well for her power of influencing others that not once was she betrayed by any of the persons in her confidence; yet it was a secret worth money to the betrayer, for the Empress would have made short work of an ex-Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg detected *flagrante delicto* at such pranks. Catherine reveled in these stolen pleasures with all the joy of long-repressed liberty broken forth into license; but while trampling on other commandments, she scrupulously kept the eleventh, of man's enactment, and, luck waiting on audacity, never was "found out."

She relates with great glee the effectual

precautions taken by her against neglect when her second child was born. A disused lumber-room opened from her bedchamber. She secretly caused this to be cleared out and furnished; the door of communication was hidden by a screen, and there her little private court of intimates assembled. The events of her second confinement were an exact reproduction of those of the first. Again the Empress took possession of the infant as soon as it was named, and carried it off, leaving the mother to her fate; but now Catherine had friends at hand, who, as soon as the coast was clear, came in and ministered to her wants with food, wine, and every luxury. There was no need now for her to lie weeping and moaning; her convalescence was made merry by the companionship of the gay little party in the lumber-room, who filled every lonely moment with laughter and pranks. She only found it necessary to affect tedium now and then in order to disarm suspicion. Once or twice the merry troupe, "from laughing too heartily," became hungry and thirsty, and demanded supper. The grand duchess replied that this was no more than fair, since they were kind enough to give her their company. She accordingly rang the bell, professed herself starving, and ordered a repast of not less than six courses. When the dishes went out empty, not a crumb left in any of them, there must have been wonderment in the kitchens over the phenomenal appetite of the invalid, but no comment was made. The Empress's health had declined. She had had two or three alarming seizures, and the influence of the grand duchess was on the increase. Courtiers are quick to mark the signs of the times, and trim their sails to meet a coming change of wind.

It is an astonishing feature of these memoirs that there is scarcely a reference in them to Russia and the common people. "The Winter Palace, with its military and administrative machinery,

was a world of its own," Herten tells us. "Like a ship floating on the surface of the ocean, it had no real connection with the inhabitants of the deep beyond that of eating them. In that monstrous barrack, in that enormous machinery, there reigned the cold rigidity of a camp. One set gave or transmitted orders; the rest obeyed in silence. Behind that triple line of sentries, in those heavily ornamented salons, there fermented a feverish life, with its intrigues and its conflicts, its dramas and its tragedies. It was here that the destinies of Russia were woven, in the gloom of the alcove, in the midst of orgies, beyond the reach of informers and the police. What interest could the young German princess take in that *magnum ignotum*, that people unexpressed, which concealed itself in its villages, behind the snow, and only appeared in the streets of St. Petersburg like a foreign outcast, tolerated by reason of contempt?"

At last, in 1761, the seventeen long years of suspense, dissimulation, and uncertainty came to an end, — years which had found the grand duchess a child, and left her hardened into a cynical profligacy. Elizabeth died, and the Emperor Peter III. was declared ruler of Russia in her stead.

This was Catherine's opportunity, and the folly of her brutalized husband made it an easy one. Having "lost the small share of sense which originally belonged to him," as his affectionate wife remarks, he inaugurated his reign by a series of unpopular measures which offended everybody. He proposed to disband the imperial guards, and replace them with troops from Holstein; to change the religion of the country; to repudiate Catherine, imprison her, and marry his mistress, Elizabeth Voronsky. A thousand disquieting rumors flew to and fro, while the Emperor, shut up with a small circle of sycophants at Oranienbaum, kept himself invisible and inaccessible. Many of these rumors were doubtless exaggerated or

premature, but they were sufficient for Catherine's purpose, and were, not improbably, inspired by her.

The crisis came when, at a festival given in celebration of peace with the king of Prussia, Peter publicly insulted his wife at table, and the same evening signed an order for her arrest. The order was retracted for the moment, but Catherine knew that the sword wavered above her head, and must presently fall. With her customary energy and clear insight into things, she wasted no time in indecision. The minds of the guards had already been prepared, her adherents were ready. The news of the order of arrest reached her at Peterhoff, where she was living alone, — "seemingly forgotten by every one," she remarks. It was six in the morning. Dressing hastily, she flung herself into a carriage, and drove straight to the capital, and to the barracks of the Ismailofski regiment.

"The throne of Russia is neither hereditary nor elective," said the Neapolitan Caraccioli. "It is *occupative*!"

There were not more than a dozen soldiers in the building, but the drummer beat the alarm, and the others speedily came crowding in. When they saw the Empress, they broke into wild enthusiasm, kissing her hands, feet, and dress, and calling her their saviour. Two of them brought a priest with the cross, the oath of government was administered, and at the head of the regiment Catherine proceeded to the Church of Our Lady of Kasan. Here other regiments, the horse guards and the all-important Preobrajenskiies among them, joined the cortége, with shouts of "Vivat!" and "Pardon us for having come last. Our officers detained us, but we have brought them to you under arrest to show our zeal." Catherine was proclaimed "colonel" of the regiments, changed her dress for a uniform, and at the head of over fourteen thousand men swept out to Oranienbaum, where Peter, unconscious of the storm about to break upon him, sat com-

posing manifestoes against her, and, as she asserts, arranging the details of her assassination.

It was too late. His terrible wife, if we may borrow a phrase from Australia, "had the drop on him" in every particular. In abject terror he made haste to sign his resignation, conferring upon Catherine all the rights and privileges of which he stood possessed. Contemptuously she accepted all, and gave orders that the ex-Emperor should be conveyed to Rapscha, a place seven versts distant from St. Petersburg, "very retired, but very pleasant," we are assured, where he was placed under guard. The unhappy young man only asked that he might have his mistress, his dog, his negro, and his violin forwarded to him; but "for fear of scandal, and not wishing to increase the general excitement," doubtless also from pure love of morals, the Empress omitted the mistress, and sent only the three articles last named!

It was given out that Peter was to remain at Rapscha only till suitable apartments at Schlüsselberg could be prepared for him. "But it pleased God to dispose otherwise," as Catherine piously remarks. Three days after his removal, the Emperor died suddenly: of dysentery, she tells us; of strangulation, the rest of the world believed; and with his death Catherine II. entered upon her thirty-four years of absolute power, untrammelled by any obligation, human or divine, whose validity she recognized.

The biography closes with these words:

"Such, pretty nearly, is our history. The whole was managed, I confess, under my own immediate direction, and toward the end I had to check its progress. Everything, in fact, was more than ripe a fortnight beforehand. In a word, God has brought about things in his own good pleasure, and the whole is more of a miracle than a merely human contrivance; for assuredly nothing but the Divine Will could have produced so many felicitous combinations."

Tied up with the manuscript in which these edifying words are recorded was the original letter from Alexis Orloff, in which, with the most cold-blooded distinctness of phrase, he announced to the Empress the murder of her husband!

In the early years of our own century, a young Bostonian — who later became one of the noted wits of his generation, — in the course of a visit to Europe spent some weeks at St. Petersburg. He became intimate with an elderly diplomat, to whom he had letters of introduction, and who had long resided in Russia. One day, when dining *tête-à-tête* with his friend, he ventured to hint a question upon a delicate subject which had for years occupied the curious in such matters, namely, the truth as to the death of the Emperor Peter III.

His host silenced him with a gesture. "The subject is too dangerous for discussion," he said, in a low tone. "I dare not enter upon it even with you and alone. Your curiosity must be answered without words, if at all. We are going to the ball at the palace to-night. Keep your hand in my arm, and whenever we pass one of the persons suspected — mind, I

only say *suspected* — of complicity in the matter, I will give it a slight pressure. But you must guard your face. It would never do to have it imagined that any communication on such a subject was passing between us."

So that night, as the young American, leaning on his friend's arm, passed through the brilliant throng at the Winter Palace, he was conscious ever and anon of a slight significant pressure. Always it came as they encountered some court official high in office, and especially resplendent in dress or decorations. At last they met the gigantic Prince Orloff, literally blazing with orders and jewels, and towering head and shoulders above the crowd. The pressure here was particularly distinct.

"He held the handkerchief," murmured the diplomat in his young friend's ear.

This "handkerchief," the enormous Orloff, and the puny and enfeebled young Emperor furnished, it may be presumed, one of the most striking of the "felicitous combinations" which Catherine had in mind, and for which she thanked Heaven with such exemplary fervor.

Susan Coolidge.

MOOSILAUKE.

MOOSILAUKE! mountain sagamore! thy brow
The wide hill-splendor circles. Not a peer
Among New Hampshire's lordly heights that fear
Nor summer's bolt nor winter's blast hast thou
For grand horizons. Lo, to westward now
Towers Whiteface over Killington; and clear,
To north, Mount Royal cleaves the blue; while near,
Franconia's, Conway's peaks the east endow
With glory, round great Washington, whose cone
Of sunset shade, athwart his valleys thrown,
Darkens and stills a hundred miles of Maine!
To south the bright Lake smiles, and rivers flow
Through elm-fringed meadows to the ocean plain, —
Lone peak! what realms are thine, above, below!

Edna Dean Proctor.

LETTERS OF SIDNEY LANIER.

II.

LANIER'S connection with the Centennial Exhibition brought him, during the summer of 1876, into many pleasant relations; but, unfortunately, his health declined. He passed several months at West Chester, Pa., where he wrote *Clover* and *The Waving of the Corn*; and then, when autumn came, he returned to Philadelphia in what seemed a dying condition. For many weeks he was tenderly nursed at the Peacocks', until, having regained a little strength, it was evident that he must go South if he would survive the winter. Accordingly, leaving the children behind, he and his wife journeyed to Florida as fast as his feebleness permitted. His first note, written on a postal card, is dated "Cedar Keys, Fla., December 20th, 1876." He says: "Through many perils and adventures we are so far safely on our way, in much better condition than could have been expected. We leave for Tampa presently. It is about 125 miles southward; but we stop at Manatee, and do not reach Tampa until to-morrow night, — spending thirty-six hours in the steamer. We have been wishing all the morning that you might pace these white sands with us, in the heavenly weather. Will write you immediately from Tampa."

TAMPA, FLA., *December 27th, 1876.*

On arriving here we find that your friendship has as usual anticipated us. May and I, strolling down to the Post office to rent a box, and not daring to think of letters, are told by the clerk that he thinks there is something for us, — and the something turns out to be

¹ Miss Stebbins subsequently published a life of Miss Cushman (Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co., 1878). Lanier had hoped, and many of

your pleasant budget, which we incontinently open and devour, sitting down on the steps of the Post office for that purpose, to the wonderment of the natives. Your news of our dear manikins is the first we have had, and is a fair gift for our Christmas. . . .

The letters you sent were all pleasant in one way or another. One is from H. M. Alden, Editor Harper's Magazine, enclosing check for fifteen dollars, and accepting the poem (*The Waving of the Corn*) sent him by me through Bayard Taylor. Another is a very cordial letter from "Geo. C. Eggleston, Literary Editor Evening Post," making tender of brotherhood to me in a really affectionate way, and declaring that "the keen delight with which he recently read my volume of poems sharpens the pang he feels in knowing that one in whose work he sees so rich a promise lies on a bed of illness."

The postal card is from Gilder, whom I had requested to make a slight addition to my article on *The Orchestra* in Scribner's.

The fourth letter is, as you guessed, from Emma Stebbins, and I enclose it for you to read. It seems from the last portion of it that she has quite abandoned the idea of writing the life of Charlotte Cushman, substituting for that the project of merely printing a *Memorial Volume*.¹

The Bulletin with the notice you mention has not yet arrived. I am very much pleased that the Psalm of the West has given Mrs. Champney a text to preach from. One begins to add to the intrinsic delight of prophet-hood the less lonesome joy of human helpfulness — when one finds the younger poets

his friends and Miss Cushman's had hoped, that this work would be assigned to him.

resting upon one for a support and but-
tress in this way.

You will be glad to know that we are situated much more comfortably than we could have hoped. Tampa is the most forlorn collection of little one-story frame houses imaginable, and as May and I walked behind our Landlord, who was piloting us to the Orange Grove Hotel, our hearts fell nearer and nearer towards the sand through which we dragged. But presently we turned a corner, and were agreeably surprised to find ourselves in front of a large three-story house with many odd nooks and corners, altogether clean and comfortable in appearance, and surrounded by orange-trees in full fruit. We have a large room in the second story, opening upon a generous balcony fifty feet long, into which stretch the liberal arms of a fine orange-tree, holding out their fruitage to our very lips. In front is a sort of open plaza, containing a pretty group of gnarled live oaks full of moss and mistletoe.

They have found out my public character already: somebody who had traveled with me recognized me on the street yesterday and told mine host. He and his wife are all kindness, having taken a fancy, I imagine, to my sweet angel May. They have just sent up a lovely bunch of roses and violets from the garden, — a sentimental attention which finds a pleasant parallel in the appearance of a servant at our door before breakfast to inquire whether we prefer our steak fried or broiled.

The weather is perfect summer, and I luxuriate in great draughts of balmy air uncontaminated with city-smokes and furnace-dusts. This has come not a moment too soon; for the exposures of the journey had left my poor lung in most piteous condition. I am now better, however; and May is in good case, except that the languid air takes the spring from her step, and inclines her much to laziness. . . .

We have three mails a week: two by

stage from Gainesville (which is on the railroad from Fernandina to Cedar Keys) and one by steamer from Cedar Keys. Address me simply "Tampa, Fla." I have a box (No. 8: — I don't think there are more than twenty-five or thirty in all) at the Post office, and the clerk knows me: as in fact everybody else does, — a stranger is a stranger in Tampa. . . .

(Over.)

DEAR MR. PEACOCK: Sidney has forgotten my message — which entreated Mrs. Peacock (Heaven bless her!) to consider my letters *unanswerable*. You are *one* in our thoughts and affections, and we are content to hear from either of you. And I am so selfish as to wish that she should always be glad when my poor letters come. When you see Dr. Lippe pray give him our best regards and say that we will write as soon as we have had time to know how Sidney is.

Your loving MARY D. L.

P. S. No. 15. I enclose the two receipts for the silver: Robbins' and the Trust Company's. We will write about it some future time: meantime as to the set at Robbins', place it wherever you like. S. L.

TAMPA, December 31st, 1876.

I am writing a line to send you both a New Year's kiss from us two. We have had a great change in the weather: a couple of days ago the hyperborean blasts turned our pretty summer quite out of doors, and we have had for thirty-six hours a temperature which reminds us very forcibly of a New Year's Day at the North. As we sit over our blazing knots of "fat lightwood" we think with double vividness of your two dear faces, and wish that they were by ours or ours by them. . . .

The Magazine has arrived, and your lovely notice of my little Evening Song¹ gives me genuine pleasure. I see too that the poem has smitten the hitherto-invul-

¹ Printed in Lippincott's Magazine, January, 1877.

nerable R. Shelton McKenzie under the fifth rib. This is a triumph indeed. The Bulletin with the notice from the Ev'g. Post has also arrived. The letter from Lippincott's which you forwarded was an enclosure of check for ten dollars for the Evening Song.

May is doing well ; and I, with some setbacks, am on the whole improving. I have found a shaggy gray mare upon whose back I thrid the great pine forests daily, much to my delight. Nothing seems so restorative to me as a good gallop. We have now only two mails a week, and these take a long time to go and come. If there should ever be any occasion to telegraph us, a dispatch can be sent to *Tuckertown* (which is on the telegraph line, thirty miles from here), whence the operators will, if so requested, forward it by courier on horseback to Tampa.

I sent you the two silver receipts by last mail. Forward me whatever you happen to see about the little Song: I wish to send the notices to Dudley Buck, who has set this poem to music. God bless you both, — say May and

S. L.

TAMPA, FLA., *January 17th*, 1877.

I wrote you immediately upon arriving here, enclosing the two receipts for the silver; and I believe some sort of greeting has gone from one of us to one of you by nearly every mail, since our arrival. I only mention this because our Florida mail arrangements are of the very slowest description, and, as we have yet had nothing from you written since any of our communications reached you, we presume the latter have taken the very uttermost limit of time in getting to you.

We fare slowly on, in health. May has been very much affected by the warm weather which has prevailed for the past two weeks, and suffers much from lassitude, with some appearance of malarial symptoms. I think my lung is healing

gradually: and although I have a great deal of hoarseness, it does not seem to be attended with any other serious accompaniment. I certainly improve in strength, though pulled down, as indeed are all the healthy people about us, by the languorous summer temperature.

I think we will have to sell the silver; if you can get \$350 for it, it may go at that. Possibly we will sell it for old silver, after a while, at \$200: but I would be glad if you would see whether any silver dealer with whom you should leave it (after Robbins) can get an offer of \$350. . . .

I am writing in haste, having come in from a ride, horseback, just as the mail is about to close. . . .

TAMPA, FLA., *March 25th*, 1877.

MY DEAREST MARIA PEACOCK: . . . I wish we were spending this March day in your dear little Brown Study with you. I have an inexpressible longing to see you when you will not be — as during that last month — anxious at heart on my account. This might now very well be; for although many breaks and exasperating interruptions have chequered my progress since I came here, yet in comparing my present condition with the state I was in when I left you, no room is left for doubt that my lung is certainly healing, and that the rest is only matter of time and warm weather.

We expect to leave Tampa on the 5th April, for Brunswick, where we will remain until May. Our after-programme is to spend the month of May in Macon, and to return to Philadelphia in June. Consider that our address, therefore, is changed to "Care of Chas. Day, Brunswick, Ga."

May has been suffering much with malarial influences, and I am impatient for the time when she may return to the bracing northern air which appears to agree with her so well. She sends you all manner of loving messages.

Please ask Mr. Gibson as soon as the

rest of the silver money comes in to send for Dr. Schell's bill, and discharge it. I have been more pained about the long standing-over of it than I can tell you. Did you see my Beethoven in the *Galaxy*?¹ A bad misprint occurred in the punctuation at the end of the 8th verse, where somebody inserted a semicolon. In the original there is nothing: the two verses (8th and 9th) being intended to run together, *i. e.* the luminous lightnings blindly strike the sailor praying on his knees along with, &c. In reading other articles in this Magazine I observe that the proof must have been very badly read.

I have had a very affectionate letter from Emma Stebbins, enclosing a fifty-dollar bill which she wanted to loan me.

My thoughts are much upon my French poem — the *Jacquerie* outburst — in these days. If Mr. Hayes would only appoint me consul somewhere in the south of France!!!

BRUNSWICK, GA., April 26th, 1877.

If I had as many fingers as your astounding servant-maid, and each one could wield a pen separately, I still would n't be able to write the fair messages which continually construct themselves in my heart to you both. That such a very pitiful fraction of these has actually reached you during the last few weeks is due to mine ancient infirmity in the matter of driving the quill, and to May's constant occupation with her father and brother. These poor lonely men live here in a house to themselves, with no women or children about them: and when May comes with her bright ways and intelligent sympathies she has both hands, lips, and heart very busy from morning till night.

I suppose you've seen a little *extravaganza* of mine in St. Nicholas for May. The proof-sheets were sent me at Tampa, and I promptly corrected and

¹ Beethoven, printed in *The Galaxy* for March, 1877.

returned them: but they seem not to have arrived in time, and I desolate myself at finding some miserable repetitions and awkward expressions, which I had carefully amended, appearing nevertheless, — beside some very bad punctuation systematically interpolated all the way through by some other hand than mine. The illustrations are charming, however, and I feel as if I ought to write a special letter of thanks to Mr. Bensell for the evident care he has taken. The story I meant to be only such an incongruous *mélange* as one might "make up as he went along" for a lot of children about his knees; and its very intentional incongruities must have been serious stumbling-blocks to the engraver.

I sincerely regret the continued illness of Mr. Wells.² He was so full of life and so overbrimming with his quips and his quiddities, that I can scarcely realize him as a sick man. Pray send him my cordial greetings when you write, with my earnest wishes for his speedy recovery.

I wrote Mrs. Peacock just before we left Tampa. We remain here until the fifth of May; after which our address will be "Macon, Ga." We think to spend a month there: and then, if I continue to improve, to make our way back northward. I can't tell you how famished I am for the Orchestra: an imperious hunger drives me towards it.

We both send a kiss to you both. If Miss Phelps is with you, we'll put in two, mine being particularly by way of response for her kind note. I long to see you all.

MACON, GA., May 26th, 1877.

They have had a family gathering here to meet me; and what with fondling numerous new babies that have arrived since I last met the parents thereof, and with much talk of matters high and low, I have not found time to send my love to

² Francis Wells, assistant editor of the *Evening Bulletin*.

you. I have gained greatly in strength within the last three weeks, and although I have still much discomfort at times I feel perfectly sure that I have quite got the upper hand of this particular attack at least. We propose to start for Philadelphia within two weeks from now; waiting so long only to be sure of escaping any possible caprice of this very variable Spring. The prospect of speedily turning northward gives us, as you can imagine, great delight: for it is a prospect which holds in its "middle distance" you two, and our dear monkeys for whom our arms are fairly hungry.

I long to be steadily writing again. I'm taken with a poem pretty nearly every day, and have to content myself with making a note of its train of thought on the back of whatever letter is in my coat-pocket. I don't write it out, because I find my poetry now wholly unsatisfactory in consequence of a certain haunting impatience which has its root in the straining uncertainty of my daily affairs; and I am trying with all my might to put off composition of all sorts until some approach to the certainty of next week's dinner shall remove this remnant of haste, and leave me that repose which ought to fill the artist's firmament while he is creating. Perhaps indeed with returning bodily health I shall acquire strength to attain this serenity in spite of all contingencies.

Address me here if you write within the next ten days. May would send a kiss to you both if she knew I was writing. Cordial greetings to Miss Phelps if she is now with you. I hope Mr. Wells continues to improve.

40 MT. VERNON PLACE, BALTIMORE, MD.,
June 13th, 1877.

I am really distressed to know that you should have spent your day at Washington in the unprofitable business of pottering about those dreary Departments in my behalf: but I won't lecture you for your unearthly goodness to me.

May and I are to go to Washington next Monday, to visit Judge Advocate General Dunn, who is a son-in-law of my kinsman J. F. D. Lanier (of New York), and who has extended a very cordial invitation to us. We will also meet there General Humphreys, Chief of the Engineer Corps, who is an old and intimate friend of May's mother, and has always made a great pet of May herself. It seems like stretching our hearts to stay away from the boys longer: yet we have determined finally to do it, inasmuch as we do not know when we will have another opportunity to meet these friends.

As for the "application:" you must know, my dear good Friend, that all *that* matter was gotten up without my knowledge, and has been carried on by my father and Mr. Lanier of New York. When they finally wrote to me of it, I replied (after a great struggle which I have not the heart to detail to you) that inasmuch as I had never been a party man of any sort I did not see with what grace I could ask any appointment; and that, furthermore, I could not see it to be delicate, on general principles, for me to make *personal* application for any particular office: but that I would be grateful if they would simply cause my name to be mentioned to the proper persons as that of a person who might be suitable for certain classes of appointments, and that I would accept with pleasure any result of such an application. This has been done: my name has been mentioned to Mr. Sherman¹ (and to Mr. Evarts,² I believe) by quite cordially-disposed persons. But I do not think any formal application has been entered, — though I do not know. I *hope* not: for then the reporters will get hold of it, and I scarcely know what I should do if I should see my name figuring alongside of Jack Brown's and Foster Blodgett's

¹ Secretary of the Treasury.

² Secretary of State.

and the others of my native State, — as would quickly be the case.

But I can speak of all this when I see you. It will be probably nine or ten days before I have that pleasure, — even if you shall have returned to Ph^a by that time. Pray send me a line (see address, above date of this letter) to let me know your motions. . . . Don't think me finical, and don't think me anything but your faithful

S. L.

CHADD'S FORD, PA., *August 7th, 1877.*

This is but an hour old: and after sending it off to Harper's, I've made a hasty copy for you, thinking you would care to see it. The poor dove whose sorrow it commemorates wakes me every morning, calling from the lovely green woods about us.

We are charmed with our place: I myself have rather too much pot-boiling to improve much, but the boys are having a royal time. May sends a kiss to you both, as does your faithful

S. L.

[Enclosure.]

THE DOVE: A SONG.¹

If thou, if thou, O blue and silver Morn,
Should'st call along the curving sphere:

"Remain,
Sweet Night, my Love! Nay, leave me not
forlorn!"

With soft halloos of heavenly love and
pain: —

Should'st thou, past Spring, a-cower in coverts
dark,

'Gainst proud supplanting Summer sing thy
plea

And move the mighty woods through mailed
bark

Till tender heartbreak throb in every tree: —

(Ah, grievous *If*, wilt turn to *Yea* full soon?)

— If thou, my Heart, long holden from thy
Love,

Should'st beat and burn in mellow shocks of
tune: —

— Each might but mock yon deep-seques-
tered dove!

¹ First printed, with many changes, in *Scribner's Magazine*, May, 1878.

CHADD'S FORD, PA., *September 8th, 1877.*

I am called to Washington for the purpose of prosecuting my affairs, — which are delayed much beyond expectation, — and am obliged to anticipate my income a little, being out of funds for a week. Please loan me fifty dollars, if you can do so without inconvenience to yourself. You can send your check payable to my order. — Which takes my breath away, and I can't say anything more, now.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *September 27th, 1877.*

Yours was forwarded to me here. Just as I received your check, a severe pleuritic attack seized me, and kept me in great pain for ten days. I then got up from bed to come here, in the desperate necessity to do what could be done. Last Monday at daylight an exhausting hæmorrhage came, which has kept me confined to my room ever since. In this enforced inactivity, I have had nothing to return to you. This morning a check comes from Lippincott for a little story I sent, and I enclose it, endorsed to your order. Please let me know what your address will be, so that I may send the remaining twenty-five at the earliest possible moment.

There does not appear the least hope of success here. Three months ago the order was given by Secretary Sherman that I should have the first vacancy: but the appointment-clerk, who received the order, is a singular person, and I am told there are rings within rings in the Department to such an extent that vacancies are filled by petty chiefs of division without ever being reported at all to the proper officers. You will scarcely believe that, in my overwhelming desire to get some routine labor by which I might be relieved from this exhausting magazine work so as to apply my whole mind to my long poem on which I have been engaged, I have allowed a friend to make application to every department in Washington for even the humblest position

—seventy-five dollars a month and the like — but without success. I also made personal application to several people in Baltimore for similar employment, but fruitlessly. Altogether it seems as if there was n't any place for me in this world, and if it were not for May I should certainly quit it, in mortification at being so useless.

I hope you will have a pleasant holiday. Give my love to my dear Maria Peacock, and say how glad I am to think of her long relief from the household and other cares which give her so much trouble.

55 LEXINGTON ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,
November 3rd, 1877.

I have not had the courage to write you without enclosing the check for twenty-five dollars, which ought to have gone to you long ago. I still have n't a cent to send: and am writing only to answer your inquiries whose kindness might otherwise go unacknowledged.

All sorts of things were promised to the friends who were good enough to intercede at Washington in my behalf: but nothing has come of it. In truth I should long ago have abandoned all ideas in that direction and resumed the thread of my magazine work, had it not been for illness which prevented me from writing much, and thus kept me entertaining some little expectation. The hæmorrhage, however, which disabled me from work temporarily, has greatly relieved my lung, and I am now stronger than at any time in the last fifteen months. My whole soul is bursting with chaotic poems, and I hope to do some good work during the coming year.

I have found it quite essential to my happiness and health to have some quarters, however rude, which I could regard as permanent for the next four or five years, — instead of drifting about the world. We have therefore established ourselves in four rooms, arranged somewhat as a French Flat, in the heart of Baltimore. We have a gas-stove, on

which my Comrade magically produces the best coffee in the world, and this, with fresh eggs (boiled over the same handy little machine), bread, butter, and milk, forms our breakfast. Our dinner is sent to us from a restaurant in the same building with our rooms, and is served in our apartment without extra charge.

As for my plans for the future: I have set on foot another attempt to get a place in the Johns Hopkins University: I also have a prospect of employment as an assistant at the Peabody Library here: and there is still a possibility of a committee-clerkship in Washington. Meantime, however, I am just resuming work for the editors: my nearest commission is to write a Christmas poem for *Every Saturday*, an ambitious new weekly paper just started in Baltimore. The editor wishes to illustrate the poem liberally and use it as an advertisement by making some fuss over it.

There! You have a tolerable abstract of my past, present and future. . . . Have you seen my Wagner poem in the *November Galaxy*? I have *not*: and, as it was much involved, and as I did n't see any proof-sheet, and as finally the *Galaxy's* proof-reader is notoriously bad, — I suspect it is a pretty muddle of nonsense. And so, God bless you both.

55 LEXINGTON ST., BALTIMORE,
December 3rd, 1877.

Your letter was heartily received by May and me, and the stamps brought acclamations from the three young men at the breakfast-table. We had been talking of you more than usual for several days: and May had been recalling that wonderful Thanksgiving Day a year ago when the kindness of you and my dear Maria seemed to culminate in the mysterious Five-hundred-dollar-bill which came up on the breakfast-tray. What a couple you are, anyhow: you and that same Maria with the Cape-jessamine-textured throat!

I indulged in a hæmorrhage immediately after reaching home, which kept me out of the combat for ten days. I then plunged in and brought captive forth a long Christmas poem¹ for Every Saturday, an ambitious young weekly of Baltimore. Have you seen my Puzzled Ghost in Florida, in Appleton's for December? . . .

We had another key to the silver chest. It contained a second set of old family plate, which we now use daily and in which we take great comfort. There are no other papers concerning it.

I hope you had a pleasant visit in New York. . . . I've just received a letter from Emma Stebbins. She is at the Cushmans', in Newport, and much improved in health. She has finished six chapters of her book on Miss Cushman, and may have it ready for the publishers by next fall.

Wife and I have been out to look at a lovely house to-day, with eight rooms and many charming appliances, which we find we can rent for less than we now pay for our four rooms. We think of taking it straightway, and will do so if a certain half-hundred of dollars for which we hope reaches us in time. . . .

33 DENMEAD ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,
January 6th, 1878.

The painters, the whitewashers, the plumbers, the locksmiths, the carpenters, the gas-fitters, the stove-put-up-ers, the carmen, the piano-movers, the carpet-layers, — all these have I seen, bargained with, reproached for bad jobs, and finally paid off: I have also coaxed my landlord into all manner of outlays for damp walls, cold bath-rooms, and other like matters: I have furthermore bought at least three hundred and twenty-seven household utensils which suddenly came to be absolutely necessary to our existence: I have moreover hired a colored gentlewoman who is willing to wear out my carpets, burn out my range, freeze out

¹ Hard Times in Elfland.

my water-pipes, and be generally useful: I have also moved my family into our new home, have had a Xmas tree for the youngsters, have looked up a cheap school for Harry and Sidney, have discharged my daily duties as first flute of the Peabody Orchestra, have written a couple of poems and part of an essay on Beethoven and Bismarck, have accomplished at least a hundred thousand miscellaneous necessary nothings, — and have *not*, in consequence of all the aforesaid, sent to you and my dear Maria the loving greetings whereof my heart has been full during the whole season. Maria's cards were duly distributed, and we were all touched with her charming little remembrances. With how much pleasure do I look forward to the time when I may kiss her hand in my own house! We are in a state of supreme content with our new home: it really seems to me as incredible that myriads of people have been living in their own homes heretofore as to the young couple with a first baby it seems impossible that a great many other couples have had similar prodigies. It is simply too delightful. Good heavens, how I wish that the whole world had a Home!

I confess I *am* a little nervous about the gas-bills, which must come in, in the course of time; and there are the water-rates: and several sorts of imposts and taxes: but then, the dignity of being liable for such things! is a very supporting consideration. No man is a Bohemian who has to pay water-rates and a street-tax. Every day when I sit down in my dining-room — *my* dining-room! — I find the wish growing stronger that each poor soul in Baltimore, whether saint or sinner, could come and dine with me. How I would carve out the merry-thoughts for the old hags! How I would stuff the big wall-eyed rascals till their rags ripped again! There was a knight of old times who built the dining-hall of his castle across the highway, so that every wayfarer must perforce pass through:

there the traveller, rich or poor, found always a trencher and wherewithal to fill it. Three times a day, in my own chair at my own table, do I envy that knight and wish that I might do as he did.

Send me some word of you two. I was in Philadelphia for part of a night since I saw you, being on my way to Germantown to see Mr. Kirk. I had to make the whole visit between two rehearsals of the Orchestra, and so could only run from train to train, except between twelve P. M. and six, which I consumed in sleeping at the Continental.

We all send you heartfelt wishes for the New Year. May you be as happy as you are dear to your faithful S. L.

33 DENMEAD ST., BALTIMORE,
January 11th, 1878.

To-morrow I will transfer to you by telegraph one hundred and ten dollars; and the remaining forty, I *hope*, on Monday, certainly during the five days following.

I believe it was last Sunday night that I wrote you: on the following morning I awoke with a raging fever, and have been in bed ever since, racked inexpressibly by my old foe, the Pleurodynia. I have crawled out of bed this afternoon, but must go back soon. Will probably be about again on Monday.

Tortured as I was, this morning, with a living egg of pain away in under my collar bone, I shook till I was at least uniformly sore all over, with reading your brilliant critique on the great "artiste" Squirt in his magnificent impersonation of Snooks. The last sentence nearly took the top of my head off. I wish you would keep it up a little while, and fly at the Metropolis as well as at the provinces. For example: "The following contribution for our new morning (or Sunday) paper comes accompanied by a note stating that the writer has been employed as funny editor of the New York (anything, Universe, Age, et cet.), but desires a larger field of usefulness

with us;" and hereto you might append an imitation of the humorous column of *The World*, for instance, in which anything under heaven is taken as a caption, and the editorial then made up of all the possible old proverbs, quotations, popular sayings, and slang which have a word, or even a syllable, in common with the text.

Or you might give an exact reproduction (the more exact, the more ludicrous) of one of those tranquilly stupid political editorials in *The —*, which seem as massive as the walls of Troy, and are really nothing but condensations of arrogant breath.

But of course you *won't* do anything of the sort, for why embroil yourself? and I'm only forecasting what might be done in a better world.

We all send our love to you and Maria. May is pretty well fagged with nursing me, plus the housekeeping cares.

BALTIMORE, MD., January 30th, 1878.

It's no use trying to tell you the bitterness with which I found myself a couple of days behindhand with that hundred. I was in bed, ill, and was depending on a friend who had promised to come by my house and transact this along with some other business for me down town. He was prevented from coming as expected, and I was without remedy. I enclose P. O. order for twenty-five. The balance will go to you soon. Please don't despair of me. My illness was a complete marplot to all my plans for a month or more.

I came through Ph^a night before last, on my way home from New York. I ran round to see you, but you had gone to the theatre. Next morning I was compelled to hurry home without the pleasure of kissing my dear Maria's hand; our Peabody Orchestra meets at five in the afternoon, and I was obliged to reach Baltimore in time for that.

We are all in tolerable condition, greatly enjoying our crude half-furnished

home. I have been mainly at work on some unimportant prose matter for pot-boilers; but I get off a short poem occasionally, and in the background of my mind am writing my *Jacquerie*.

It is very thoughtful of you to send the *Bulletin*. I did not know it was being continued at Chadd's Ford, else I should have had the address changed. Both May and I find a great deal in the paper to interest us. We send loving messages to you twain. The boys are all at school.

180 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE, MD.,
November 5th, 1878.

I have been "allowing" — as the Southern negroes say — that I would write you, for the last two weeks; but I had a good deal to say, and have n't had time to say it.

During my studies for the last six or eight months a thought which was at first vague has slowly crystallized into a purpose, of quite decisive aim. The lectures which I was invited to deliver last winter before a private class met with such an enthusiastic reception as to set me thinking very seriously of the evident delight with which grown people found themselves receiving systematic instruction in a definite study. This again put me upon reviewing the whole business of Lecturing which has risen to such proportions in our country, but which, every one must feel, has now reached its climax and must soon give way — like all things — to something better. The fault of the lecture system as at present conducted — a fault which must finally prove fatal to it — is that it is too fragmentary, and presents too fragmentary a mass — *indigesta moles* — of facts before the hearers. Now if, instead of such a series as that of the popular Star Course (for instance) in Philadelphia, a scheme of lectures should be arranged which would amount to the *systematic presentation* of a *given subject*, then the audience would receive a substantial

benefit, and would carry away some genuine possession at the end of the course. The subject thus systematically presented might be either scientific (as Botany, for example, or Biology popularized, and the like), or domestic (as detailed in the accompanying printed extract under the "Household" School), or artistic, or literary.

This stage of the investigation put me to thinking of schools for grown people. Men and women leave college nowadays just at the time when they are really prepared to study with effect. There is indeed a vague notion of this abroad; but it remains vague. Any intelligent grown man or woman readily admits that it would be well — indeed, many whom I have met sincerely desire — to pursue some regular course of thought; but there is no guidance, no organized means of any sort, by which people engaged in ordinary avocations can accomplish such an aim.

Here, then, seems to be, first, a universal admission of the usefulness of organized intellectual pursuit for business people; secondly, an underlying desire for it by many of the people themselves; and thirdly, an existing institution (the lecture system) which, if the idea were once started, would quickly adapt itself to the new conditions.

In short, the present miscellaneous lecture courses ought to die and be born again as *Schools for Grown People*.

It was with the hope of effecting at least the beginning of a beginning of such a movement that I got up the "Shakespeare course" in Baltimore. I wished to show, to such a class as I could assemble, how much more genuine profit there would be in studying *at first hand*, under the guidance of an enthusiastic interpreter, the writers and conditions of a particular epoch (for instance) than in reading any amount of commentary or in hearing any number of miscellaneous lectures on subjects which range from Palestine to Pottery in the course of a

week. With this view I arranged my own part of the Shakspeare course so as to include a quite thorough presentation of the whole *science* of poetry as preparatory to a serious and profitable study of some of the greatest singers in our language.

I wish to make a similar beginning — with all these ulterior aims — in Philadelphia. I had hoped to interest Mr. Furness¹ in the idea, particularly because I suspected that some local influence would be needed to push forward a matter depending so much on ulterior purposes which are at the same time difficult to explain in full and slow in becoming fully comprehended by the average mind of the public. I enclose you Mr. Furness's letter, which I take to be a polite refusal to have anything to do with it; and I may add that Mrs. Wistar has made inquiries which do not give much encouragement from *her* world. But difficulties of this sort always end, with me, — after the first intense sigh has spent itself, — in clothing a project with new charms; and I am now determined not to abandon my Philadelphia branch until I shall seem like a fool to pursue it farther. *Apropos* whereof, a very devoted friend of mine, there, having seen some announcement in the papers of my lectures, writes that she once attended a short course of somewhat similar nature in Philadelphia which was very successful. It was conducted, however, by a gentleman of considerable local reputation. I have one or two other friends there who would help the thing forward: and I write you all this long screed for the purpose of giving you an opportunity to meditate on the entire situation, and to direct me in making a start when I shall come over for that purpose.

The practical method of beginning is to form a class of grown persons, at (say) eight dollars apiece, to whom I

¹ Horace Howard Furness, America's foremost Shakespearean scholar.

will deliver twenty lectures and readings, one each week, on a suitable day and hour to be agreed on, covering about the ground specified in my twenty-four lectures announced in the accompanying programme of the Shakspeare course.

If a class of only twenty could be made up, I would cheerfully commence: for I feel confident it would be the beginning of better things. I think I know now of *four* who would join and would heartily forward the business by inquiring among their friends and setting forth its aims.

I have good prospect of forming a class in Washington: and thus, with my special poetic work (*The Songs of Aldhelm*, which I believe you will like better than anything I have written), you see my life will be delightfully *arrangée*, — if things come out properly. Do you think Mr. Henry C. Lea would be interested in such a matter?

— If you write me, after digesting this enormous homily, that you think twenty people could be found, I will come over immediately and make arrangements to *find* them. I have, as I said, several friends who at a word would busy themselves enthusiastically in the matter. . . .

180 ST. PAUL ST., BALTIMORE,
December 21st, 1878.

If love and faithful remembrance were current with the wish-gods I could make you a rare merry Christmas. — I wish I had two millions; I should so like to send you a check for one of 'em, with a request that you make a bonfire of *The Evening Bulletin*, and come over here to spend Christmas, — and the rest of your life with me, — on a private car seventy-seven times more luxurious than Lorne's or Mr. Mapleson's. I really *don't* desire that you should spend your life on this car — as I seem to, on reading over my last sentence — but only that you should *come* on it. The great advantage of having a poetic imagina-

tion is herein displayed: you see how the simple act of enclosing you a check for twenty-five dollars — that twenty-five which has been due you so long, dear friend! can set a man's thoughts going.

I have a mighty yearning to see you and my well-beloved Maria; it seems a long time since; and I've learned so many things, — I almost feel as if I had something new to show you.

Bayard Taylor's death¹ slices a huge cantle out of the world for me. I don't yet *know* it, at all: it only seems that he has gone to some other Germany, a little farther off. How strange it all is: he was such a fine fellow, one almost thinks he might have talked Death over and made him forego his stroke. Tell me whatever you may know, outside of the newspaper reports, about his end.

Chas. Scribner's Sons have concluded to publish my Boy's Froissart, with illustrations. They are holding under advisement my work on English Prosody.²

I saw your notice of the *Masque of Poets*. The truth is, it is a distressing, an aggravated, yea, an intolerable collection of mediocrity and mere cleverness. Some of the pieces come so near being good that one is ready to tear one's hair and to beat somebody with a stick from pure exasperation that such narrow misses should after all come to no better net result — in the way of art — than so many complete failures. I could find only four poems in the book. As for Guy Vernon, one marvels that a man with any poetic feeling could make so many stanzas of so trivial a thing. It does not even sparkle enough to redeem it as *vers de société*. This is the kind of poetry that is technically called culture-poetry; yet it is in reality the product of a *want* of culture. If these gentlemen and ladies would read the old English poetry — I mean the poetry be-

fore Chaucer, the genuine English utterances, from Cædmon in the 7th century to Langland in the 14th — they could never be content to put forth these little diffuse prettinesses and dandy kick-shaws of verse.

I am not quite sure but you misinterpreted whatever I may have said about Mr. Furness's letter. I did not mean in the least to blame him: and his note was, I thought, very kind in its terms.

I am in the midst of two essays on Anglo-Saxon poetry which I am very anxious to get in print. These, with the Froissart and my weekly lectures, keep me bound down with work.

God bless you both, and send you many a Christmas, prays your faithful

S. L.

I find I am out of stamps, for my check: so must mulet you for two cents.

435 N. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE,
June 1st, 1880.

I've just read your notice of *The Science of English Verse*, and cannot help sending a line to say how much it pleases me. It seems a model of the way in which a newspaper should deal with a work of this sort which in the nature of things cannot be fairly described without more space than any ordinary journal can allow.

I was all the more pleased because I had just read a long notice sent me by the ——'s "critic," which, with the best intentions in the world, surely capped the climax of silly misrepresentation. It is perfectly sober to say that if this "critic" had represented Professor Huxley's late treatise on the Crayfish as a cookery-book containing new and ingenious methods of preparing shellfish for the table, and had proceeded to object earnestly that the book was a dangerous one, as stimulating overnicety in eating, — he would have been every whit as near the truth.

¹ Bayard Taylor, having been appointed minister to Germany, died shortly after reaching Berlin.

² *The Science of English Verse*, published in 1880.

Indeed, on thinking of it, I find this is a perfect parallel; for he objected to The Science of Verse on the ground that it had "a tendency . . . to exaggerate . . . the undue attention already given to . . . the pretty fripperies of ingenious verse-making"! If the book has one tendency beyond another in this respect, it surely is, as you sensibly say in your last paragraph but one, to make real artists out of those who study it, and to warn off all scribblers from this holy and arduous ground.

But this is the least offense. Although three of the very mottoes on the Title-page (namely, those of Sir Philip Sidney, of King James, and of Dante) set up the sharpest distinction between Verse and Poetry, — between mere Technic and Inspiration, — and although the Preface presents an ideal of the *poet's* (as distinct from the *versifier's*) mission which culminates in declaring the likeness of all worthy poets to David (who wrote much poetry, but *no verse*), — while, further, the very first ten lines of Chapter I carry on this distinction to what one would think a point infinitely beyond mistake, — in spite of all, the "critic" gravely makes, and as gravely discusses, the assertion that "in Mr. Lanier's book . . . *poetry* . . . is a mere matter of pleasing sounds and pleasing arrangements of sounds"!

This would be a curiosity of woodenness, if it were not still obscured by another assertion: that this Science of Verse originates in "a suggestion" made by Edgar Poe as to the "division into long and short syllables," — which suggestion, he says, "is the key to Mr. Lanier's system"!

It would be quite as accurate to say that Professor Huxley's argument from the transition-forms of the horse in proof of the evolution of species was suggested by King Richard the Third's exclamation of "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

tion of "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

The Easter-card with the lovely design of Corn has been in my work-room's most prominent niche, and is the constant admiration of my visitors who always quickly recognize its propriety. Tell Maria — between two kisses — that nothing but outrageous absorption could have made me fail so long to acknowledge what has given us all so much pleasure.

— But this letter will make you perspire, with the very sight of its five pages: and so, God bless you.

Your friend,

SIDNEY L.

No other letters to Mr. Peacock have been preserved. During the winter of 1880–81 Lanier delivered a course of lectures at Johns Hopkins University on Personality, illustrated by the development of fiction. His strength was already so nearly spent that most of the notes for these lectures had to be dictated in whispers to his wife, and often in the lecture-room his hearers dreaded lest his life should go out while he spoke. Yet when read now, in the volume entitled The English Novel, these lectures show no sign of mental lassitude; rather are they remarkable for vigor and suggestiveness, and, despite here and there gaps unavoidable in a work unrevised by the author, they form a body of constructive and pregnant criticism not to be overlooked by any one who values a critic who is also an interpreter. During that same winter of extreme bodily feebleness, Lanier wrote the poem Sunrise, his masterpiece, radiant with beauty, and strong with the spiritual strength which outbraves death. In the following summer, they took him to North Carolina, in the hope that amid the balsam of the pines he might at least breathe out his life with less pain. There, on September 7, 1881, he died.

William R. Thayer.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

I.

THE widow and the widower stood face to face, looking down at the two graves between them.

One grave was a good deal sunken, as if years old; the other, high-heaped and comparatively new. One was covered, filled up with periwinkle and long, straggling grass; the other, except for a rose geranium set in the middle, still quite bare. One had a marble headstone, time-stained and tilting, bearing a woman's name; the other, a neat unlettered board that seemed alertly holding ground for the stone yet to come, which, judging from length and size here suggested, would commemorate a man. And in all the little brier-grown, stone-walled inclosure, a cleared corner of which was thus taken up, there did not seem to be room for a single other occupant.

The widower drew a long breath as he gazed at the inscription close under his eyes. It was to the effect that Susannah Ann Carrico, beloved wife of Lemuel Carrico (the surname on all the other headstones visible through tangled greenery), had died about fifteen years before, at the age of twenty-five, and — presumably in another, brighter world — found that rest that remaineth for those who deserve it. Somehow, this last had always struck the widower as being a little incredible. He had not been the one to have it put there; nor could he think of Susannah, his wife, as consciously enjoying herself, and yet resting. No doubt she was in heaven, or somewhere, and having a good time in her way, poor girl! But Sue resting! Sue not actively engaged herself, or managing somebody else! No, he could not think of her as thus satisfied there any more than contentedly waiting for him here. The vague relief that he had just now felt at finding

his reserved place by her side unexpectedly filled was hinted in the countenance at last raised in an involuntary appeal for sympathy.

It was not a bad face. The widow (who had lifted her gaze a few seconds back) was thinking how very "nice" it was, how gentle and patient-looking. The eyes that met her own mild blue ones were brown and clearly soft. Though, her vocabulary being very limited, she did not apply the word "wistful," it would have suited them well. The mouth, with lines of middle age around it, yet beardless as a boy's, was just what it should be to match. On the Western ranch where Mr. Carrico had been lately herding sheep, his one modest boast, that he was from Virginia, had won for him the nickname of "'Ginian;" and it befittingly stuck fast. Even if the widow had not always taken an interest in the "other fam'ly," into whose habitat, and finally into whose very graveyard, her late husband had stepped, she would have been more or less interested by this its last surviving member. As she noted how old and worn were the clothes on the thin, slightly stooping figure, the thought of that Sunday suit of which Tom, her dead liege lord, had been so fond — and how he had looked in it — flashed back with a sense of jarring, over-prosperous contrast which made her wince guiltily. She would not think so of Tom — now. She smoothed her black frock with small, nervous hands, feeling called upon suddenly to say something. The widower was thinking, in his turn, what a "nice, peaceable-lookin'" somebody was Mrs. Martin.

"We 'll have him moved, sir," she began, "in good time for you."

Her listener started.

"Thanky, ma'am," he said gently and quite unhumorously, "I — I ain't in a hurry."

The words were spoken with hesitating slowness and a slight stammer. The voice (a soft drawl) fell pleasantly on the widow's ear. She liked people who were not in a hurry; and neither did she see anything to laugh at.

"You 're mighty kind to be willin' to wait," said she.

'Ginian would not, however, take more than his fair share of credit.

"Oh, *I* don't mind waitin'," he put in, with grave cheerfulness. "I never did. Now *she* was — diff'rent."

He had not meant to say those last words. They slipped out unaware. He grew red. The blue eyes fell. Mrs. Martin had also known somebody who — But never mind that! She divined somehow that this confidence was not scattered broadcast, though she could not know it for the first outspoken hint of a feeling ever present for fifteen years. Out west and back again, north and south, from the wilds of Oregon to Mexico, had that notion held its own. Sue was here waiting for him, and Sue had never liked to wait.

It was with some vague idea of atonement that he murmured, "She looked mighty nice — laid out."

Mrs. Martin's glance left no need for sympathetic words.

"A heap of people come to the buryin', too," added 'Ginian, — "mo' than would come to mine, I reck'n."

The widow's conscience cried out again.

"I don't know what you can think of us, sir," she said, with a quivering lip, "takin' sich a liberty. I'd ha' spoke out against it, anyhow, if I had n't been fairly sick with the shock an' all. I never thought of tellin' 'em not to — an' befo' I knew it the grave was dug. My mother an' all of 'em said it had been so long since anybody'd heard a word from you that 't was n't likely you'd ever come back, even if not dead an' buried a'ready. When I think of the ground reserved, an' this the only room in it for you, — the proper, lawful spot, too, of co'se, — an'

my husban' bein' put here by no right whatever — not even kin to yo' fam'ly" —

Her eyes filled with tears of mortification. Two lips were now helplessly a-twitch. 'Ginian gave a gasp of dismay.

"Law! my dear ma'am," he cried, "I — you jest rest sho' that I ain't one bit put out, I ain't blamin' anybody — an' I'll wait jest as long as it's convenient."

Not even kin to the family!

Strange! Somehow, though the preacher had made them one, neither had Sue ever seemed to him kin to the family, — poor Sue, to whom his elders had married him when still in his teens, for the sake of her few hundred dollars, which after all put off such a little while that final turning out of doors! He reckoned they had all been a shiftless set, and he about the worst. It must have been hard on Sue. No wonder she had taken it out by being hard on him, making no secret of repenting her first fancy. How she had worked at the last, and saved, and — scolded! How her voice used to go through his head! And yet they belonged to each other, he supposed; at least he seemed to belong to her. He had never cared much where he might be buried. But since something stronger than his will had drawn him back to these parts, he supposed his own "folks" as well as Sue would naturally expect him home some day. It would n't do to slight and offend them, after lingering behind in most other people's way for so many years. It did seem a pity, as little as he really cared, much as he always liked to accommodate, to be harrowing a poor widowed woman's feelings by turning out her husband; yet here was his place.

Mrs. Martin wiped away a tear or two. "Thank you, sir," she said. "You sha'n't run any risk, though. None of us know when the call may come. Ma and me will manage it. I'm glad the tombstone is n't up. It jest happened so. We ordered a han'some marble one with a heap of carvin', — all his virtues an' all set down, real han'some, — an' it's

been delayed somehow. Mr. Peters is goin' to bring it when it's done. You used to know him, sir, did n't you? Mr. Sandy Peters? I've heard him talk about you, — say how you'd been unfairly dealt by when the place was sold for so much less 'n 't was worth. I s'pose it was because Mr. Martin was the one to profit by the fo'ced sale, though of co'se he had n't anything to do with fo'cin' it, — I s'pose that was why I always felt bad about yo' bein' treated so; an' now this seems to make it worse. If the tombstone had come, I reck'n we'd 'a' had it set; but it's turned out all for the better. Don't you be uneasy."

Now 'Ginian was a polite man. He was also generous to a fault. So long as he had had a house, a room of his own, he had been absurdly, incurably hospitable. The sense of what he owed to Sue went, just now, sorely against the grain. If that stone were here already in place, would n't a neat job finished have made it all right for him to —

He looked desperately around for some diversion. The light of the setting sun was fading from a greenish brass plate nailed high up on a cedar-tree, thus marked as a sort of monument. Out of the black-green briery tangle underneath a skull-and-crossbones tombstone leaned forward and grinned. A garter snake was slipping away behind it. A bloated, rusty toad hopped up at a fly. And here lay all who in this world had ever cared very much for him. He shivered. Sophy Martin was gazing half curiously, half in instinctive womanly pity. Poor lonesome, homeless man, her thought ran, with not even a place in his own burying-ground! Despite herself, a reproachful thought of Tom would persist in coming.

"I reck'n," began 'Ginian, rather absently, after a while, "as this is the only land I own, an' the only piece o' property worth speaking of, that I oughter be fixin' it up some. It seems to need it right bad."

"It's hurt me many a time to see, sir,

an' if I'd had my way" — Mrs. Martin checked herself, embarrassed. "Since layin' him here," she went on, "we sho'ly ought to done it, but ma said — that is, lately we've been puttin' off, you know, waitin' for the tombstone."

"Cert'nly, ma'am," said 'Ginian.

"Don't think, because he's got to be moved, that I won't have it tended to, all the same, sir. That much we owe you, anyhow."

"Owe me! Law, ma'am, don't speak of sich a thing. I was thinkin', if I could stay in the neighborhood a night or so, it would be nice and suitable like for me to do it myself. I'm mighty slow, I know, but I think in a day or two I could, an' 'pears like I'm the fittin' person."

The first impulse of as warm and kind a little heart as ever beat spoke in the widow's next words.

"I'm sho', sir," cried she, "that if you feel an' think so, you're welcome, an' oughter be welcome, to stay here with us jest as long as it suits you."

The little, low, old-fashioned house, steep-roofed and dormer-windowed, which had been 'Ginian's home for more than twenty-five years, stood beneath its grove of gnarled locusts in the midst of a trim green yard. From new cypress shingles and freshly painted walls to the last crackless, well-scoured window-pane, all was in perfect, thrifty repair. The former owner looked at it, and glanced around at the fields, no less thrifty, with a lump in his throat. Here was a change indeed. Well, he had tried his best, but he must be (as Sue used to say) of precious little account for anything. He "reckoned," without any envious bitterness, that he deserved nothing better.

On the porch were two or three split-seated rocking-chairs, a work-basket, and the little shabby hand-trunk that held his own worldly possessions. A smell of supper-getting, of broiled chicken and gridle cakes, was in the air. A tall, portly,

rather handsome woman of fifty stood in the doorway. As she looked with hard, curious eyes at the stranger, a faint cloud crept over Mrs. Martin's face.

"This is my mother, Mrs. Binder, sir," said she; then added, with anxious would-be cheerfulness, "Ma, I've asked Mr. Carrico to stay here with us while he's fixin' up his buryin'-ground. Walk right in, sir, an' take a chair."

II.

It was a golden September afternoon, more than six weeks later. Mrs. Martin had taken advantage of perfect weather to go out to tea at a neighbor's; the "hands" were busily at work cutting corn; the black woman servant was picking hops in the garden. As Mrs. Binder sat on the front porch with Mr. Carrico, it seemed to her that, altogether, there could not be a more favorable time to say her say.

"I'd like to know, Mr. Carrico, how much longer you count on stayin' here."

The county newspaper which the person addressed had been placidly conning fluttered and fell like something hurt.

"Count — on — stayin'!" murmured 'Ginian.

Mrs. Binder's irritation took a fresh start from the faltering surprise of the tone. She sat straighter, shifted a knitting-needle in the steadying quill "sheath" pinned on her bosom, turned the seam, and went on.

"It appears to me, sir," she said very distinctly, "that you've about boarded out Tom Martin's lodgin' out yonder."

The eyes which had met hers with such shocked, half-guilty consternation instinctively sought a view afforded by a certain little gate not very far away, of a certain interior, namely, the burying-ground, in perfect order, as lately left by his exertions, with headstones gleaming thick and white amid trimmed shrubbery or against the wall opposite.

"Boa'ded out his lodgin'!" gasped 'Ginian.

Mrs. Binder's needles clicked indignantly.

"I don't say you had n't a claim. It's yo' land in there, an' turn about's fair play. To be sho' he's cost you nothin', nor neither inconvenienced, but it did give you a kind o' claim; an' knowin' Tom Martin's independent spirit, 'specially about debt-payin', I've held my tongue so far. You was asked to stay while clearin' up the place, — dear knows you spun the job out long enough! — an' two or three times when you've hinted goin', you 'peared to think yo'self pressed to stay on; but there's reason in the roastin' of eggs. Sophy Martin's not the woman to ask anybody out of her house, let alone a homeless man, an' neither am I, if I can help it; but all the same you're neither our kith nor kin, to be fillin' the only spare room we've got. This land's been fairly bought an' paid for; an' whatever Mr. Peters or anybody may say about the price it fetched, that was the lawyer's fault an' yo' creditors', not Tom's. We've no mo' to do with any other fam'ly that owned it, for all the foolish notions Sophy may take up, than we have with any new one a-comin'. Enough's enough. I'm sorry it's come to this, an' you're welcome to what you've had already, but, as I said jest now, it seems to me we're even, anyhow."

Had it been Mrs. Binder's house, her hearer would straightway have got his belongings and walked out. As it was, the impulse rose within him. Good gracious! had all this late supposed welcoming kindness, these peaceful, restful, youth-renewing days, brought him to this? But besides the sense of general helpless paralysis that held him in his chair, 'Ginian was conscious of one resolve, — to see once more the gentle mistress and get his parting impression from her.

"T ain't often, ma'am, I trespass so on hospitality," he said tremulously.

"You 'll find I won't need any mo' remindin'. I — I kind o' forgot how long I 'd been stayin'." It flashed across the poor fellow's mind how, in his time, under that roof, a good many people had forgotten how long they stayed, and had not been reminded, by him at any rate. "As for owin' me anythin', ma'am, that's jest ridick'lous. Don't speak o' sich a thing. I ought to left a month ago. Jest give me time to say good-by to Mrs. Martin, an' thank her for her kindness."

"Then you 'll stay another night, for she won't be home till near dark; though of co'se you could n't set off now, anyway, I s'pose. If you can't see for yo'-self why *she* 's off somewhere every day, I'm not goin' to tell you. If you can't see why *she* 's in her room all mornin', an' visitin' out 'most every evenin', an' see what coolness and downcastness is, why, I pity yo' eyes, sir. If it was me, now, it's precious little I 'd care (for all I 'd not 'a' put myself in the way of it) for foolish talk an' plaguin' about widder and widderwers. Folks round here must have somethin' to talk about outside, for Lord knows they 've got precious little *in* the'r heads! But Sophy ain't *me*, an' never was. She's always takin' things serious an' sensitive; an' for a lone widder woman to be run out of her house by a strange man, because she 's determined to let people see she 's not stayin' home 'specially to be courted, — an' her husband not a year underground, — it seems a pretty hard case."

The whistling of the corn-cutters, the hack-hack of their knives, the rattle of dry severing stalks, came from the field on a west wind mellow with mingled ripening scents from garden and orchard between. 'Ginian sat silent, thinking. How fond of the old home he had been before Sue came there! How homelike it was growing again, till just now! A new light had broken in upon his simple and single mind as to some recent withdrawal, some uneasiness, on the part of Mrs. Martin, which had puzzled him.

Cool she could not be, if she tried. Downcast, embarrassed, — yes, it was so. Was there ever, he thought, anybody else like her, anybody half so "nice"? And he had been scaring her out of the house!

Mrs. Binder turned her seam again with a wrathful jerk.

"There 's mo' than one man, 'specially them with no shoes of their own, that might think Tom Martin's worth steppin' into; but if Sophy Martin don't know when she 's well off, 't won't be for want of my tellin'. Folks can say what they please 'bout my wantin' to rule. If they think that, knowin' as I do how Tom Martin struggled an' saved on this place to make her home what he 's left it — think I 'll stand by tongue-tied an' see any shiftless man, without a cent to bless himself, walk in an' hang up his hat, why, they 're much mistaken. After losin' sich a husband as that" — She broke off, frowning. Her listener was leaning forward eagerly, with hands upon his knees, and curiosity of more than a moment's standing in his gaze.

"What kind o' husban' was he?" asked 'Ginian.

There was a slight pause. Mrs. Binder returned his look with one of her hardest and most challenging.

"He was the best husband in this county, sir," said she at last, deliberately, "an' the best care-taker an' provider. There was nothin' — in reason, of co'se — that Sophy Martin wanted that he did n't give her, an' nothin' in reason that he would n't ha' done to make her happy. He was one in ten thousand. If any man that comes along thinks he can stand comparin' with any sich a first husband as that, why, let him try it! So there!"

This man did not look as if he thought of trying it. What comparisons, what compromises, had he been meditating?

Mrs. Binder went on triumphantly: "I don't say that you have n't behaved like a gentleman since you 've been here, or that you 've given any trouble. I'm glad to give you credit for all you 've done,

too. As for the graveyard, it's mo' yo's than ours, even if Tom is layin' there. But you have fetched us the mail every day, an' you 've done some other things. I'm much obliged to you, I'm sho', for straightenin' them accounts, let alone trimmin' the rosebushes an' mendin' up the well-house, an' all. I'm much obliged, an' Sophy too" —

"'T ain't worth speakin' of, ma'am."

Mrs. Binder's heart was not quite of stone. She looked mollified, almost sorry. "We'll call it even," she said. "At any rate, I think it's settled for Tom. If anybody 'd thought you was still in the land o' the livin', he would n't ha' been put there. I've made up my mind what I'll do when that tombstone comes, an' that's to send Sophy out o' the way, an' have the movin' done. It'll sho'ly be here this week, I reck'n. Sandy Peters was to bring it, we heard. Judgin' by the time it's been fooled over, it ought to be a han'some beginnin', anyway. I've picked out my place on the other side of the house, an' if we can't git up our own fam'ly buryin'-ground, wall an' monnyments an' all, equal to anybody in the county, 't won't be for want of money spent on it, as I told Sandy Peters the other day."

Mrs. Binder rose abruptly, rolled up her knitting-work, and stabbed it with a shining needle. She had grown red at the mention of Mr. Peters. It was said that if Mrs. Binder had been less well provided for and less deferred to in her daughter's house, she might have embraced more than one offered chance of being the second Mrs. Peters.

"I ask pardon if I've hurt yo' feelin's" — she began; then paused, indeed now quite sorry. The face before her looked so very worn, pinched, and humiliated. "It was natural you should be fond of the place, I s'pose, an' jest stay on without thinkin'. Any time it suits you to come back an' view the ground (as the hymn says), we'll make you welcome for a night or so. If so be that

you 're brought while I'm a-livin', there sha'n't be due respect wanted, in the way of invitin' neighbors, with the parlor open an' somethin' to hand round. I'm sorry if I've spoke too sharp-like, an' " —

"'T ain't worth mentionin', ma'am," said 'Ginian.

III.

The tinkle-tankle of the bells broke merrily on 'Ginian's ear some moments before he caught a glimpse of what was coming up the other side of the hill. He had climbed with slow, forlorn steps to its top when he first spied the wagon.

It was such a farm wagon as one does not often see in this region; so big, so new, so freshly gorgeous with green and yellow paint. With what dignified and as it were self-conscious strength did the ponderous wheels revolve, their tires flashing in the morning sunshine! What creaking, rattling echoes of satisfied groans would it give forth under such other and more usual loads as heaps of ivory-white or gold-yellow corn, rotund wheat-sacks, fragrant apples! No wonder it went boastfully even now. And then the bells! They were hanging not only from the bowed, bare tent-frame. As the three stout Conestogas in front bent sturdily to their task, the pull up the long gradual slant, with each motion of their heads came a soft, tuneful clash. The broad, jolly red face of the driver beaming over all well befitted a turnout that, on the whole, would not have disgraced a wedding, while the only object visible inside, behind him, was nothing more nor less than a large tombstone.

'Ginian's hand-trunk had never felt so heavy to him as it did that morning. Next to his heart, it seemed to him the most dragging weight he had ever carried. Having plenty of time on his hands, and no particular place to go to, he yielded to impulse, set it down, and took a seat in an inviting fence-corner. To be kept out of his grave, even a grave

beside Sue, did appear, after all, hard enough just then. Here, at least, was some little diversion from the homeless, homesick feeling; nay, worse since yesterday, — the sense of disgrace aching in his very bones.

A small flat space on the hilltop gave breathing-ground for man and beast. There Mr. Peters brought his horses to a standstill.

"Hello, Lem!" he cried, "is that you? You ain't leavin' the neighborhood?"

The good-natured red face beamed with a kindness that brought the mist to his hearer's eyes.

"Ain't it time I was off?" asked 'Ginian.

"Well, I do' know. They might ha' sent you to the deepo, anyhow."

"They wanted to, if I 'd ha' let 'em."

Mr. Peters shrewdly suspected why the offer had not been accepted, so asked no questions.

"You're welcome to stay some at my house," he said, "an' if you could get a place in a sto' or somewheres" — Then he broke off, a sudden twinkle in his eye. "I was thinkin'," came slyly next, "that maybe that feller they put in yo' place outdo's had left room for you inside."

He had the joke all to himself. 'Ginian neither smiled nor blushed.

"I 'm sho' he's welcome to the 'commodation," he replied almost stiffly, quite gravely, "jest as Mrs. Martin's made even a po' tramp like me welcome. I ain't quite the fool to think myself good enough for *her*."

Mr. Peters finished laughing, long and loud, and nodded backward over his shoulder. "Here's that blessid monnyment," said he, "that Sally Binder's goin' to start that new buryin'-ground with — ho, ho! I told 'em I 'd fetch it from Alexandry my last trip. Well, I 'm glad to think it's for him 'stead o' you. I 'm glad to think that po' gal's from under his thumb at last."

'Ginian stared, speechless. The best of husbands thus spoken of! And yet

had he not had his own suspicions? What could it mean?

"I 'm glad to think he's safe where he can't get up any mo' to be haulin' *her* up at three o'clock in the mornin', an' then settin' her down all day long. What Sally Binder could see in that blessid son-in-law of her'n to be always upholdin' an' admirin' I never could tell. She's a good woman, too, or would be with somebody to rule *her*, 'stead of rulin'. It's well known she made that match. I s'pose she's took pride in upholdin' it. All I say is, they could n't 'a' give me a job I like better — even with all the lies po' Sally's had put on it — 'an settin' up this here tombstone."

"Sandy," — once more 'Ginian was bending forward with that look of eager curiosity, — "what sort of a husband was he?"

A queer flash came into the other's eyes. He gave the lines a jerk that set each bell a-ringing.

"What sort of a husband!" said he, with slow emphasis. "Well, if you ain't found out already, I 'm glad o' the chance to tell you. He was the sort that prided hisself so much on bein' ev'ry-thing he ought to be ('cordin' to his notions) that he made you proud o' bein' jest what you ought n't. He was the sort that's so overpowerin', all-fired honest an' truthful he made you feel like stealin' an' tellin' lies, an' so industr'ous an' thrifty an' respectable he set you hankerin' after laziness an' dirt. He was one to drive flesh an' blood all the week, an' tire God out on Sunday. He was sich a good provider that he give folks no time to eat, even if he had n't took away the'r appetite, an' left 'em no mo' heart for wearin' silk clo'es 'an sackcloth. I used to notice that she never looked so cowed like as when she 'd on some new frock he 'd give her. He was the sort that knowed no more the worth of her sort than a cat knows of a queen, — the hardest, brassiest, conceitedest man that ever walked this earth, an' 'bout as un-

comfortable a husban', I reck'n, as you 'd find in the Nunited States. If ever a woman deserved a good secon' one to make up for the first, an' help her to stand up against Sally Binder in gittin' some pleasure out o' her own, why, Sophy Martin's that woman; an' any man that feels he's got it in him to do it, an' lets any dratted foolishness stand in the way, wants sense, that's all."

'Ginian rose slowly to his feet with one long breath of relief, and stood so straight he looked almost tall. He felt as if fifteen years had slipped from his shoulders. A new light, a new resolve, had broken in upon him. Let that pair in the burying-ground stay side by side. Let the tombstone go right up for good. Sue had found her proper mate. He was going back to his.

"Well, I ain't much account, I reck'n, Sandy, any mo' 'an good enough for her. But it does 'pear like we belonged to one 'nother, somehow. If it's convenient for me to go home with you afterwards, I reck'n I might's well go back now an' lend a hand 'bout this here job. 'Pears like it 'll do for a kind o' beginnin'. If she 'll have me, the help ain't goin' to be all on one side."

A smile of unmixed triumph beamed from Mr. Peters's countenance.

"Convenient!" he cried. "Lord, yes! An' let me tell you one thing, Lem. Considerin' what that land was bought for, it's queer to me if you ain't got some right there, anyhow; an' considerin' how bad I've always felt 'bout not tryin'

harder to stop that sale, it would jest do me good to see you back there. As for Sally Binder" (his red face grew redder), "what she wants is somebody with spunk to manage her right, — only somebody mighty diff'rent from Tom Martin. Climb right in an' help me steady this here tombstone."

He gave the lines another jerk. Cling-a-ling went the bells.

Mrs. Binder came to meet them, with triumph and dismay, welcome and unwelcome, in her eye. On the porch behind her hesitated somebody, black as to frock and pale as to cheeks. As 'Ginian opened the gate, and walked straight up to her, past Mrs. Binder, that good woman gasped, and stood staring.

"What's the meanin' of this, Sandy Peters?"

Mr. Peters gave one mighty ho-ho! "It means," said he, "that the livin' 's comin' back to his right place, Sally, an' the dead 's a-goin' to stay in his'n. We're a-goin' to put this tombstone up in that there graveyard, Sally. If you find the house won't hold three ag'in, comfortable, — with two to yo' one, 'stead o' one to yo' two, — why, jest come to my house, an' let's you an' me fight it out even. It 'll count three matches I've made this day. As for them two yonder, I reck'n they 'll have time enough after a while to think about startin' the new buryin'-ground. I reck'n nex' time you hand cake an' wine around 't won't be at a funeral, neither."

A. M. Ewell.

PROFESSIONAL HORSEMEN.

THE fraternity of professional horsemen is a miscellaneous one: have its members anything in common? If there be anything of this sort, it is probably a certain gravity of look and demeanor.

But we must distinguish, for there are several kinds of gravity among horsemen. There is the gravity of the trainer, which is that of a man accustomed to subdue riotous colts, and to do it

without noise or violence ; there is the gravity of the dealer, which is craft and subtlety ; there is the gravity of the "vet," which is professional ; and finally, there is the gravity of the betting man, which is suspense and greed. This last-mentioned trait did not escape the notice of Thackeray, who said : "What strikes me especially in the outward demeanor of sporting youth is their amazing gravity, their conciseness of speech, and careworn and moody air. In the smoking-room at the Regent, when Joe Millerson will be setting the whole room in a roar with laughter, you hear young Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur grumbling together in a corner. 'I'll take your five-and-twenty to one about Brother to Bluenose,' whispers Spavin. 'Can't do it at the price,' Cockspur says, wagging his head ominously. The betting book is always present in the minds of those unfortunate youngsters. I think I hate that work even more than the Peerage."

The gravity of one who trains and drives trotters (like the gravity of a locomotive engineer) is that of a man who has a delicate and sometimes dangerous machine to handle. The type is a marked one : a spare, wiry person, weighing one hundred and forty or fifty pounds, with a quiet manner and a low voice. He unites the two qualities that are essential to the proper handling of horses, namely, firmness and gentleness. The houyhnhnm, being a nervous, finely organized animal, is an intuitive judge of character ; and it is only to a Yahoo of the right sort that he will yield full obedience.

In dealing with horses there are two things to be done : first, to control and restrain them ; secondly, to stimulate and encourage them to perform the greatest efforts of which they are capable. For a dozen men that can do the first, you will find only one who can do the second. But that one has an extraordinary power ; at a word from him and a touch on the reins, the horse will freely strike

a pace to which another man cannot urge him by voice or whip or spur. It would be hard to say what is the secret of this power, but I doubt if it is ever found in any man not possessed both of a strong will and of a feeling for dumb animals. The "magnetism" that people talk about is, I suspect, simply the fortunate combination of these two qualities.

Sometimes it crops out in unexpected places. I was once riding on the back seat of an open carriage drawn by two lazy horses. On the front seat, beside the driver, sat a Methodist minister, — a solemn-faced person, with a long and, except that his upper lip was shaven, a full beard. He was dressed in black clothes, and altogether looked the very antipodes of a horsey man. The team were plodding slowly along, with heads and tails down, when, at his request, the reins were handed over to the parson. As soon as he had taken them, and had uttered one quiet word of command, the nags seemed to be electrified : up went their heads and tails ; ten years slipped off their backs, and away they started at an elastic twelve-miles-an-hour gait. These horses not only obeyed the minister, but they took pleasure in obeying him. Alas ! a great driver was thrown away in that man.

A trainer or driver may, it is true, succeed fairly well with horses in spite of certain defects in his temperament or character. With ordinary horses, pluck in riding or driving can usually be made to take the place of nerve. Whyte Melville analyzed these two qualities very justly. Pluck, he said, is that kind of courage or determination which enables a man to do what he is afraid to do, whereas nerve is the absence of fear ; the one being chiefly a moral, the other perhaps chiefly a physical quality.

Anthony Trollope has given a good and humorous illustration of pluck in his novel *The Small House at Allington*, where Mr. Palliser, having entered

upon a decorous flirtation with Lady Dumbello, the very discreet daughter of Archdeacon Grantly, determines to call her by her Christian name. When the opportunity arises, Mr. Palliser does not feel much heart for the dangerous familiarity; but still he perseveres, having, as Trollope acutely remarks, that sort of pluck which would make him contemptible in his own eyes if he failed through fear to carry out an intention deliberately formed.

“‘Griselda,’ he said, and it must be admitted that his tone was not bad. The word sank softly into her ear, like small rain upon moss, and it sank into no other ear. ‘Griselda!’

“‘Mr. Palliser!’ said she; and though she made no scene, though she merely glanced upon him once, he could see that he was wrong.

“‘May I not call you so?’

“‘Certainly not. Shall I ask you to see if my people are there?’”

Doubtless Mr. Palliser would have shown the same pluck in the hunting-field, not hesitating to send his horse at a fence, even though it appeared to him terrifically high.

Pluck, as I have said, will, for most purposes, take the place of nerve; but it will not always do so, because the horse can often detect any want of nerve. Pluck will put a man on a dangerous beast, but after he has got there it may not prevent his knees from trembling a little. The horse observes that fact; he knows what it means, and forthwith he throws the rider off. A vicious horse might kick a plucky man who, with a grain of hesitation in his manner, ventured into the animal’s stall; whereas he would not kick a man of iron nerve who approached him without fear. In general, a human being without fear is almost proof against the lower animals; and this explains the immunity of drunken men and children from the harms that might easily befall them.

“A quarter of a century ago,” relates

a writer in Wallace’s Monthly, “there was a trotter called General Grant. He was as vicious a brute as ever wore iron, and it was the exception when his groom did not have trouble with him. This same groom was a periodical drunkard; but when he would come to the track filled with liquor, and throw himself in a drunken stupor on the floor of the horse’s stall, General Grant would go to the farthest corner of the box and tremble with fear. He knew that the man was in some mysterious way changed, so that he was reckless in approaching the stallion; and this unconscious courage, which in his sober moments he could not possibly assume, was his protection from an attack that would have ended in his death. Once the man was released from the thralldom of liquor, and became wary of the stallion, the latter appreciated the fact, and again asserted his supremacy.”

Rarely, if ever, will a dog bite one who meets his assault with composure and looks the beast firmly in the eye.

It will thus be seen that the successful trainer and driver is a superior person, being possessed of pluck, nerve, firmness of will, a sympathetic intelligence, and a quiet manner. Unfortunately, he is not always absolutely honest, although several noted drivers of trotting horses have been conspicuous for integrity as well as for skill. This was the case with Hiram Woodruff, a man of national reputation in his day, and the author of *The Trotting Horse of America*, by far the best book, both as regards style and substance, ever written on the subject.

Hiram Woodruff, like all other persons who possess an extraordinary attraction for dumb animals, had the simplicity, the primitive qualities, of one who stands close to nature. There was nothing artificial or conventional or false about him; he was brave and gentle and frank. His power over horses was so remarkable that it seemed to be almost mysterious, and it was a matter of

common discussion and of various explanation among the frequenters of the track in his lifetime. "The secret was," Mr. George Wilkes says, "that he gained the confidence of his horses through their affections, and after that everything was easy;" and Mr. Wilkes continues:—

"When he walked through his stables, the undoubted accord which he had established with its glossy inmates was at once evinced by the low whinnies of welcome which would greet his kindly presence as he went from stall to stall. They knew him for the friend who mixed among them almost as if he were an equal, and who never ceased to talk to them as if they were his equals, when he took them out for their exercise, or even when he encouraged them during the strife of the arena."

"Perhaps Flora Temple," Mr. Wilkes adds, "was the most remarkable instance of the great horseman's conquest over animal affection during his career. She loved him with an unmistakable cordiality, and when he and she were engaged in some of their most notable struggles, the man and horse seemed to be but parts of the same creature, animated by the fury of a common purpose."

Hiram Woodruff won some races, during his career, which appeared to the spectators irretrievably lost. With Rip-ton, for example, a little white-legged bay horse of immense courage, he once beat a trotter called Americus, when the odds were 100 to 5 against him. It was after this race that a gambler who had lost his money declared: "I'll tell you what it is: it is twenty or thirty per cent in favor of any horse that Hiram Woodruff drives. I don't care who drives the other."

Of recent years the trotting horse has improved very much in "quality." Formerly, the typical trotter was a coarsely-made, ugly-headed brute, and he was often driven successfully by men of a coarse, rough stamp, red-faced fellows

inclining to be fat. Nowadays, the trotter, in fineness of organization, in the high development of his nervous system, closely resembles the thoroughbred runner, and he requires more delicate handling than some drivers of the old stamp were competent to give him. There is a great deal of truth in that much-ridiculed line, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." If you should put a thin, nervous little man to driving fat oxen, both the oxen and he would be worn out, from incompatibility of temper, at the end of the day's work.

The reason why many English horses are vicious is that they are better bred than the men who take care of them. The great reason why Arabian horses are absolutely kind is that the Arabians are a well-bred race; they are gentle in the full sense of the word.

Trainers and drivers are usually, as I have said, of one type. The horse dealer, on the other hand, is of many types; but his traits are so marked that he is easily recognizable, especially when one meets him on the road. He sits more squarely in his seat than do the generality of men; he wears gloves, and grasps the reins firmly, yet almost carelessly; his hat is pulled over his brows a little lower than is customary with common mortals; his expression is both shrewd and masterful; his lips are thin, and the corners of his mouth are drawn down.

The horse dealer has the imperiousness of one accustomed to subdue powerful animals; he has, as a rule, the good humor of one who leads a healthy outdoor life: but, with reluctance be it said, these excellent qualities are as nothing compared with the craft and subtlety, with the mists of fabrication and imposture, by which he is enveloped. As to the future state of the horse dealer, I fear that there can be nothing problematic about it, unless indeed Providence has arranged for him a special dispensation. Certainly there is this to be said in extenuation of his crimes: to sell a horse without lying

and cheating is next door to impossible, and therefore lying and cheating are, in some sense, forced upon the horse dealer. We might even regard him, not altogether without reason, as a great public benefactor, as a martyr who sacrifices his own moral character for the good of the community. He is all that stands between us and the decay of a noble industry. We must have horses for use in our business and in our pleasures: in general, it is impossible to raise them for ourselves; in general, also, we should never buy a horse if we knew the whole truth about him; and therefore, as I say, the falsity of the "jock" is a necessary link in the great chain of human activities.

I am led to believe that the dealers themselves, when they reason about the subject at all, — which is but seldom, — take precisely the view here stated. They recognize, in a far-off way, the beauty of veracity, but they regard it as something to be expected only of saints and heroes. To the horse dealer honesty is a "counsel of perfection," just as celibacy and poverty are counsels of perfection to the layman who, having no vocation to be a monk, has married a wife and is endeavoring to acquire property. Occasionally, when a dealer does happen to be absolutely honest, he is looked upon by his fellows with a strange mixture of contempt and admiration. "How is So-and-So getting along?" I inquired of an ordinary dealer in reference to one of real integrity. "Not very well," was the reply. "But he is a good man and a good horseman," I said. "Oh ye-es, ye-es; but the fact is, George is too honest, — he *can't* sell a horse."

I have sometimes thought — though I suppose the scheme is too repugnant to American ideas ever to be carried out — that there ought to be a caste of horse dealers, marked off like pariahs or like the Egyptian paraschistes from the rest of the community. Such a caste could be formed from felons of the better edu-

cated sort. Thus, embezzlers, burglars, forgers, bank cashiers, trustees, and the like, after a short term of imprisonment, might be licensed by the state to set up as horse dealers, — the occupation being at the same time forbidden to all persons unconvicted of crime. This would carry out exactly the fundamental idea of caste which has thus been stated by a high authority: "Caste rests upon the religious idea of an indelible stain resting on certain men, and the social idea of certain functions being committed to certain classes." However, I merely throw this out as a passing suggestion, and now I shall try to indicate a few of the common types among horse dealers.

Henry Cohen is a Polish Jew who sells horses at auction and at private sale. He is a short, fat, tough little man, with a round head, a stubborn chin, and a surly expression. Being very warm-blooded, he is usually in his shirt sleeves, and he always carries a whip in his hand. Cohen resorts to no persuasive arts; his method is the bullying one, and his customers being chiefly countrymen and other unsophisticated persons, he fairly dragoons them into buying. There is an air of gloom about Cohen, — the gloom of one whose eye is unalterably fixed upon the main chance. Possibly, also, a vague consciousness of iniquity, not rising to repentance nor deepening to remorse, weighs upon him a little. It may be doubted if any man, even though he be a horse dealer, and a Jew at that, and a Polish Jew to boot, can assume the attitude of a pirate toward the community without feeling a little strangeness in the situation, as if it were something not quite intended by nature.

Henry Cohen has the fascination which rats or snakes have for people who abhor them. Let us enter his stable. It is a dark, low-studded, ill-smelling place. On both sides we find long rows of horses, a swinging board separating each animal from his neighbor. They are almost all coarse-bred, heavy-

headed brutes ; most of them are large, suitable for farm or teamsters' work, and nearly all are young and fat. There is, however, a sprinkling of "second-hand" horses (euphemistically known as "acclimated" horses), lean, sad-eyed, and forlorn, many of them lame, not a few diseased. They are sent here by way of passage to some stage of equine existence even harder than that which they have experienced already. Half-savage, scantily-clad hostlers, pale from the preceding night's debauch, hurry about, while up and down the broad aisle struts Cohen, whip in hand, now cursing one of his men, now bluffly commending some particular "harse" to a possible customer, now giving a vicious blow to an unfortunate beast who has gone to sleep with his hind legs in the passageway. Cohen never patted a horse in his life. He takes no pleasure in horses, has no feeling for them, cares not how much they suffer. To him the noble animal is a mere machine, out of which money can be made. The reader may laugh at the notion, but I confess that to me the atmosphere of Cohen's stable always seems laden with tragedy, — the tragedy of equine suffering, past and to come ; the tragedy of broken bones and broken necks among human beings ; the tragedy of lifelong cruelty and deceit.

Stupid and vicious horses seem to gravitate by a kind of instinct to Cohen's stable. Observe the big, flopping ears, the "fiddle-case" head, the narrow forehead, the dull, timorous eyes of that long-legged black horse yonder. Some day, — it may be six hours, or six weeks, or six years from now, — that fellow will run away out of fright, and the honest farmer who owns him will be pitched headlong on the rocks at the side of the road. Here stands another, a stoutly built chestnut mare, who looks backward at us from the corner of her eye, at the same time disclosing the white thereof. Her destiny is probably to kick somebody in the head and frac-

ture his skull. Dangerous and half-broken horses are at their best in the heart of a city, where their attention is so dissipated that no single object can much affect them. But Cohen's horses frequently balk and kick, and occasionally jump into a passing wagon directly in front of his stable (which lies upon a very busy street) ; what, then, must they do in the country when they are first harnessed to a plough or driven to the station ! Not long ago, a horse warranted by him as "sound and kind" ran away three days after he was sold, smashed the wagon, and broke two or three bones in the body of the purchaser. This affair cost Mr. Cohen fifteen hundred dollars, that amount being awarded against him in damages by a jury of his peers.

If there be a worse than Cohen in the business, he will probably be found among a small and peculiar class of men who deal entirely in unsound horses. These fellows commonly live in the suburbs, coming to town on Wednesdays and Saturdays to make their purchases at the auction stables and in contiguous streets. They acquire some skill in doctoring, and more, no doubt, in "fixing up" horses. In fact, they get to think that nothing lies beyond the reach of their arts in this direction, and they become enamored of the business. It is needless to say that they never grow rich from it. On the contrary, being brought into frequent contact with peddlers, tinkers, junk dealers, and other persons, who are often professional thieves as well, they usually end by becoming criminals themselves, and land where they belong, in jail. In the remote country there is a somewhat similar class, men who occupy rough mountain farms, cultivating the soil a little, "teaming" a little, swapping and selling horses and cows whenever they have opportunity, and drinking all the bad whiskey on which they can lay hands by fair means or foul. They are a wild,

brutal set, living in poverty and squalor, and bringing up large families under the worst possible conditions.

Such, roughly sketched, are certain horse dealers of the lowest stamp; let us now turn to a few in the upper ranks of the business. There is Deacon Dunham, for example. The deacon — I understand that he really holds this position in a flourishing "Orthodox" church — is a little man, having a short, silky brown beard, a rather large aquiline nose, and a quick, furtive air. He is much given to wearing a flat cap with a visor, and a coat with capes. Thus attired, with a whip over his shoulder, he creeps softly about a sale stable, like a cat; glancing sharply at the horses, looking in their mouths, running his hand swiftly down their legs, and "sizing them up," as the vulgar phrase is, with astonishing rapidity. He forms an odd contrast to the burly jockeys of whom he buys horses; but he knows how to fraternize with them. I have often seen the deacon slap one of these fellows on the back, after whispering in his ear some joke suitable to his understanding, and then scurry off, with head bent down and shoulders shrugged together. I know nothing against Deacon Dunham. He may be as honest as the day, and the fact that he has done a large business for many years tends to establish his integrity; but nevertheless I cannot love him.

Of a very different type is Jim Brodbine, a large man, with a florid complexion and black mustache. Mr. Brodbine is a fashionable dealer who gets enormous prices; but the pace which he has set for himself is too fast. Expensive clothes, the biggest and strongest cigars, and unlimited champagne and whiskey are among his forms of self-indulgence. It is just as certain that before many years Mr. Brodbine will become bankrupt in health and in purse as it is that Deacon Dunham will die in the odor of sanctity, with a fat bank account.

Cohen, Deacon Dunham, and Brodbine are city dealers; Joshua Simpkins is a countryman, but he does an extensive business. Horses of many kinds pass through his hands, — trotters from Kentucky, saddle horses from Tennessee, family horses from all parts. In a single year he sold ten hundred and fifty animals, good, bad, and indifferent; and between times he breaks colts, and develops trotters on a little track in front of his stable. A broad avenue lined by maple-trees leads to his quarters, and the surrounding country is diversified and beautiful. Mr. Simpkins has a well-knit frame, a face ruddy from continual exposure, a shrewd mouth, and the most restless eye that ever glittered in mortal face. It is a steel-blue eye, cold and hard, and its glance plays incessantly up and down, and all around. While you are talking with him at his big barn door, Mr. Simpkins's eye will take excursions in the neighborhood; noting the condition of the hay crop, detecting the weak points of your horse, putting a price on a colt in the field down yonder, observing the shortcomings of a groom who is dressing a horse behind him, and reading your character, so far as it relates to buying and selling, by a swift upward glance under his yellow eyebrows. Joshua Simpkins's eye does the work of a dozen ordinary eyes; it is difficult to imagine it at rest even in sleep, and sad to think that its energy will be quenched in the grave before many years have passed. For his own sake, I trust that Simpkins will be kicked to death or have his neck broken in a runaway accident, rather than fade out of life by degrees. It would be hard indeed for a man of his activity, mental and physical, to retire by painful stages from the sulky to the armchair, and from the armchair to his bed.

Simpkins, like most horse dealers, has a great flow of language; but, like others of his craft, he is utterly irresponsible on any subject except that which lies

near his pocket. Concerning the horses that he wants to sell he will talk by the hour, but change the topic to your horse or to some other man's horse, or to politics, or to Ibsen, and forthwith the mind of Simpkins will wander like his eye.

Very few dealers are religious men, but I once knew a Methodist minister who dabbled in horseflesh, — not flagrantly; nothing extravagant was ever laid to his charge; and if, in selling a horse, he used the same eloquence that served him in the pulpit, who shall complain? There was another Methodist minister, a resident of Michigan, who got up some trotting races, entered his own horses, and actually won all the prizes. But this was going a little too far, even for these lax times. The brethren disciplined him, so that he was forced to give up one calling or the other, and I believe it was the ministerial one that went by the board. There is, however, a close connection between the jockey's and the religious temperament. Both are emotional. The dealer is almost always a man of quick and lively feelings. He easily becomes impressed with the good qualities of a horse, and words of warm commendation fall thick and fast from his lips. A certain enthusiasm, almost an ecstasy, takes possession of him; but fortunately it passes off when a sale has been effected. I never knew a dealer to be afflicted with chronic insanity.

But I have known some venerable white-bearded jocks, as to whom (I say it without irreverence) no violence would be done were they transferred forthwith to the pulpit. These men had long, smooth-shaven upper lips, shaggy eyebrows, and big, emotional mouths. Sometimes this emotional element becomes too pervading, and leads the dealer into absolute garrulousness. This is the case with Mr. S. Kneescalper, for instance, who, from long indulgence in words having little or no basis in fact, has lost all sense of proportion or consistency in

his speech, — to say nothing of veracity. Kneescalper pours out a steady stream of lies that do not hang together. I have often thought that if he could be exhibited to a boy who threatened to become loquacious, just as drunken Helots were exhibited to the Spartan youth, the lesson might be effective. Kneescalper is a good judge of horses, but he would do just as well if he were dumb.

I have spoken of the emotional element in the dealer. This is one of three qualities essential to success in his calling, the other two being the dramatic instinct and a knowledge of human nature. The very manner in which the dealer sits in his wagon is distinctive, as I have suggested already, and it is also, in a quiet way, dramatic. So is his manipulation of the reins. There are some dealers who can add a hundred dollars, at least, to the value of a roadster by the admiring, cautious manner in which they sit behind him and watch his ears. I am acquainted with one man who can strip the mud from a very dirty wagon — to the mind's eye — by the magnificent way in which he turns a corner; and the artistic holding of a whip diagonally across the horse's back has been known to transform a ten-dollar harness into a beautiful silver-mounted caparison. The dramatic element, of course, comes into play when the virtues of a particular horse are described to a possible customer, and so does the third quality, a knowledge of human nature. A dealer can often effect a sale by gently leading a visitor to pick out a horse for himself. He then pretends that he was rather keeping that special horse in the background, so as to sell the inferior animals first; and the customer, being flattered by this proof of his own acuteness, closes the bargain.

I remember one case where a young man, who considered himself a match for any jockey, paid a visit to the stables of a country dealer notorious for cheating, and thus voluntarily put his

head in the lion's mouth. When he arrived, a very handsome chestnut gelding happened to be standing in harness on the barn floor, and he tried him first. Afterward he looked the others over, drove two or three of them, and finally settled on a choice between the chestnut gelding and a bay mare, the two being equally attractive and the price the same. The dealer praised the mare very highly, but did not say much about the gelding. "Oho!" said the clever young man to himself. "This fellow wants to sell the mare and keep the gelding. That means that the gelding is the more valuable of the two. I will take him, and disappoint the rogue." But this line of reasoning was exactly what the rogue had calculated upon; the smart young man had fallen into the pit dug for him by the astute dealer. Accordingly, the chestnut gelding was bought and paid for, and the new owner led the horse off behind his wagon, in a state of great satisfaction with himself and the steed. On the way home, the road being a long one, he stopped to bait; and after dinner he gave orders to have the chestnut harnessed, intending to drive him and to lead his old horse for the remainder of the journey. Meanwhile he sat down to finish a cigar on the piazza in front of the tavern. Half an hour went by, and the horses had not appeared; fifteen minutes more passed; and now the young man, very impatient and somewhat alarmed, was just starting for the stable, when the hostler approached. The fellow was pale, and his jacket had been half torn from his back. "We can't harness that horse of yours, sir, nohow!" he exclaimed. "He has kicked my helper and bitten me; and it's my belief that the best man on earth could n't put the bridle on him." Such was very nearly the case. The mortified purchaser learned afterward that his beautiful chestnut horse (which he sold later at half price) had worn a bridle, night and day, for two weeks before he

bought him. However, having relied upon his own acuteness, he pocketed the loss and said nothing about it.

There remains one other class of horsemen, which I cannot pass over without a word or two. I mean the vets, and their predecessors the horse doctors. One of my earliest and most intense recollections is that of a horse and cow doctor who practiced in the country town where I spent part of my boyhood. He was a short, squat Irishman, with grizzly hair and short grizzly beard. I never saw him without a little cuddy pipe in his mouth; and I think that he must have been of an asthmatic habit, for I remember that he wheezed very much in his talk. He said little, but that little was sententious and to the point. To me, an infant hip-pomaniac, this dirty little man (for he was very dirty) seemed to embody all knowledge, all sagacity, — at least all that were worth the having. I hung upon his words, as if he had been Abelard, and I his disciple. I realized, perhaps, in a vague way, that my estimate of the horse doctor was not altogether shared by the adult members of the family. I felt that they might be so fatuous as to put the minister and the judge and the physician above him; but this feeling did not shake my own opinion in the least. Children have an odd way of trusting their instincts in tacit defiance of their elders. What would I not give if, at this moment, I could look up to any human being with that utter reliance upon his wisdom which, at the age of twelve, I had with respect to the horse doctor! But now, after the disappointing experience of a lifetime, I am led to doubt if the little man was really so wise as he looked. These irregular practitioners probably did more harm than good. They had some native wit, some experience, but a great part of their lore consisted of irrational and traditionary ideas which had nothing but age to recommend them.

The vet, though sometimes a charlatan, sometimes dishonest, and sometimes

given to drink, is, on the whole, a vast improvement upon the uneducated horse doctor of former times. A really good vet is a tower of strength to the horse owner, and something little less than a guardian angel to the ordinary purchaser who buys a horse of a dealer, and employs the vet to examine him for soundness. Occasionally, the modern vet is a little too much of a fine gentleman; but in his best estate he has a peculiar, an indefinable stamp of his own. Perhaps it might be described as a professional air tempered slightly by rakishness. The ideal vet has the grave look of a physician, and yet in the cut of his hat, in the color of his necktie, in the shape of his coat, or in some other trifle there will be a picturesque suggestion of horsiness, which, upon careful examination, will be apparent also in the expression of his face. The same distinct and pleasant air, semi-medical and semi-sporting, is found, too, in the equipage of the vet. And what a good horse he drives! Commonly, he affects a cob; not one of your coarse-bred, fat, chunky cobs, such as figure in magnificent harness at horse shows, but a well-bred cob, with thin, flat legs as

hard as iron, — a cob that is broad between the eyes, and has delicately cut ears which flash forward and backward, indicating a lively but docile disposition. Vets, to their credit be it said, become fond of their horses, and seldom change them. I never knew one to drive a stupid animal; and some of the best, and perhaps I may add truest horse stories that I have ever told related to nags that were in this line of business.

I fancy that the profession of a vet tends to become hereditary; I know several families, at least, in which that is the case. And certainly, in these days of overcrowded professions and trades, a man might do worse than to bring up his son to this calling. To begin with, the vet always has his office in a stable, — a fact very captivating to a well-regulated, boyish imagination, and not without its charm even for certain persons of mature years. His occupation is a manly, wholesome, outdoor one; he is subjected to no extraordinary temptations, and he has many opportunities to relieve the suffering of dumb and innocent animals. Of all professional horsemen, the vet deserves best both of men and horses.

Henry Childs Merwin.

CHURCH COMMUNION TOKENS.

WHEN I first saw the little oblong pewter disks used in the Presbyterian Church a century ago, in the preliminary arrangements for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and called Presbyterian checks or tokens, I fancied them a most curious and extraordinary religious emblem employed only in the Presbyterian church in Pelham, Mass., in olden days; but since the publication of my book *The Sabbath in Puritan New England*, in which I speak of these Pelham tokens, I have received many letters asking questions about the tokens, and giving me

much information and some curious specimens. I find, to my surprise, that the use of communion tokens is as widespread as the Christian Church, though perhaps at the present day the more special custom of different and usually of remotely settled branches of the Presbyterian denomination. It is a custom fast becoming extinct, and indeed is wholly unfamiliar, and even unknown, to many Presbyterians to-day; but its memory should be kept green out of honor to the pious Presbyterians of the past, and as one of our few curious church customs.

An explanation of the use of communion tokens in the Pelham Presbyterian Church will indicate the manner of their employment elsewhere. It was thus told to me. At the close of each Sabbath service throughout the month, the deacons walked up and down the aisle of the meeting-house and doled out these pewter tokens, until each worthy and godly-walking church member had received one. Upon the communion Sabbath (the holy rite being held but once in two or three months, — usually quarterly) the recipient must present this token as his voucher or check, or literally his ticket of admission, ere he could partake of the communion, either at his own or a neighboring church of the same denomination. Without this check he was temporarily un-housed.

The Pelham checks which I was shown were rude disks of pewter, about an inch and a half long, stamped with the initials P. P., standing for Pelham Presbyterian. These tokens had been made and used during the pastorate of that remarkable rogue "Rev." Stephen Burroughs, who, like several of his parishioners, proved such a successful counterfeiter of the coin of the commonwealth at the close of the eighteenth century. I could but think, as I looked at the simple little stamped slips, so easily manufactured, so readily counterfeited, that many a spurious communion check could have been passed in, unsuspected and undetected, to the deacons and elders of neighboring churches by the clever coin-makers in the Pelham congregation; and a very comic picture arose in my fancy, of the pious deacons confidently dealing out these simple little tokens to the bland and rascally counterfeiters in the pews.

This Pelham church was an offshoot of the Scotch-Irish Church of Londonderry, N. H., a mother church, in which all the Scotch Presbyterians for miles around convened twice a year to partake of the Lord's Supper. To this

communion the Pelham parish folk went at least once a year. Preparatory solemn services, days of fasting, were held in Londonderry on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday preceding the communion Sabbath, and unleavened bread was baked for the use of the communicants. Men working afield on these days were prosecuted and fined for "ungodly carriage," as they would have been for working on Sunday in any Puritan community. On the communion Sabbath long tables spread with snowy cloths were placed in the aisles of the church, and the seats at these tables were filled and refilled with communicants, each presenting in turn his token. Aged and honored members of the community filled the first table. Often the services occupied the entire day, and must have been most impressive to see, as well as most exhausting to the ministers. This solemn Sabbath gathering of good Presbyterians was followed on Monday by a universal exchange of visits and neighborly intercourse, and much jollity and mirth; a day of thanksgiving, in which our ever-present and ever-welcome old friend, New England rum, played no small or unimportant part.

The Presbyterian churches in Scotland universally used the token long before any church members came to America, and it is a curious fact that Scotch tokens, especially made for Scotch congregations, are to be found in America, some dating as far back as the year 1661. Many of these Scotch tokens bear the rude figure of a chalice; others have the initials of the name of the church or the pastor. They were doubtless used as a letter from church to church. These religious gatherings in Scotland were, in one sense, a much-prized recreation, a meeting-place for friends. Frivolous and soul-careless English servants, in binding out for a term of years, stipulated to be allowed to attend a certain number of wakes or fairs yearly; but canny Scotch ploughmen and milkmaids

piously bargained to go to the sacrament. Occasionally, an ungodly backslider risked his soul by compromising for two fairs in the place of the sacrament, but very rarely; the church gatherings were too attractive. In Scotland the tokens were called "tickets." Elders stood at the doors and "tried," as they termed it, the tokens or tickets; for counterfeits were sometimes offered by wicked Scotchmen, or tickets were borrowed from good-tempered or time-serving friends. Sometimes relatives lent tokens to delinquents, to save them from the disgrace of not partaking of the communion. The presentation at the communion table was called "lifting the token." The tokens used in Scotland were usually of metal, — tin, pewter, or lead cast in a mould or cut by a stamp; sometimes merely printed pasteboard tickets. "Token moulds" are often seen in inventories of church properties. Scotchmen also had "stock tokens," engraved or stamped with suitable texts, which could be used in any Presbyterian communion, as well as special parish tokens.

Tokens were often refused to Scotch church members, not only to men who became "evil livers," but to those who had walked in Masonic processions or had ridden in the cars on Fast Day, or to a man and his wife who were reported as "living on no very amiable terms," showing how rare marital infelicity must have been in that neighborhood, and how severely reprehended. Sometimes would-be communicants dared to present themselves at the Lord's table without a ticket. Mr. Robert Shiells (who has given me many of the facts I have stated), in his interesting little book *The Story of the Token*, tells of one bold American woman who did so at a Wisconsin Presbyterian church; but she was promptly set outdoors by the scandalized and outraged deacons. The chronicler said that she had sinned by "promiscuous hearing," — not promiscuous

talking, please note, but by promiscuous listening, apparently a most negative offense. I have seen the notice, however, of many excommunications and withholdings of the token from men, not merely for innocuous listening, but on account of their offensive words and deeds. Boswell states that one undaunted and belligerent Scotchman brought a lawsuit against his parish minister for refusing him admission to the sacred ordinance.

The use of tokens was at one time common in Holland, especially in the Walloon Church, which was composed of French and Flemish refugees. It seems doubtful whether they were ever used in the Lutheran churches. They were employed in French Huguenot churches as early as the year 1600. The Rev. Charles Frossard has published a description of forty-one different tokens used in the communion of the Reformed French Church. Of these, thirty bear the figure of a chalice. French tokens were made of pasteboard, wax, leather, glass, but generally of lead or brass, and are thoroughly French in character with their beautiful and appropriate legends, "Fear not, little flock," and "My sheep know My voice and follow Me." The *Bulletin of the French Protestant Historical Society* gives a full account of these French tokens, and some very striking and picturesque details of church discipline of the times.

Metal tokens used by Baptist and Methodist churches are not rare, and may be found in collections. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Episcopal churches in Scotland used tokens, as well as did their Presbyterian neighbors. St. Andrew's Church, Glasgow, distributed tokens stamped with a cross. Tickets and tokens have also been used in certain Roman Catholic churches, among others the Cathedral Church in Glasgow, and at early dates in Continental churches.

The use of the token was common in

the Church of England. The "token books" of St. Saviour's Church of Old Southwark for the years 1588 to 1630 nearly all still exist. These are account books of common writing paper, one for each district. The churchwardens went once each year to every house in the parish, and in these books they entered, against the name of street, court, or alley, the names of all residents of sixteen years or older, who were bound by law to take the sacrament at the parish church, or abide the severe consequences, namely, imprisonment or exile. A ticket of lead or pewter — a "sacramental token" — was given to each person, to be delivered at the communion table. These books form now a valuable statistical and topographical record of that part of London, and have for us another interest; for in that parish, at that time, Shakespeare lived, and to him must have been delivered these tokens stamped with the letters S. S., — St. Saviour's. In these token books are the names of sixteen of the actors whose names are also printed in the first edition of Shakespeare's plays. Backsliders are noted: one an Anabaptist, another a Brownist, another a "badd husband and cometh not to communion." At Henley-on-Thames the tokens were called "communion half-pence." The Newbury tokens were stamped with a Bible. There seems to be some indication that sacramental tokens were also used as a medium of exchange, possibly as a sort of poor-ticket. It was a day of tokens; trade tokens abounded.

In Ireland, England, the Isle of Man, Australia, New Zealand, Cape Breton, India, Canada, Newfoundland, wherever there are Presbyterian churches, the tokens have been commonly used. On the island of Santa Cruz, in the Church of the United Brethren, an octagonal copper token was given to an intending participant in communion, and if he successfully "passed the speaking" he could receive the full ticket, a handsome ma-

hogany token. One from Antioch, Syria, bears a motto in Arabic; how readily it suggests to us the text, "And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch"! A Reformed Dutch church in St. Thomas long used oval pewter tokens. They were doubtless introduced by some Scotch minister who was in charge there.

In America the use of the token has widely prevailed, especially in New Hampshire; not only in Londonderry, but in Antrim, Salem, and sister churches. In Massachusetts, I know of their use in Pelham, Chelsea, and Sutton, and I hear that one church in Boston still demands tokens from communicants. They are employed in many of the United Presbyterian churches in Pennsylvania, and were for a long time used in Philadelphia. Philadelphia tokens were stamped with a heart.

It was not in small communities only that these tokens were employed. Ivory tokens were used until recently in the First Reformed Church in New York city, and until 1870 in the Fourth Presbyterian Church. The wealthy church of Charleston, S. C., had cast, in the early part of this century, beautiful silver tokens almost as large as a silver half-dollar, bearing on one side the design of a table with chalice and paten, and the text "This do in remembrance of Me;" on the other, the burning bush, and the legend "Nec tamen consumebatur;" on the edge, the words "Presbyterian Church of Charleston, S. C." Though white and black church members sat at the same table, in this church, before the late war, and communed from the same vessels, the church provided tin tokens for its negro members. During the civil war, the Northern troops looted the church property, and may have thought the church tokens Confederate money.

Collections of church tokens have been made in Scotland and in America. Mr. John Reid, of 13, Well Meadow, Blairgowrie, Scotland, has nearly five thou-

sand tokens. Mr. Shiells, of Neenah, Wis., has a large and interesting collection.

Many curious and varying opinions exist in the Presbyterian Church in regard to the propriety and advisability of employing these tokens. One Presbyterian clergyman writes to me that he always much deprecated their use, having seen the effect of their employment in the first church over which he was settled in Pennsylvania. He found that many of the congregation, especially the older women, bowed the head upon receiving the token, and, like a good Presbyterian, he promptly and characteristically feared that they regarded it with much the same feeling as a Roman Catholic regards some of the symbols of his church. Another minister, settled over a new parish, at the first weekly meeting which he attended — I think a prayer meeting in the middle of the week — asked if anything more should

be said to the congregation ere the meeting closed. An aged deacon arose, and, presenting him with a bag of tokens, said, "Will you now distribute the tokens?" Taking the bag, the determined parson opened the door of the "pulpit closet" (the well-known "black hole" under the pulpit of many old churches) and threw bag and tokens to the further end, saying that such was the only use he would ever make of church tokens. What proved the sequel of this high-handed proceeding was not related to me, but it could hardly have been a very ingratiating or propitious entrance of a new minister into a new church community.

Other clergymen regard the use of tokens as a time-honored and solemn custom, "never giving a token without a trembling hand and a throbbing heart," and they regretfully relinquish it, believing it a dignified and sacred part of their church symbolism.

Alice Morse Earle.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE'S WORK IN NORTH AFRICA.

WHEN, last year, the present writer made a journey throughout French Barbary, — that is, from the frontiers of Morocco to the eastern Tunisian littoral, and by the routes of the Sahara as well as through the hill regions of Kabylia, — he took particular note of the great work done, and being done, by the "White Army," founded, organized, and for so many years sustained by the late Cardinal Lavigerie.

The rumor of the great deeds of this indomitable soldier of the cross has spread throughout the civilized world; but neither in America nor in Great Britain is the story of his career and his achievement in Africa adequately recognized. Indeed, there seems to be an idea current that with his death the "redemp-

tion of Islam" lapsed from a grand crusade to a disorganized, casual, and generally futile missionism.

As a matter of fact, the "White Fathers" are to-day a better organized, better directed, and more influential body than they were in those first years of hardship and fiery ardor which were the outcome of the passionate eloquence and not less passionate zeal and enthusiasm of the Archbishop of Algiers. It is true that visitors to Algiers and Tunis — and it is surprising how relatively small is the number of those who go further afield in Algeria or Tunisia than to these picturesque and popular cities, and their kindred smaller towns along the Barbary coasts, from Oran to Susa — may see little or nothing of the "Army of the

Sahara : " perhaps, unless at Carthage itself, even hear little of the doings of the White Fathers. But the moment the Sahara is reached, even that hither portion of it called the Ziban, to the south of the province of Constantine, the most casual visitor must have his attention drawn to these Catholic missionaries who have done, and are doing, so important a work in Northern Africa. Throughout French Barbary there is now no place, after Algiers, — not even "Flemçen the Beautiful" nor "Constantine the Magnificent," — so much resorted to as Biskra, *Biskra-el-Nokkel*, as the Arabs call it, Biskra of the Palms. At this oasis town, deservedly termed the Queen of the Sahara, there is a large and important station of Cardinal Lavigerie's White Fathers. There every one who is interested may see and hear for himself, and there, as a matter of fact, as well as at Carthage and elsewhere, the writer of this paper learned much concerning the recent work accomplished, and the new work projected, by this indomitable missionary brigade.

Twenty centuries ago Cato thrilled his Roman hearers with his "Delenda est Carthago." In our own day, a missionary priest of Rome replied triumphantly, "Instauranda Carthago." The enthusiastic prelate, who came from a bishop's see in France, was, in a sense, on native soil when he reached the desolate heights tenanted only of a few fanatical Arabs or wandering Bedouins ; for there one of his heroes, St. Louis the king, had come to die ; there the saintly Monica had won Augustine to the militant faith of which he was to become one of the foremost champions in Christendom ; there Tertullian, a kindred spirit in most respects, was born.

From this spot that was a Phœnician city before Rome came into existence, from this seat of a power that held dominion for seven centuries, from this grass-grown waste that for a thousand years had been as obliterate as the site

of Troy, has come in our time a voice of quickening, of regeneration, that may recreate in Africa not only a mighty state politically, but what Lavigerie himself loved to call, prophetically, a potent realm in the empire of the world.

It may be as well to give here a few words concerning the beginning of the great cardinal's mission in Africa, and about "New Carthage" as he in part constituted it. Of that unfulfilled New Carthage, which he projected with so much eagerness and with so many sanguine expectations, and of which he dreamed to the end of his days, I need say nothing at present. Though he wished it to become the Christian capital of the Orient and the south, the immediate results of his great scheme would be rather for the consideration of the politician, the military and naval specialist, the merchant, the agriculturist, and, let me add, the humanitarian.

The assertion frequently made, that Cardinal Lavigerie was the first person to erect a Christian structure on the site of Carthage, is a mistake. More than fifty years ago, a chapel dedicated to the memory of St. Louis was built on the summit of the Byrsa, with its front to that beautiful bay where, since the days of Phœnician galleys and Roman triremes, for hundreds of years the sloops of the Barbary corsairs had come and gone with their cargoes of Christian slaves. Eleven years previously (that is, in 1830), M. Mathieu de Lesseps, the father of the famous Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, who was French consul at Tunis in the reign of Charles X. and in the first part of that of Louis Philippe, had obtained from the reigning Bey the cession to France of a small section of land on the Maälaka, the ridge to the eastward of the Arab village of Sidi-Bou-Saïd ; in other words, on that part of the heights where ancient Carthage stood, and on the very spot where, according to tradition, "the pious monarch" expired. Hussein-Bey, however,

granted no more than a nominal cession, and it was not till 1841 that the memorial chapel was actually built, to the displeasure of the Tunisian populace, but, strangely enough, to the content of the Arabs of Sidi-Bou-Saïd and La Marsa, who, as a matter of fact, had already, in their own fashion, canonized the saintly king, and had for generations revered him as a holy prince who had been converted to the religion of Mahomet, and had come to Africa to die a Moslem. All reminiscence of the fact that six hundred years ago King Louis landed on these shores as a crusader, and that his army was defeated before Tunis, seems to have faded.

I found this legend still extant among the Arabs of that region, and it may interest many readers to know that not only is a Christian king revered as a Moslem saint, but that, on what was the western side of ancient Carthage, there is a mosque dedicated to the worship of Jesus. I asked an Arab of Sidi-Bou-Saïd if it were ancient or modern. He smiled gravely, having guessed that I imagined it to be due to the influence of Cardinal Lavigerie's White Fathers, and replied that long before the coming of the Christian *moulai*, long before any Christians trod the soil of Tunis save as slaves, a mosque had there been dedicated to the worship of Jesus. In response to my further question if the Sidi-Issa were identical with the Jesus whom we revere as the Christ, the Arab answered affirmatively; adding that in Allah's eyes the Sidi-Issa was a prophet even as Mahomet himself, and sent to earth, too, with a divine mission, though both prophet and mission were secondary to the supreme servant of God, Mahomet.

From one of Cardinal Lavigerie's White Fathers I learned that the name Sidi-Bou-Saïd, designating the Arab village on Cape Carthage, more exactly El-Zaouia-es-Sidi-Bou-Saïd, does not signify, as sometimes translated, "My lord

the father of Saïd or Saeeda;" which would be meaningless in relation to St. Louis, even if the fantastic derivation of a French writer were tenable, that Saeeda was the lingual Arabic equivalent of the name of the French king! *Bou* means "possessor of" as well as "father," and *Saïd* or *Saeeda* is probably *Saïda*, "happiness." When St. Louis was, as the Arabs suppose, converted to the true faith, he might well have been alluded to as "My lord the possessor of Happiness:" hence, after the foundation of a mosque or holy retreat in his honor, the village which grew around the Zaouia came to be known as that of Sidi-Bou-Saïda. It is only in French and English maps and books that the name is spelled *Saïd*, or *Saeed*, or *Saïda*.

This chapel of St. Louis was in existence, then, before Archbishop Lavigerie became Primate of Africa, and anterior to his translation from the see of Nancy. The other buildings in the neighborhood are more recent, with the exception of the Mohammedan marabout of Sidi-Saleh. These are, besides the cathedral, — where the body of the great cardinal now rests, in a tomb built and consecrated by himself long before his death, — a small chapel, Notre Dame de la Meliha, for the use of Maltese residents in Tunis and La Goletta and for Maltese sailors; a Carmelite convent; a college of the White Fathers and the ordinary priests of the diocese; and the invaluable museum inaugurated by Cardinal Lavigerie, but formed, organized, and supervised by the Rev. Père Louis Delattre, the chaplain of St. Louis, and himself one of the *Pères Blancs d'Afrique*, — a priest, archaeologist, scholar, and man of the world, to whom many visitors to Carthage owe a great debt of pleasure and instruction.

At the Maison Carrée at Algiers, at St. Louis of Carthage, at the Séminaire of the White Fathers at Biskra in the Sahara, one may learn all that is needful for an outsider to know concerning the

special training, mission, and actual work achieved by the famous "desert brigade."

In connection with the chapel of Notre Dame de la Meliha I may mention here a suggestive incident which I heard in Tunis. One day, the cardinal, overborne by mental fatigue, anxiety, and disappointment, went into the chapel to rest and pray. There was no one else present, and after a time his head fell forward on his breast and he was sound asleep. Waking suddenly, he beheld an extraordinary light upon the painted windows representing St. Augustine, his mother St. Monica, and St. Cyprian. This light did not come from the glow of the sun, but was full upon them as though cast from a great lamp. He turned, and beheld standing in front of the altar a figure which he recognized as that of St. Nymphanion, the first recorded martyr of Christian Carthage.¹ The saint spoke; but all he said was, "Mon frère en Jésus-Christ notre Seigneur." That, however, meant that the first martyr of the Church in Carthage hailed one who also was to die there in martyrdom, though not a martyr under direct tyranny, but beneath the weight of toil and anxiety and long endurance and the sickness of ever-deferred hope. The weary cardinal arose, either to advance to do obeisance before St. Nymphanion, or to assure himself of the verity of his vision, when the saint, turning and pointing to the south, and making a gesture with his arms as though embracing all from the east and from the west, suddenly disappeared.

Lavigerie went forth deeply impressed. He believed he had been vouchsafed a vision that portended not only his own death during the carrying out of his schemes for the Church in Africa, but also the success of his great mission for the redemption of the Moslem world, — all that vast world which lay eastward

¹ This is the Nymphanion who, shortly before his fellow-martyrs Jocundus and Saturninus,

and westward and away to the limitless south from Carthage. As, the story goes, the vision came at a time when, for political as well as other reasons, it was thought advisable at Rome and at Paris that the cardinal and his White Fathers should, so far as missionary work was concerned, keep themselves in obscurity for a time, the African Primate believed he had been given a sign from heaven that he was to persevere in his projects at all hazards. The incident is one that might well have happened to enthusiasts of a nature different from that of Cardinal Lavigerie; but by those who knew that prelate personally it will be received with caution, if not with actual incredulity. Charles Lavigerie was a dreamer, it is true, but he dreamed along the line of his temperament; and that temperament was an essentially Latin one, direct, logical, unmythical, untranscendental. Moreover, it is only fair to add that his friend and fellow-worker, Père Louis Delattre, knew nothing of the legend. What is of more moment is that which lies within the region of indisputable fact, though the actuality be that of intention, not of accomplishment. One dream of the cardinal's, not hitherto made public, was to establish a series of cathedral churches all along the African coast from Carthage to Cherchel (the ancient Iol of Juba) and to Tangier itself, and to dedicate them severally to the great men and women associated with the early history of the Church in Africa, — SS. Cyprian and Augustine, Tertullian, SS. Felicitas, Monica, and Perpetua, first and foremost. Another dream was the establishment in his own lifetime of Arab villages throughout Tunisia and the three immense provinces of Algeria, similar to the Christian Arab communities of St. Monica and St. Cyprian which he had founded near Algiers about 1875-76. Again, he believed in a vast extension of his White Fathers brigade, so that suffered death for the sake of Christ under Septimius Severus in the year 198.

among its missionaries should be men of all races, including Africans born Pagan or Mohammedan, Europeans, Maltese, Arabs, Kabyles, Soudanese, negroes, — ay, even Bedouins, if practicable. But perhaps the dearest scheme for fulfillment in his own time, though one to which, so far as I have been able to ascertain, no one of his biographers or commentators has devoted much, if any attention, was the redemption of Arab Africa through the conversion of the Kabyle nation, — that original Berber race which is now practically restricted to the mountainous regions of Algeria. The Kabyles are to North Africa what the Celtic Highlanders are to Scotland, an unmixed and indigenous, if not probably autochthonous people; distinct from the dominant race in communal rule, in social habits, in language, in appearance, in character, and even in religion. The Kabyle has really almost as little in common with the sedentary Moor of cities as with the Arab of the desert. He holds himself aloof from both, and rarely, if ever, marries with either; while with pride, and not without justification, he maintains that he has been subdued and hemmed in, but never conquered. The strong ancient Roman admixture in his blood has affected not only his color and features and physique, but even his institutions, generally crude and always barbaric as these are. On the other hand, though the sedentary Arabs and nomad tribes and town Moors respect the integrity and energy, and above all the dauntless courage of the Kabyles, they look down upon them as a barbarous and savage race, — much as the Scottish Lowlanders and the English soldiers regarded the Highland clans in the old Jacobite days.

It was with this unpromising material that Cardinal Lavigerie hoped to create a nation of missionaries, a native army of the cross. "Let loose Kabylia," he would exclaim, "and in a few years Mohammedan North Africa will be Christian." The idea was pooh-poohed, even

when an initial success was secured, and missions took root here and there throughout the African highlands; but so little was the Primate supported, even by his ecclesiastical following, that he ceased to say much about his treasured scheme in public, though to the day of his death he believed in it as one of the likeliest and surest means at hand for the accomplishment of the Gallicization as well as the moral and spiritual amelioration of the native races of North Africa.

The story of how he began this crusade, and of the characteristic way in which he approached "the unapproachable Kabyles," has been told by an eminent English member of the Society of Jesus, from the narrative of one who accompanied the cardinal on the occasion in question. The expedition was undertaken at a time when no Christian was safe unless well armed and well escorted.

In the preceding year (1875), three devoted priests, who had won the esteem and admiration of the Arabs of the desert, started on a mission towards Timbuktû; but a long distance from that city, their bodies, beheaded, were found in the sands of the Sahara. The ferment occasioned by the French occupation of Tunis had wrought the whole of North Africa to a state of feverish hostility. When this had apparently abated, three other missionaries went forth to the interior, this time under a special guarantee from the Arabs; but when scarcely a day's march from Ghadames all three were treacherously murdered.

It was at this juncture that Cardinal Lavigerie decided to press forward the evangelization of Kabylia, as there seemed so much more hope of apostolic work among a people who for centuries had maintained their independence against the heavy yoke of Islam, and even now for only a few generations have been Moslem in faith. Soon after his first arrival in Algiers, as archbishop he had paid a visit to such mountain districts of Ka-

bylia as were practicable, and he had then made up his mind that *la grande Kabylie* should in good time become a Christian country, and be an example to the rest of North Africa.

As the small pioneer expedition which he led made its way among the hill villages that were not openly hostile, the members saw the women and old people watching them with mingled alarm and curiosity, and often with angry resentment. If a child were met, it darted away screaming. The reason for this was that the Kabyles told their children, in order to keep them from giving information to or having any communication with the French, that the Christians were a race of human demons, who live on raw flesh, and have a particular fancy for appetizing tidbits in the shape of children. The expedition reached an important village, writes one of those who accompanied the archbishop, where it had reason to believe its reception would be respectful. "We went thither on foot, for the steep mountain paths are, as may well be imagined, quite impassable for carriages" (and Lavigerie, at this time, it must be remembered, was not only advanced in years, but was in delicate health, and subject to a painful malady). "After interminable windings among rocks, valleys, and trees, we came in sight of the village whither we were bound, standing on a slight eminence. The archbishop had announced his visit beforehand, and at the entrance to the village all the men, headed by its venerable patriarch, were assembled to receive him in a house entirely open on the side which looked on to the road. The women and children were perched on all imaginable places, — the ledges of the rocks, the roofs of the houses, every spot which afforded standing-room, where human feet could climb or human limbs could rest. Mgr. Lavigerie was in full canonicals, and was surrounded by the priests belonging to his suite. When he arrived within a short distance of the village,

the men advanced solemnly in a body to meet him and bid him welcome. The aged patriarch who preceded them was the *amin*, or mayor; the others were his council; for the Kabyles have retained a municipal form of government, after the model of the Roman, with public assemblies and popular elections.

"The building mentioned above was the forum, or, as they call it here, the *djemmaï*, a kind of town hall, the meeting-place of all the male inhabitants of an age to carry arms. There affairs of local or general interest are discussed, transfer of land is effected, and all business of a civic or political nature transacted.

"The *amin* approached the archbishop, and with a stately and dignified gesture laid his hand lightly on his vestment, and then raised it respectfully to his lips.

" 'May the blessing of God be with you all!' the archbishop said; and with one voice they all responded, 'May it be also with thee!'

"We then proceeded to the *djemmaï*. Against the two walls on the right and on the left were rows of stone seats, rising one above another, like the tiers of an amphitheatre. The place of honor was assigned to Mgr. Lavigerie; then each one took a seat where he pleased.

" 'I have come to see you,' the archbishop began, addressing the *amin*, 'to show my affection for you.' (Here all present simultaneously laid their hands, first on their heart, and then on their forehead.) 'I have reason to love you, for we French are related to you; the same blood runs in our veins. Our forefathers were Romans, in part at least, as were yours; we are Christians, as you too once were. Look at me. I am a Christian bishop. Well, in days gone by there were more than five hundred bishops like me in Africa, all Kabyles, many of them illustrious men, distinguished for their learning. All of your people once were Christians, but the Arabs came and ruthlessly slaughtered your bishops and priests, and compelled

your ancestors to adopt their creed. Do you know all this ?

"A very voluble correspondence took place among the audience ; then the amin replied : —

" ' Yes, we know it ; but you speak of a time long past. Our grandfathers have told us these things ; but as for ourselves, we have seen nothing of them. ' "

"After this preamble, Mgr. Lavigerie spoke most earnestly, and at the same time with the most scrupulous tact and common sense, and urged the Kabyles present at least to ponder carefully his arguments. If they would do so, he felt assured, he added, they could not fail to see what immense gainers they would be in every way, though primarily in the spiritual heritage into which they would straightway enter. It is pleasant to know that a large section of this particular village, as well as other communities throughout Kabylia, ultimately became Christian, and are at this day among the most prosperous of the native inhabitants."

Cardinal Lavigerie, however, would be the last person to wish for himself or his White Fathers the whole credit of that initial enterprise which has had results so remarkable. Before he had set foot in Africa, the Jesuit Fathers of the province of Lyons (which then included Algeria) had successfully established two missions in Kabylia : one among the warlike and powerful Beni-Yenni, the other at an important Kabyle centre, Djemma-Saharidj. At the same time, these Jesuit missions were intended to be stationary, their directors laying stress on the belief that settled quarters would appeal to the natives more than proselytizing peregrinations. So slight was their influence beyond their immediate vicinage

that when Mgr. Lavigerie sent into Kabylia Father Deguerry and two companion priests, these missionaries could find no shelter throughout the cold of the winter months, — and a bitter nocturnal cold it is at these high altitudes, as the present writer can vouch, even when the heat on the lowlands is semi-tropical, — but had to rest each night on the bleak earth ; nor was it till after the third month of this and other wearing hardships that the White Fathers were allowed to build a house, though even this tardy grace was conditional on their undertaking to erect the dwelling by their own hands.

From what I saw in Kabylia, I feel sure that the good work inaugurated by Mgr. Lavigerie can hardly be overestimated. That unfortunate and ungenerous tendency to depreciate all his efforts, and to discount even his apparent success, which has done so much harm to a good cause, and in some quarters imposed itself upon the minds of responsible governmental officials, is not easily to be refuted on paper. To all statistics, arguments, or statements, his adversaries, far less active now, reply by affirming that he and his emissaries have been firebrands to excite a conquered but forever irreconcilable race ; that Christianity is unsuited for the Arab, with his inherited fatalism, and his domestic, social, and communal habits and instincts ; and that an amalgam of the Arab and the Christian ideals is as impossible as a racial blend of Arab and European.¹

The French official mind is antagonistic to the spread of religious teaching, and particularly to all teaching or movements of any kind independent of governmental red-tapism. The opposition Cardinal Lavigerie had to encounter, apart from that connected with interna-

¹ It is certainly the case that there is seldom offspring of a union between an Arab woman and a European. The exception, if it may pass as one, is the instance of a union between a Turk and an Arab woman ; though it must be remembered that the *Kouloughli*, who were at one

time so numerous in Algeria, and are still common enough to be reckoned with as factors in native politics, are the children, not of a Turk and an Arab woman of the nomad race, but of a Turk and a Moorish woman of Algiers.

tional jealousies, bureaucratic stiff-neckedness, and military and social suspiciousness, if not actual hostility, was so many-sided that it is still a marvel to those who are familiar with the main drift of his circumstances that he was able not only to confront them so undauntedly and so perseveringly, but to surmount them, and even, sometimes, to turn them into involuntary allies.

It will, however, interest many readers to know that this mission work in Kabylia, as indeed elsewhere throughout Franco-Moslem territories, is due even more to the Sisters of Our Lady of African Missions than to the indefatigable and unselfish labors of the White Fathers, praiseworthy and resultant in innumerable good works as the efforts of these apostolic emissaries have been and are. Here again a great debt is due to Cardinal Lavigerie, though one overlooked by most visitors to Algeria, and for the most part ignored by those in authority.

What with the Christian Arab villages of St. Cyprian and St. Monica, and more recent kindred communities, orphanages, training schools, training colleges, for youths of every race, native and foreign, refuges for Arab women, sisterhoods for educational and nursing purposes, nunneries for shelter for those who need a haven, and wish to combine the life of religious devotion with that of self-sacrifice, seminaries for the education and physical training of novices intended for missionary work, and various institutions of a more secular kind, — patriotic, colonial, archæological, agricultural, and even in connection with the military and naval services, — the name of Cardinal Lavigerie is in truth of so paramount importance in association with North Africa that he deserves not only to be ranked with his most famous apostolic predecessors, St. Cyprian and St. Augustine, but to be revered as one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon a young and weak Church in its marvel-

ous renaissance, as one of the truest patriots whom France has produced, and, with General Gordon, as one of the noblest and most single-hearted missionaries who have added imperishable lustre to our feverish and perplexed age.

It is no wonder that the extent both of the civilizing work and the civilizing influence due to Cardinal Lavigerie's women missionaries should have impressed the present writer, as indeed all observant and unbiased visitors to French Africa. Perhaps the very fact that so little recognition has been made of this section of his labors, and that in Algeria itself the recognition, when given at all, is either somewhat grudging or concurrently depreciatory, enabled me to realize at first hand how remarkable is this accomplishment even as it stands.

On his elevation to the see of Algiers, — to be more exact, on his voluntary and self-sacrificing transfer thither from his wealthier and more comfortable see of Nancy, — Mgr. Lavigerie almost from the first foresaw the need of women missionaries to carry out his schemes of evangelization and social and domestic regeneration. His plans were regarded dubiously even by many of his fellow-bishops and higher clergy, and a large section of the public openly protested against the idea of Christian women being sent into regions where their honor would not be safe for a day. Moreover, as many military and civil authorities prophesied, the Arab would regard with disdain mixed with deep resentment the apparent effort to convert or reform him or his through the agency of women.

The archbishop had that supreme quality of genius, controlled impatience. To adopt an apparent paradox, he knew how to be patiently impatient. He admitted that the moment was not ripe, but he asserted that it was ripening. His arguments were irrefutable, and he promised that practice should not belie theory. Within a quarter of a century, he is said to have declared once to his

Holiness the late Pope, "French Africa will be civilized by women."

From the moment he explained publicly the need for women missionaries, volunteers were ready. It was obviously true what he said, that in no other way could Mohammedan women be reached. A radical alteration in the domestic, social, intersexual, and religious views of the women would mean an inevitable change of front for the coming generation, male and female; while the all-round results would at once be quicker, more thorough, and more far reaching than through the agency of men.

The first response to his appeal came from his old diocese of Nancy, from the well-known and venerable community of the Sisters of St. Charles. A novitiate was formed that year (1868) at Kouba, at a house where the archbishop had already instituted a shelter for those Arab girls who were rescued from starvation during that terrible year of famine.

At first, however, the work allotted to these Sisters was of a strictly local nature; and even when the small community was increased by the addition of the Sisters of the Assumption, who also came from that French city where Lavigerie had, in his short episcopate, done so much good and exercised so deep and lasting an influence, their scope was not materially widened. The eye of "Monseigneur," however, was ever upon them and their interests, and the object they and he had in view. At last, nearly ten years after that first settlement in Kouba, the cardinal officially formed them into a congregation of missionary sisters, with an independent existence and system of self-government, under the designation of Sisters of Our Lady of African Missions.

For a few years the obvious results were sufficiently humble to give some color to the derision or misrepresentation of the covertly malicious, the openly hostile, and the indifferent; and at the same time marked enough to encourage

all who wished the woman mission well, — all save those who could not realize that great results must be attained only through endless toil and patience, and in obscurity. But at last even the hostile had to admit that a labor of extraordinary importance, whether tending to ultimate good or ultimate evil, was being fulfilled throughout Algeria, and even among the intractable Kabyles and the haughtily resentful Arabs and Moors. Now, the African Sisters, as they are called succinctly, are a recognized power in the land; and even the most bigoted anti-religionist would hesitate to aver that their influence is not wholly for good.

Among the Arabs, there was and is a spirit of wonder and admiration for the dauntless courage, the self-sacrificing devotion, the medical knowledge and skill, the tenderness and saintly steadfastness, of these heroic women. Hundreds have been brought to a different attitude entirely through observation of the *Sœurs de Notre Dame d'Afrique*. In the words of the eminent Jesuit whom I have already quoted, "The moral superiority of these women, their self-denying kindness, their courage and devotion, deeply impressed the unbelievers, who gazed at them with astonishment and admiration, as if they belonged to a different order of beings, and were something more than human."

Cardinal Lavigerie himself bore frequent testimony of a similar kind. "I have seen them," he said on one occasion, "in the midst of their work. I have seen them surrounded by a motley crowd of men and children, both Christians and Mohammedans, all clamoring to them for succor; begging them to cure their ailments, to relieve their poverty; kissing with the utmost veneration the habit they wear." Here, again, is a remarkable instance, also adduced by the cardinal: "One of the Sisters was passing through the streets of a populous Eastern city, and was accosted by an old man, a Turk, who said to her, with a mix-

ture of curiosity and respect, 'Tell me, Sister, when you came down from heaven, did you wear the same dress in which we now see you?' " I may give another instance, from my own observation. In the Sahara there is a populous oasis town, Sidi-Okba. It is known as "the sacred city," partly because it contains the tomb of Okba, the first Mohammedan conqueror of Africa, partly because its chief mosque is the most ancient and venerated building in Africa, and partly because it is the religious capital of the Ziban and the Sahara, — so sacred, indeed, that it has no rival in Africa except Kairouan in Tunisia. Sidi-Okba is the Mecca of Algeria, and seven pilgrimages to it will insure eternal salvation. Naturally, there is no place under French dominion where fanaticism is so ripe, and where it is more necessary for the Christian infidel to be scrupulously on his guard against giving cause of offense. Not very long ago, no European women were able to appear in Sidi-Okba, even with an escort, without having to run the risk of insult, and even violence. It is now, and for a few years past has been, safe enough for a woman to venture there in the daytime and with an escort; otherwise, as a French officer at Biskra assured me, the hazard would be a direct invitation to disaster. Even now the inhabitants resent the presence of an unveiled Christian woman in their sacred town and near the venerated tomb of Okba, to come into whose near neighborhood was, within a comparatively short time, certain death for any Christian slave, prisoner, or half-disguised trafficker; for at the period in question no other could mix with that fanatical populace. I am bound to say that when my wife and I visited Sidi-Okba, we met with no active unpleasantness of any unusual kind, though at the entrance to the mosque there were fanatical followers of the Prophet who spat on the ground as we passed, and muttered their wonted *kelb* and *djifa* ("dog" and "carriage"). Well, the Af-

rican Sisters have not only gone to this unlikely place, but have thriven there. In the face of threats, insults, and passive (and occasionally active) opposition, they have persevered, and are now winning an ever-increasing reward.

There is a small number of them housed in a dwelling in the heart of Sidi-Okba, — a fact not mentioned in any Algerian guidebook; and thence, at all hours, at any call of need, the White Sisters (so called because, like the White Fathers, they have adopted a white robe, made and worn in the Arab fashion) emerge, safe as in France, unhindered, and even honored. I shall not soon forget my surprise when, after all I had heard concerning the impossibility of a woman venturing forth by herself in Sidi-Okba, I saw a White Sister cross the marketplace, and actually being saluted by many of the fanatical Sahara Arabs with their familiar courtesy of the hand pressed first against the heart, and then against the forehead.

From a White Father in Biskra I learned that the work so silently and unostentatiously done by these African Sisters is of so great importance that if, for any reason, it were impossible for both the White Fathers and the White Sisters to remain there as missionaries, the Fathers would unquestionably have to give way.

"In a word," he added, "we are the pioneers, forever on the march after receding boundaries; the Sisters are the first dauntless and indefatigable settlers, who bring the practically virgin soil into a prosperous condition, full of promise for a wonderful and near future."

I asked if there were many mischances in the career of those devoted women.

"Few," he replied: "strangely enough, fewer than with the White Fathers. We have had many martyrs to savage violence, to the perils and privations of desert life. The Sisters have had martyrs, also, but these have lost their lives in ways little different from what would

have beset them in any other foreign clime. As for endurance, both of climatic strain and privations generally, I have come to the conclusion that women can undergo more than men; that is, if they have anything like fair health, are acting in concert, and are sustained by religious fervor. They do not, as a rule, act so well on their own initiative; they cannot, naturally, do pioneer work so well as men; and though they have superior moral courage, they are unable to face certain things, in particular absolute loneliness, isolation, remoteness. Many a White Father would instinctively shrink from the task fearlessly set themselves by some of the more daring Sisters; yet these very heroines would be quite unable to cope with some hazards almost inevitable in the career of one of our missionaries. More and more we are relying upon individual effort guided by a central control. The missionary who goes forth alone, with no weapon of defense save the crucifix, goes clothed with a power greater than any envoy warrant or tribal pass. The Christian marabouts, as they call us, appeal to the people when they confront not only death, but isolation, poverty, hunger, thirst, privations of all kind; and this, too, as voluntary nomads, disdaining even the sacred repute of the Mohammedan marabout, who, by staying in one place and living austere, makes his fellows revere him as a holy anchorite."

"Have you known anything from your own observation regarding the tragedy of this Sahara mission work on the part of women?"

"Only one instance, though of course I have heard of others. This was a remarkable one. Some four or five years ago, a young Sister — whom I will call Sister Eunice simply, as her friends are prominent people in the city she came from — joined the Algerian Missions Sisterhood. She had been engaged, before she took the vows, to a French officer. For reasons which I need not explain

she had decided to break this engagement; and no persuasions could induce her to alter her decision, to which she felt morally bound despite her love for her fiancé. She came to Algeria, and for a time was a novice at the central establishment near Algiers. She was not only very prepossessing in appearance, but was singularly winsome in her manner, and this, coupled with her exceptionally well-trained mind, made her superiors consider her preëminently fitted for educational work, particularly among the women and children of the Arab 'refuges' and training schools. This might have been her vocation; but her former fiancé — who, whatever his faults, and I may add misfortunes, certainly loved her to distraction — had exchanged into an Algiers regiment, so as to be near her, and in time win her again. A tragic episode, into which I need not enter, happened a few months later. Mainly in consequence, Sister Eunice determined to join the missionaries in the Sahara, and after some difficulty all arrangements were made to further her wishes. She came first to Biskra; then for a brief time labored in Sidi-Okba; then returned here. By this time she was familiar with the language, manners, and customs of the Arabs of the Sahara; and her intention was to leave the Ziban, and penetrate into the barbaric south. With this intent she reached Touggourt.¹ At that time her appearance there was almost as strange an event as would be a similar appearance to-day in, say, Timbuktû. Nevertheless all went well.

"One day, some weeks later, a small body of French officers rode into the remote Arab town in connection with some matter of military moment. Among them was Captain B—. He knew of the presence of Sister Eunice; and before he and his companions left again, the same evening, he sought her out. In

¹ An oasis town of the northern Sahara, lying about three days' journey to the south of Biskra.

his despair at her continued refusal to meet his wishes, he seized her in his arms, kissed her, and then, hurrying to the meeting-place, mounted his horse and rode away with his companions. That embrace was her undoing. The sole protection of the Sister was her reputation for saintliness. The incident had been observed, and the rumor spread from mouth to mouth.

"The so-called Christian saint was, then, the light-o'-love of a French officer, and no doubt a spy into the bargain, sent there by the military authorities, in the guise of a female marabout. Anger, resentment, and contempt confused their judgment. That night Sister Eunice was publicly insulted, and at dawn her mutilated corpse was lying outside the mud walls of the Kesbah. Months elapsed before the Sister's death was authenticated, and it was not till long afterwards that the whole story became known; and even then fragmentarily, and to very few persons."¹

From the same authority, and elsewhere in Biskra and the neighborhood, I heard much of the heroic ventures, endurance, sufferings, and achievements of the White Fathers. Great as is the good they have done in their joint mission of conversion and civilization, the immediate result of which is a marked gain in general health and individual physical well-being and the communal weal, their most notable efforts have been for some time, and still are, directed against that cancer of Africa, the slave trade. No one who has not examined the subject in detail can form any idea of the frightful extent of the North African slave trade, or of the unspeakable horrors that accompany it, to say nothing of the depopulation of vast tracts, the generating of devastating plagues (particularly the dreadful scourge known as slave typhus), and the ruin of all chances

for the redemption of this long-suffering Ishmael among the countries of the world.

In the general Christian crusade against this gigantic evil, nearly all nations deserve credit, notably Great Britain, America, Belgium, and France, — though official France lags sadly behind the generous initiative of the great cardinal, who did more than any other single individual, perhaps more even than any ruler or government, to mitigate the horrors of slavery and put an end to this fearful traffic.

At the moment, there are international jealousies, half-hearted ideals, and chauvinistic temporizings which together militate strongly against the success of this noble war of emancipation. The French have been too complaisant along the frontiers of Morocco, and in the regions environing the dominions of Tunisia and Tripoli; far southward, the Germans have caused deep dissatisfaction by their high-handed proceedings, and what looks like connivance at, if not actual participation in, the very evils the German nation is among the foremost sincerely to deplore. The British Protestant missionaries are accused by the German and French military authorities of being firebrands and meddlesome and troublesome neighbors. We, on the other hand, are too apt to regard the White Fathers of Cardinal Lavigerie, the Jesuit Fathers, the Christian Brothers, and Catholic missionaries of all kinds as the mere tools of restless and scheming rivals animated by envy, avarice, and all manner of ill will.

But behind all this international bickering and difficulty-mongering, beyond all this fierce conflict of adverse opinion, threatened interests, and thwarted passions, there is the steadfast tide of Christian energy, everywhere "making for righteousness," everywhere watched, controlled, and guided beneficently by single-minded, single-hearted apostolic missionaries of all nations and all denominations.

Personally, I think the greatest work is being achieved by the Roman Catholic

¹ I do not give this episode in full, for various reasons; but in another form I intend to give the narrative in all its details.

Church, and in particular by the institutions and societies inaugurated, and the specially trained emissaries sent forth, by Cardinal Lavigerie.

Everywhere I went in North Africa I was struck by this fact. I asked a Protestant missionary in Flemçen — an important town in the extreme west of Algeria, near the frontier of Morocco — why it was that, apart from the question of statistically greater success on the part of Catholic missionaries, there seemed to be so radical a difference in the way in which the White Fathers, for example, and the equally indomitable Protestant missionaries *got at* the Arab, Moorish, and Soudanese populations.

My informant frankly admitted that the difference is radical.

"We lack that particular quality of imagination, or sympathy, call it what one will, which enables some missionaries literally to be all things to all men. We are, broadly speaking, always ourselves: always English, or Scottish, or American; always conscious of our Protestant calling, our Protestant arrogance, our Protestant aloofness. Naturally, I believe that in the long run our compensating qualities tell, and predominate; but at first, and for long, we are handicapped. Now, the White Fathers, for instance, are not primarily French, or Catholic priests, or missionaries of this or that lord spiritual or temporal, but are men preoccupied by a burning zeal as heralds of a message of vital importance, — a message independent of anything save its immediacy and paramount value. To a great extent, this magnificent abnegation and discipline are due to Cardinal Lavigerie, who never failed to impress upon the missionaries whom he sent forth that the first thing they had to do was to conform in all reasonable respects to the manners, customs, and habits of the Moslem people among whom they were to sojourn; to feel with them, see with their eyes, as much as possible judge with their minds.

To this end, he made the Fathers adopt a white robe similar to that worn by the Arabs; to this end, he not only made them learn to speak Arabic fluently, and to be familiar with the Koran and the chief writings upon it, but insisted on their adequate physical training in horsemanship and all kinds of exercise. So that when a White Father goes among the Arabs he is, in a way, already one with them. This wins their confidence, to start with. Then, when he expounds the faith that is in him, he lays little stress upon anything save the fundamental truths of Christianity; that is, of course, as he considers them.

"Above all, in what *he* teaches and in what *we* teach concerning the oneness of God — or rather, the way we teach that living doctrine — is a difference where the advantage is all on his side. The Arab, with his intense faith in the absolute unity of Allah, more readily follows one who does not confuse his hearer with different arguments regarding the Trinity, but speaks clearly and logically of God and Christ and the Virgin, — more readily than one who dwells upon a mystery which is altogether beyond the Moslem comprehension or sympathy. Moreover, the priests do not, as a rule, say much against Mohammed; rather, they accept him frankly as a minor prophet, but one whose faith became perverted even in his lifetime, and whose influence has been mainly a harmful one."

From what I saw and heard throughout the length and breadth of French North Africa, I am convinced that one of the greatest works of contemporary Christianity is being fulfilled there in divers ways and through divers agencies, though mainly through the instrumentality of that famous prelate whose name will henceforth be linked with those of Cyprian and Augustine as among the foremost glories of the Church of Christ in Africa.

Indubitably, it is a great wrong to in-

sinuate, as is done in so many ways, that the Christian missions have failed in Africa, and that Mohammedanism is everywhere militant and triumphant. The opposite is the truth; and through-

out southern as well as northern Algeria, throughout Kabylia, throughout Tunisia, the Christian church and the Christian school are everywhere supplanting the mosque and the m'drassa.

William Sharp.

LOVE AND ART.

"It once might have been, once only."

BROWNING.

I.

A MUSICAL party was in progress, one afternoon, at Mrs. Du Pont Fairfax's, in Egeria. Her cottage — commanding a view of the valley, and of the amphitheatre of bluish-purplish hills crowned by the peaks of the Sky Mountains — stood on a site, lately rescued from the bear and the wildcat, on the boulder-strewn side of Mount Egeria, which rose bristling with hemlocks, pines, and beeches to the green-capped summit. A touch of sylvan wildness, caught from the surroundings, enhanced the prettiness of its appointments. The main room, like a baronial hall, reached to the high unhewn rafters. The huge fireplace with its stone chimney was large enough to roast an ox, but on this August day the logs were covered with goldenrod. The furniture and the balustrades of the staircase and galleries were made of twisted and bent woods or of unbarked birch; there were shelves and brackets of enormous fungi; bear and fox skins were stretched on the floor. These suggestions of primitive forest wildness, these touches of the bizarre, helped to emphasize the delicate effect of cushions, rugs, and draperies, which in their mellow blendings of color repeated the tints of the unbroken woods.

Although the cottage stood on the verge of the uncleared wilderness, it was one of a settlement belonging to a summer

colony of artistic and professional people who liked to snatch their holiday out of the very lap of nature. Mrs. Fairfax's party was composed not only of *élégants*, but of celebrities as well. There was Eugene Trent, the novelist and dramatist, a guest of the house. That was he sitting at the end of the many-cushioned divan; a man of thirty or more, whose usually acute, penetrating, and rather handsome face at this moment wore an absent-minded expression. Then there were Van Houten and St. Clair, the portrait and landscape painters; Miss Rose, the flower artist; Miss Barry, the reader; besides Mrs. Symons, who had left the stage to become the wife of a millionaire. Mrs. Fairfax piqued herself upon possessing no cleverness save the rare cleverness of being able to appreciate clever people. Her beautiful gray eyes were full of passionate sympathy for authors, poets, and musicians; and moreover she read their books, bought their pictures, and loved their music.

Nevertheless, she showed this afternoon a certain restlessness, not to say dissatisfaction. The musicale was moving on as amateur musicales do move. Two ladies had sung a duet, and one a solo, taking the high notes with visible nervousness; a pupil of Saint-Saëns had played one of his master's compositions full of thunderclap effects, and a handsome young man had contributed an incredibly naughty French song to the accompaniment of the mandolin. Still, well as she manipulated these fragments

of talent, it was evident that the hostess was holding some powerful attraction in reserve. She looked eagerly at the door, as if some performer tarried; and more than once, in the pauses between the music, she walked towards the circular loggia where Miss Esmé Lewis sat before the samovar, apparently giving her whole mind to the concoction of Russian tea. Miss Lewis was a tall, dreamy-looking girl of twenty, pale, with masses of bright curly brown hair cut short, and large limpid blue eyes. She was dressed in white, the gown open at the neck disclosing a throat of rare strength and beauty, and her sleeves ending at the elbow gave a chance for the display of really exquisite arms, wrists, and hands. But in her present look of indifference or apathy her actual charm remained ineffective.

"Now, Esmé, you promised me," Mrs. Fairfax finally said to her, plaintively.

"I have not the courage," Esmé murmured.

"But when the others are doing their best to help me out, in Mr. Von Fröbel's absence?"

The girl gave a visible shudder.

"Is not that a little ungenerous?" asked Mrs. Fairfax, almost with indignation.

Esmé sighed. "I cannot sing when I have not the courage; and," she added humbly, "I am trying to make myself useful in some way," and she filled with fresh tea a row of blue teacups.

"I do not ask you to expend on my tea-table what was meant for mankind." But even while Mrs. Fairfax spoke, her face lighted up with joyful relief.

"Oh, Mr. Von Fröbel," she cried, addressing one of two men who appeared suddenly at the foot of the steps, "I am so delighted to see you!"

The new-comer was a man of middle age, dressed in gray tweeds, and carrying in his hand, besides a hazel-stick, a huge straw hat with a brim half a yard wide.

"Will you take me as you find me,"

he asked, "or shall I go back to the Inn and dress?"

There could be no doubt about Mrs. Fairfax's readiness to accept the pianist under any conditions, and Von Fröbel, all the time explaining how he and Arnold had lost their way in trying to make a short cut, followed her into the music-room, picked up a Japanese fan, sat down at the piano, and inquired what he should play. He had a heavy, homely face lighted with kindness and humor, and a general aspect of rude strength; but the moment he touched the keys, nobody would have accused him of lacking delicacy. Mrs. Fairfax begged him to play Chopin's Grande Polonaise; and the instant he began, the general air of polite concession on the part of the audience vanished. Eugene Trent rose, came forward, and stood near the instrument, with the air of a man whose burden of ennui is lifted. The effect produced upon another listener was even more apparent. No sooner had she heard the opening chords of the *Andante Spianato* than the girl at the tea-table started to her feet, the color rushing to her face, her eyes kindling. The change in her whole aspect was like that of a landscape flashing out of gray cloud into sunshine. While the piano still trembled under the vibrations of the final notes, she ran towards the hostess, and faltered in a voice of eager entreaty, "Oh, dear Mrs. Fairfax, may I sing?"

"May you sing?" said Mrs. Fairfax. "As if I had not been going on my knees all the afternoon to beg you to sing!"

She introduced Miss Esmé Lewis to Mr. Von Fröbel, who yielded his seat at the piano with a bow, and a smile in his sleepy eyes. The girl, once more pale, sank into it, and struck two notes, faint, monotonous, iterative, in a way that drew everybody's attention; then, at Mrs. Fairfax's suggestion, began Gounod's *Ave Maria*. It was, if such a thing might be said, like a child's singing in its sleep;

soft, unconscious, dreamy, telling of some inner rapture. It produced an impression of singular charm, and was applauded vociferously.

"Let me try one more, please," exclaimed the singer, impatient at the interruption. Then, as if the Ave Maria had been a mere prelude, suddenly and unexpectedly, as if withdrawing a veil and disclosing her genius in its majesty, she burst into the Ah Perfido!

Von Fröbel, who had smiled at the pretty spoiled child, expecting the timid experiment of the tyro in art, was kindled in his turn.

"That is excellent, that is admirable!" he cried, as soon as her voice died away. "Now you must take a rest, — wait till your breath comes. I too must try a little Beethoven."

Not to weary the reader, to whom the sight of the two ardent faces and the thrill of the music are wanting, it is enough to say that the competition, as it might be called, went on, the performers all the time gaining fire and felicity of execution, until Von Fröbel's friend, Arnold, pushed himself into the group about the instrument, explaining that he must take the pianist away, since they had but three quarters of an hour in which to go to the Inn, dress, and drive six miles to dine with Colonel McCosh at half past seven. Ten minutes later every guest had taken leave, save Mrs. Lewis, who lived in the next cottage, and her niece Esmé, who was talking to Eugene Trent. A soft pink color now glowed on the girl's cheek, and her eyes emitted light.

"I saw Mrs. Fairfax at first entreating you in vain to sing," Eugene remarked.

"But how could I sing?" she said, with a soft, piercing note in her voice. "There were so many people."

"Surely you are not afraid of people?"

She looked at him wistfully. "There was a lady with such strange, such hideous flowers in her bonnet standing straight up," she murmured.

"Flowers in her bonnet! What had that to do with it?"

"Then there was a girl with green sleeves, — such huge, such extraordinary sleeves, — like balloons!" She put her hands to her shoulders, then extended her arms almost to their full length.

"Sleeves! The moment Von Fröbel touched the piano, you minded neither the stiff flowers standing straight up nor the sleeves like balloons."

"I know." She regarded him with a meditative look in her blue eyes, then gave a little shiver. "You see," she said confidentially, "I need a push."

II.

"I understand her," said Eugene Trent. "Often enough I long to be smitten as Moses smote the rock."

Mrs. Fairfax and her aunt, Miss Barlow, had been speaking of Esmé Lewis, who, her father having died ten years before, and her mother having married again, had lived chiefly with her aunt in Munich, Milan, and Paris, where she had been given the best musical opportunities. Mrs. Lewis was ambitious for the girl, who had delighted her masters by her talent, but who seemed to lack the strength of will to command at need the requisite *élan* to make herself invariably the mistress of her own powers. Or was it a mere girlish whim which caused her to behave as Eugene had seen her that day, — at first shrinking from any display of her talent, then suddenly descending upon the piano like a whirlwind?

It was later in the evening. The doors and windows of the cottage were still wide open, and across the indistinguishable gulf of blackness rose the outlines of the mountains, above which a vast bank of cloud kept flashing back the reflections of distant lightnings. The night was so cool that the great logs had been set aflame in the fireplace, and Mrs.

Fairfax had put on a long white wrap trimmed with Angora fur. But to shut doors and windows was to shut out the feeling of nearness to the mountains, the wilderness, the night, the universe.

"Von Fröbel inspired her," said Eugene. "Every artist needs to be goaded like an ox, and often enough dwindles and declines simply from the lack of the necessary spur."

"I wish I might inspire somebody."

"Inspire me. Somebody has said that a poet at forty must find a fresh inspiration; otherwise, as a poet, he is dead. That is what ails me."

"You are thirty-three, and you grow more and more popular every day."

"I am accepted, I admit; but I observe that nowadays, although everybody congratulates me on my last new thing, nobody has yet found time to read it. The critics are beginning to say, 'One of Eugene Trent's characteristic efforts,' or 'Eugene Trent displays his usual brilliant facility.' I know what such signs point to."

"Why should a successful writer care about the critics?"

"It is the successful writer who is nervous about his talent. Does a pretty woman never look in the glass and say to herself that she no longer grows each day more beautiful, and that there must come a time?"—

"If you mean me," said Mrs. Fairfax, a childless woman of thirty-six, with an adoring husband, just now on the other side of the globe,—"if you mean me, I do nothing else."

"Time enough for you some twenty years hence," Eugene, the cousin of the absent Du Pont Fairfax, said, with animation. "What I mean is that one longs for the miracle to repeat itself, for the feeling of the spontaneous upspringing of the seed from the earth, the effervescence of the sap through the veins. To feel surprise and joy in doing one's own work is the first requisite for interesting other people."

"You interest everybody."

"Who is everybody? The people you and I know have no time to read. There is too much of everything nowadays, there are ten thousand too many fellows writing, every new author is elbowing the old authors out of the way, and not even a woman's gowns go out of fashion as do a man's books. I tell you, Fanny, it is a dismal thing, this getting a living by one's wits, with a dread all the time of lagging superfluous in a world which wants to forget you. Then, too, there is the sordid side to it: other men's names are not only first on the publishers' lists and on the playbills, but what used to come into your pocket slides with singular ease into the pocket of the other fellow."

But Mrs. Fairfax was laughing, well aware that Eugene was the idol of editors and publishers, and that he had a play posted for rehearsal in New York for the opening of the season.

"Evidently," she exclaimed, "this is a moment of despondency!"

"Yes, I am horribly tired of myself. As Miss Esmé Lewis says, 'I need a push.'"

"Fall in love."

"Have n't I been in love?"

"You were in love at the age of twenty-two, or thought you were in love with Sarah Sargent. There has been a little touch of Sarah in all you have written, and I sometimes say to myself that, after all, Sarah was not all womankind, and that you ought to enlarge your experience. Of course I know," she went on, answering his glance and shrug, "that you have had flirtations, but they have been with women older than yourself. We old women are very well in a social way, but we cannot touch the heart, we cannot kindle the imagination. That comes only with the dawn of the early morning. 'It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.'"

The clock had struck eleven, and Miss Barlow interposed, saying it was bedtime.

Eugene went to his room still under the thrill of his half confession, and coerced to rehearse to himself, in the absence of other auditor, the part he had left unsaid. He leaned forth from the open casement. Strange sounds rose out of the stillness. Was it the wind that stirred the forest, and swept down with long, sighing gusts into the valley? The clouds had risen, and, riven with lightnings, resembled beetling monsters advancing to swallow up the mountains and the valley beneath.

His usual well-braced, half-cynical habit of mind had not been broken without results. What he had at times experienced rather as a blinding flash than as a matter of clear insight, and what he had been incomprehensibly impelled to confide to Fanny Fairfax, now rose, shaping itself out of a thousand dim perceptions, and looked him in the face. He was dissatisfied with himself and with his work. His gift had been to catch and focus the ideas of his generation; to be pliant to impressions, receptive, experimental, above all modern. His success had been so signal that it had at first contented him; then, as time went on, the very ease with which he succeeded became a torment. He paused before each new effort, jealous, fastidious, realizing more and more that it was mere cleverness; that the passion and the human significance which are the essence of all lasting art were left out. He was sick of his grooves. He longed to free himself from their tyranny; to break up his habits, and work spontaneously out of a clear central idea; to go to nature, watch, observe, take notes. He was like a studio painter whose imagination has been impressed by certain models and poses, which he reproduces, until there is no longer any clear individuality in his work. What he needed, Eugene now decided, was to go back to the beginning; to take a single personality, study it, and pluck out the heart of its mystery.

He expected to stay two or three weeks in Egeria, and his mind reverted to Miss Lewis as good material for a study. She was palpably different from the everyday girl, and he wanted some one who could give what was still fresh, uncoined. Certainly, so far there had been something suggestive in her most innocent sentences. Why not take notes? He remembered that Tourgenieff, in his wish to penetrate the whole character and temperament of his heroes and heroines, used to write the diary of each; in fact, fragments of Ellen's are retained in *On the Eve*. "Why should not I take some such means to preserve fragments of conversation and actions disclosing the characteristic bias?" Eugene now asked himself.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he fell into a doze; then, unconscious of having slept, started up with the feeling that some one had been close beside him, singing. Indeed, the melody, which was Gounod's *Ave Maria*, still vibrated through his brain. He strained his ears. He could not resist the bewildered impression not only that he had heard her voice, but that Esmé Lewis herself had been beside him, sweet, smiling, and seductive.

He went to bed, but some effect of this vision remained, and he used it as the initial entry in the new diary which was to fix his fleeting impressions, catch the charm of the incomplete, arrest the passing light which transfigures the simplest thing: the silver of the poplar leaves as they shiver and turn in the breeze; the flight of a pigeon, its snow-white throat glistening in the sunshine; the rising blush on the cheek of a young girl, — say the face of Miss Esmé Lewis. For let us remember that Eugene's primary impulse was to strive after pure effect. His end was distinct from the means, his artistic ideal from the passing form it wore, his idea from its subject.

We will quote occasional paragraphs from this diary.

August 13. Young girls stir the imagination because they say only the half of what they think. A man is obliged to piece out the meaning by his perception of the creature, by the curve of the lip, by the fluttering droop of the eyelids.

August 14. Fanny's idea of exercise is to "walk round the mountain." Esmé and I lead the way at a pace which permits us to make two circuits to the others' one. The walk is charming, the fine beeches and hemlocks parting at intervals, and disclosing vistas of the valley, the little lake, the farther ranges. . . . Sometimes we talk; again we keep silence. I quoted Hardy, who declares that a real woodlander can tell every variety of tree by the sound the wind makes in its leaves and branches. This interests her; she listens, refining upon the idea. Now and then comes the call of a partridge, the patter of an acorn. She may be quiet, but never dull. Often when she is gazing straight before her, there is something high pitched and passionate about her face. She is docile, has no pose. I fancy her easy submission comes from her indifference to people not in touch with her. . . . Out of doors, where everything is moving, buzzing, humming, fluttering, one's eyes and ears are taken possession of. I could sit for a week and wonder why a birch-tree shivers when everything else is motionless, and why one frequently sees one particular leaf in violent motion when others show not even a vibration.

Later. For a man of my age to talk to a young girl is, in general, to take the tone of an imbecile or a dogmatist, but I find a good deal to say to Miss Lewis. She is insatiable for facts. To-day she darted up the bank, vanished into the thicket, then reappeared, leaping down the rocks like a young fawn. She had picked some blossoms of *Impatiens fulva*, and had hung them over her ears and in her brooch.

"You remind me of Marguerite and

her jewels," I remarked. "A common name of that flower is jewel-weed."

Naturally, she burst into the pretty song from Faust; then having, as it were, let it loose, questioned me about the names of the plants, exalting me as a botanist because I happened to have them at my tongue's end, repeating them over and over.

"Why do you care to know them? They are not in your line," I said.

"Everything is in my line," she replied. "One can sing only as deep as one feels, as one knows." Then suddenly stretching out her arms, she cried, "I long to understand everything! Sometimes I cannot sleep at night for thinking how it is 'all going on.'"

"What is going on?" I inquired.

"The wind, the moon, the planets, the stars in their courses. I hate to be safe in bed. I long to be out moving with it all."

August 17. She told me to-day of a visit from Von Fröbel. She had sung to him for an hour; then he told her she had an unusually good mezzo-soprano voice, of sympathetic quality, flexible, of fair compass, and correct in intonation. When she asked advice as to the future, he said, "For one year work hard, get familiar with your work; then for another year work harder, and get more familiar with your work; then for a third year harder still."

"And after that?" she had asked.

"Perhaps you may have a great career, perhaps not."

She is not discouraged. Indeed, he seems to have kindled fresh fires in her.

August 20. How does a girl, within the space of twenty-four hours, contrive to look like a Cinderella in the ashes, a fashionable young lady dressed by Worth, a portrait by Vandyck, and a saint of Fra Angelico's?

August 21. I caught sight of a sailor hat, and followed; but her "no," when I asked if I should spoil her walk, showed such excessive politeness, I felt abashed.

"Oh, if you prefer solitude," I said.

"Oh no. Mr. Von Fröbel says I must not be solitary; I must keep myself in touch with people."

"Hang Von Fröbel!" — this to myself; then aloud, "I object to being people in general; if I can be nobody in particular, I will go the other way."

"But you are somebody very particular," she returned demurely; then added, with a little smile, "Mrs. Fairfax says you are surpassingly clever!"

"Mrs. Fairfax loves to exalt her friends. She reminds me of Madame Necker with her memorandum, 'Not to forget to recompliment M. Thomas.'"

She gazed at me with her limpid blue eyes. "Who was M. Thomas?" she asked impassively.

"An Academician who had written a book."

"I wonder if he was not bored by Madame Necker's compliments?"

"I fancy she knew her world. Are you, for example, bored when any one praises your singing twice over?"

"No, I like it; but then," she went on, with a burst of confidence, "I am pining for a clear certainty that my voice is felt. I get in a rage with myself for being pleased by cheap successes, — I call myself names! But you, who too are an artist, you know it all, — how one longs for recognition, for sympathy, yet how poor, how stale, it seems when one gets it."

It flattered me to the fibre, of course, to be called a fellow-artist, and thereupon she told me something which startled me: I was pointed out to her as the author of *Martyrs*, on the afternoon of the musicale, and she was curious enough about me, or the book, to sit up until two o'clock to read it. Then she put it down, charmed and carried away to such a degree that, in spite of the dead hour of night, she had to relieve herself by singing a little.

"What did you sing?" I inquired.

"The Ave Maria of Gounod."

Now, I call it nothing less than devilish odd that just after two, that very night, I not only heard her singing that song, but felt her presence, actually saw her. It is an instance for the Psychical Research Society.

"It is so stupid to go to bed, when one feels excited and uplifted," she continued naively. "What a dead loss the night is! Why could not nature be restored in some more economical way than by seven hours of unprofitable oblivion? I longed to go on singing all night."

We had reached the summit of Mount Egeria. The Sky peaks, which when we started were veiled in mists, had now emerged resplendent. The ferns, mosses, all the rich greenery about us, seemed to drink in the sunlight, and give it back in vivid color. Great turquoise and emerald dragonflies whirled about in broken starts, brown and yellow butterflies fluttered like falling leaves.

"I wish you would sing to me now," I said.

Nothing loath, she clambered up a rock and began at once. Something in the girl's face and figure, and her measured strain with its full, unbroken rhythm, opened up vistas of imagination, large, free, untrammelled. At first the song suggested the flight of a bird, that, poised on wide expanded pinions, floats above the world. Gradually the movement grew more rapid; she sang with more abruptness, fire, impetuosity; and then I remembered Faust's ride with Mephistopheles. When she ceased, I asked what the song was, and she said the composer was an obscure Italian, and that it was called *The Dream*. It would have been a stupid obvious compliment to tell her I liked it; any woman with an ounce of insight could have seen that both she and her song had taken hold of me. But the petty vanity of the artist urged her to inquire, "Did I sing it well? Mr. Von Fröbel says I ought never to sing in the open air, and never without an

accompaniment, until I am absolute mistress of my voice."

August 22. Evidently she is more interested in art and in herself as an artist than in anything or anybody. She likes me, however, as a companion, little guessing that I am using her and her whims and her cleverness as a cook uses grouse for a pie. She feels that I am sympathetic, and often permits herself irresistible élan and abandon. If I were to fall in love with her, — which Heaven forbid! — this attitude of indifference would stir my emotional nature far more than either concession or coquetry, for it penetrates me with a sense of infinite sweetness to discover, to conquer. As well to note down this, but of course what I ask for is a fillip to the imagination. I should not know what to do with a durable sentiment.

August 24. We started two hours before Fanny and the others, who were to drive to the gorge. Esmé was in a quiet mood, and trudged along in the dust with a sad little white face. I wondered what thought consumed her with endless regrets. Finally she broke silence.

"You do not mind my being rather shabby, Mr. Trent? You see, I am not rich, and I like to save my good clothes."

I observed that I admired her trim little serge frock; that I rejoiced if she were poor, — it gave her a better chance to do good work.

"Then you advise me to go on the stage?" she said, with a sigh which seemed to break her heart.

"If you long for such a career and possess the requisite genius, I should."

"I have plenty of genius," she hastened to say. "What I need is the requisite talent to give my genius free play."

"There used to be such a destiny for woman as marriage," I suggested tentatively, rather wickedly, for one needs somehow to get at the secret of the mainspring of a mechanism. But when she murmured, "Yes," looking straight

before her, a soft color rising to her cheek, I was conscious that the blush communicated itself to me, and experienced a peculiar embarrassment which forbade my saying another word.

"I suppose," she now observed, with a luxurious little sigh, "that every great artist must have experienced a great passion."

When a woman gives a man back certain of his own ideas he loathes them.

"What is important for an artist," I said, with austerity, "is to love his work, and do it with all his might."

"That is all I wish to do!" she cried, walking on faster than ever.

Arrived at the hut where we were to picnic, and which overlooks a gorge with a dry bed of boulders and precipitous barren sides, she assumed a new rôle: arranged the rugs, steamer chairs, and cushions which Fanny had sent on before us, opened the hamper, and, pinning a napkin over her frock, set to work making a mayonnaise.

"How she puts her soul into whatever she does!" Fanny remarked to me. "How she will love a man one of these days!"

This intensely feminine speech half enraged me. How detestable the talk is about "a man"! As if *any* member of the male sex would answer! Besides, we should never think of gauging a girl's capacity for passion by her zeal in whisking eggs. Yet I observe that the critical subtleties of women, full of zig-zags as they are, sometimes hit the mark. Fanny has more than once given me a useful hint, albeit based on a wildly illogical chimera.

III.

Shortly after this entry, Eugene gave up the diary, finding it unnecessary to take notes of what was more than sufficiently in his mind already. And it was no longer with the design of reinforcing his powers of invention with these im-

pressions of Esmé that he spent his time watching and thinking about her, but with a cramping, narrowing, wholly inartistic sense of his own wishes. He was in love, and he knew that he was in love. Until now it would have seemed incredible that he should thus limit his future, and for a few days he tried to knock at the door of his old tastes, and summon his fastidiousness, his fixed habits of elegance and ease. Strange to say, they did not come at his bidding, but instead a fresh force of his nature, hitherto almost unfelt, which rushed into the full current of this new feeling.

Still, he experienced a sense of the irony of things when destiny handed him over, not to some supreme career, but to the joys of the common lot; and he reflected that he must be sure of himself, that he must not act upon impulse, like a boy of twenty, to whom love is like a bottle of champagne effervescing in the brain. Then, even if he were sure of himself, he was not yet sure of Esmé. Some test was needed before he could decide whether the innocence and ardor with which she threw herself into their every-day intercourse pointed to any clear central feeling for himself.

They met constantly in their walks, and at the teas, receptions, and entertainments which made up the social life in Egeria, and where Esmé was rarely let off without a song, a recitation, or other effort sure to disclose something fine, characteristic, and powerful in the girl. That Eugene experienced more and more a sort of jealousy of the other people who admired and applauded these artistic displays was natural.

"You recited *Oh, Monsieur!* capital, last night," he observed to her one morning. They had gone on an errand for Mrs. Lewis to Long Hill, and having acquitted themselves of it, had found a shady nook on a steep slope, where they sat down to rest. A dreamy hum from myriads of wings penetrated the ear.

The poplars, all in a quiver, showed the silver under their leaves as the breeze stirred them. The whole magnificent landscape, stretching on every side away to the Sky Mountains, basked in sunlight.

"Why do you remind me of it now?" said Esmé. "I simply repeated it. I had the lesson at the ends of my fingers."

"I heard what the people were saying," he went on: "that you possessed a sure income of twenty thousand locked up in that voice of yours, whether you sang or whether you recited."

"I hate it, I hate it all," she said, and he saw in her face a look like a cup of crystal brimming over.

"But twenty—fifty thousand dollars income!" he repeated, as if incredulous.

"Twenty thousand dollars for being somebody else!" she exclaimed impatiently.

"You would rather be yourself."

"Yes, myself. People have always been talking of what I could do with my voice. I should like to forget I had a voice. I should like to go into the wilderness and rough it." She was sitting on a ledge of rocks, leaning forward, and clasping her hands on her knees.

"What do you mean by roughing it?"

"Living out of doors, sleeping on hemlock boughs or on the stones, beneath the stars."

"You would n't be afraid of snakes and bears?"

She shivered. "Oh yes, I should."

"But then, of course," Eugene suggested mischievously, "somebody would be along to take care of you."

"I don't know," she said nonchalantly. "Nobody ever did take care of me yet."

"You poor little girl! Do you like to be taken care of?"

"Does n't everybody?"

"I know," said Eugene, "that *I* do. But everybody says that the modern woman is not only equal to taking care

of herself, but prefers it. I admire her strength of mind."

"You admire strong-minded women?"

"I admire all kinds of women. I am pulled in all directions. If a man could but have nine wives!"

"I wish you joy of your nine wives!"

"You are properly disdainful, Miss Esmé Lewis, knowing that in each one of your sex there are at least nine women."

She looked at him, laughing. "Perhaps, then, one wife might suffice."

Her nonchalance tried him. He lay stretched at full length on the rock beside her, his hand supporting his head. He gazed at her fixedly. There was no droop of the eyes, no rising color. "One will suffice," he said significantly.

"Even one might be too many," she retorted.

"There have been times when I felt so, when I said that to marry would be to end my career. I could not marry for money, and to be compelled to write with the idea of grinding out a certain amount of copy in order to make an income would paralyze all my faculties. I have never felt sure of myself. I have a dread of becoming second rate."

She was gazing at him intently now. "That would be horrible," she said, with a shudder, — "to feel one's self deteriorating, yet to go on and do middling things when one had hoped to do great things!"

"But all that is an egoistic and one-sided state of mind," said Eugene. "I feel suddenly contented with middling things. Who does great things except the masters? Even if I had expected to create an art era, I am now willing to give up such dreams, and accept without question what will bring me crackers and cheese."

"Do not say it!" she cried, putting her fingers in her ears. "I cannot endure to have you say it."

"For I tell you," Eugene pursued, with vehemence, "a man does not live

by crackers and cheese alone, nor even by partridges, truffles, and terrapin. I have been half mad with loneliness sometimes, although I have had all the luxuries, more than were good for me. I called my loneliness by other names, and I have appointed to myself strange consolations. Yet the matter was that I wanted something that was my own, — my own down to the very heart, the roots of it, — that could be no other man's. To dismiss metaphor, Miss Esmé Lewis, what I want is the sweet little wife I used to say I did not want. No matter how poor we may be, no matter what becomes of my talent, no matter how we may have to live by my sordid quill-driving, I long for her, — to scold, praise, preach to, soothe, and get scoldings and comfort out of."

The color had rushed to her face now, but her eyes were fixed on the distance. "Poor thing!" she murmured.

"Do you mean my wife?" he said, with indignation. "She will be the happiest woman in the world, or will think she is."

"When she has spoiled your career?"

"Perhaps," he said softly, "art will not have uttered her final word to me. But let all that go. I am willing to put the future on the hazard of a die. One has to say sometimes, 'I am young; I have a right to try to be happy.'"

"We have no rights, only duties."

"That is an excellent creed for a wife," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "My wife will have certain duties. The first will be to love me, and the next to do with delight whatever I wish her to do. When, for example, I take her out camping with me, I shall cut hemlock boughs for her bed, and shall say to her, 'Sleep there,' and she shall sleep beneath the stars."

Their eyes met. Her glance was shy, but it communicated a subtle fire to his veins.

"Poor thing!" she murmured again.

"Oh, you pretend to pity her!"

"I pity her sincerely. I feel so sure that when morning comes you will say, 'Wake up and get breakfast.'"

"That seems inevitable."

She was laughing. "Mrs. Lewis believes," she pursued, "that at heart all men are despots, — that any concession on their part depends on the woman."

"Of course it depends on the woman. Now, Esmé, tell me frankly, would you rather govern or be governed?"

"Oh, *be* governed, a thousand times; except, that is, when I wanted my own way."

"How often would that be? Three times out of four?"

"Twice ought to do. That would n't look so greedy."

In spite of the irrepressible mischief in her face, he was so sure of a feeling in her throbbing in response to his own that he was moved to stretch out his hand to clasp hers; but midway her words arrested the impulse.

"Mr. Von Fröbel says," she now remarked, "that in the ultimate triumph of civilization a man will have only to press an electric button and his every need will be gratified. I wish you joy, Mr. Trent, of a wife like an electric button."

His hand descended on hers with a spring, and held it fast.

"I assure you, Miss Lewis, the woman I love with all my heart is a creature delicate, spontaneous, catching fire easily, and acting on every impulse."

The moment his clasp tightened on her hand she had sprung up, and he had followed.

"It is time to go back!" she exclaimed.

"No, Esmé, not yet."

"Oh yes. Please let me."

She had withdrawn her hand, and now, without putting on her hat or unfurling her parasol, darted up the bank and reached the road, where, in the hot noon-tide glare, she stood awaiting him.

"Are you angry with me?" she faltered, as he approached.

"Evidently you have a bad conscience."

"I behave badly, I know," she said, with a touch of contrition in her voice; "but Mr. Von Fröbel says every successful actor must have a touch of the mountebank in his composition."

"It is Von Fröbel, Von Fröbel, Von Fröbel, with you!" he cried, with actual indignation.

"Why should it not be, when he helps me, believes in me?"

"Do not I help you, believe in you?"

"You care nothing about my voice. 'My voice is my fortune, sir, she said.'" She quoted it saucily, with a little curtsy.

His wrath was appeased. Still, he had no desire to pick up the scattered threads of his spoiled declaration of love while they trudged homeward along the dusty road.

"Suppose, Esmé," he said, "I were to put you in a book?"

She laughed in glee, lowering her eyelids.

"You could n't," she retorted.

"You mean that I have not got the clue to you, the secret of you? What else have I been doing all this time except studying you? Do you suppose I could afford to waste such an opportunity?"

"Do not dare to put me in a book," she said, in a different tone, with an indescribable change in her face.

"But if I make you charming!" he said teasingly.

"No, no matter how you make me." Then she added, with some effort at archness, "Do you remember what the pheasants said when they were asked whether they preferred to be served up in bread or mushroom sauce?"

"No."

"That they preferred not to be served up in any sauce at all."

This was Esmé's final word, for in another moment they were joined by half a dozen people, and for the rest of the walk, like a creature with wings, she darted,

fluttered, and buzzed about, but did not once come near him. He expected, however, to meet her at a musical party in the afternoon, and in the evening she was to assist Von Fröbel in a farewell entertainment at the Inn, given for a charitable enterprise. Thus in the meshes of a dilemma as he was, Eugene yet counted on the opportunity of saying, and saying effectively, what he had left unsaid. To his dismay, he did not come face to face with Esmé again that day, except as he sat in the audience and heard her sing.

IV.

The next morning, when Eugene called at Mrs. Lewis's cottage, he was told that the ladies were not at home. Notwithstanding, when, after luncheon, he again walked past the house, he caught a glimpse of the object of his thoughts as she passed an upper window. He stood still in the path, and bowed with exaggerated politeness.

"You are not at home," he remarked.

"No, not to visitors," Miss Lewis replied calmly.

"There are people who have compunctions of conscience."

"Not I."

"However, I called this morning simply to ask you to go to Phantom Falls with me."

"Please excuse me."

"Of course. Only, as we once arranged to take a walk there together, and as I am going to New York to-night, it seemed"—

"Are you going to New York to-night?"

"Please God."

"Why are you going to New York to-night?"

"I am telegraphed for. You consider me, no doubt, a purely ornamental lily of the field, when the truth is, I am the pivot on"—

"I remember," she interrupted with

some eagerness, "I did promise to walk to Phantom Falls with you."

"You certainly did."

"I always mean to keep my promises," she said, with a conscientious air. Her glance searched the skies. "But do you not think it is going to rain?"

"It never rains when it is as dry as it is now."

"Could you wait for me five minutes?"

"Six."

When she joined him, he perceived that she was pale, her eyes red with weeping. He took her hand. It was cold, it trembled in his own; but no signs of joy could have pleased him as did these indications of woe.

"I am so pleased," he said, when they had walked on for some time in silence, "that you have put on your poor little frock."

"You do think it is going to rain, then?"

"I only meant that you seem not too magnificent to walk beside a shabby Bohemian."

"You would not like to have any one else call you a shabby Bohemian."

"Perhaps not. But I address you as I address my conscience. Do you consider it a disgrace that I am a shabby Bohemian, with nothing between me and destitution save a small balance at my banker's and the work of my good right hand?"

"It brings back what you said yesterday," she said softly. "I want to ask you to forgive me for being angry."

He found something enigmatical but singularly sweet in her look.

She went on: "For a moment I was hurt to think you had perhaps been drawing me out, using me as material for your work. I ought to be proud of it; indeed, I am proud if I have given you an idea, no matter how trivial, how foolish. I only wish I might have given you great things, immortal things."

"Esmé," he returned passionately, "let me tell you how wretched I have

been at the thought of what seemed like blind presumption, like cold egotism. I want to say now" —

"No, do not say it!" she cried. "Let yesterday go; this is to-day."

It was one of those afternoons when the sky alternately brightens and darkens. A strong south wind was blowing, and as they made the steep descent to the valley which skirted the green ridges of Wildcat Mountain they met it full in their faces.

"Let us walk on fast," she continued, in a rapid, excited way. "I love to drink it in."

They tore down the path. "Is that fast enough?" he asked.

"Nothing is fast enough. Let us run."

He caught her hand, and they ran on, until she paused, breathless.

"I wish we had wings," she said. She tried to draw her hand away.

"No, I want your hand, just as if we were always to walk on, hand in hand."

"It is just in play?"

"Just in play." He bent toward her, smiling. "I love you dearly, Esmé."

"Just as children play at being lovers."

Their eyes met; he felt her yielding clasp. He was insatiable of the charm of the moment.

"If one could be a child," she went on, "with no thought that the impossible, tantalizing vision is not true, that occasion can ever come for sacrifice, for a difficult deciphering of duty!"

"I told you yesterday what your duty was."

"Do not speak of yesterday. This is to-day."

"I am intoxicated with this to-day. It goes to my head."

He told her about himself: that he was old and wise, having once lived through a love affair which lasted six weeks, until the return of his inamorata's mother, who broke it off because he was too young and too poor. "Now I am too old and too poor, but no matter. Have you ever been in love, Esmé?"

"I never had any time to be in love. You see it has always been work, work, work, study, study, study, with me."

"Do you know, Esmé, the first time I saw you, when you were pouring out tea, I considered you a cold little creature."

"I had not begun to think of you then," she said naively.

"No, you thought only of music, — of that Von Fröbel."

She gave him a startled look.

"Tell me, Esmé, if you think of me now."

"I think of you too much, too much, too much."

The confession seemed wrung from her against her will, but all the more it charmed him, for it was as if some spiritual touch of his soul and her soul evoked a force in her nature asserting itself against conventions, perhaps against her ambition for a personal career. He said nothing, only pressed the hand he held.

They had traversed the open space under the shadow of the huge bulk of Wildcat Mountain, and now entered the ravine which led up to the falls. At the same time, the sun, which had been shining fitfully, was suddenly obscured, and the wind swept down the gorge in heavy gusts. On the right, here and there, a jutting rock on the perpendicular precipice gave lodgment to a few stunted pines and hemlocks; on the left, beyond the bed of pebbles and rocks, where the shrunken stream glided noiselessly, a deep forest climbed the slope to the very sky. Ahead was now discernible something white, misty, diaphanous, like a veil of frosty gauze floating in the air.

"There are the falls. Like a phantom, are they not?" said Esmé. But even while she spoke, before they had gained a full view, the misty wavering outline of the cascade, with the hanging herbage, flowers, and vines which framed it, seemed to vanish as by a magic spell. It had suddenly grown so dark that they both looked up to the narrow strip of sky, with its black hurrying clouds, and

saw that the trees on the summit of the precipice were bending and twisting, at the mercy of a tornado. The forest gave out a piercing moan.

"Let us get out of this," said Eugene, with consternation. "I ought not to have brought you here."

They stumbled at every step, no longer able to follow the footpath. The darkness was uncanny, and uncanny, too, were the almost articulate cries of the trees in the gale. All at once a few drops of rain fell, and then the sun burst forth again, enabling them to gain the open.

Indifferent to everything but the sensation of joyful relief, Eugene drew Esmé to him.

"Lucky for us it rained no harder," he said.

"But it will rain."

"No matter, so long as we are out of that frightful place. If a stone—if a tree had fallen on you, Esmé"—

"But suppose"—

"Yes, suppose—suppose the heavens had fallen, suppose the heavens had crushed us!"

Their eyes met. She drew a long breath.

"We should be dead, I suppose."

"Both dead or both alive. It could not matter. But think, Esmé, of one of us being alive, and the other dead!"

He was holding her close. She was looking into his face, and in her eyes and smile he saw all he longed to see. He bent and kissed her lips, three, four times. Once she kissed him back; then drew away, and raised her hand, listening.

"I hear the rain coming," she said.

The wind had ceased. Instead, there was a steady roar as of an advancing host. The mountains were lost in gray mist. The clouds had shut down. In another moment the deluge was upon them.

They reached the cottages an hour later. They had scarcely spoken except in disjointed exclamations, but she had clung to him, and he had shielded her.

There had been no adieus, although she knew that Eugene was to start at once to catch the evening train.

V.

Two days later, before the rainstorm, to which the shower was a prelude, had cleared off, Eugene had finished his business in New York, and was again in Egeria, at Mrs. Fairfax's.

"And the Lewises?" he asked, when she told him she had been so lonely that she was packing up to go to Lenox.

"They started at nine o'clock yesterday."

"What do you mean?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Did not Esmé tell you they were to sail for Europe this morning at sunrise?"

"She told me nothing."

Mrs. Fairfax remarked, looking anywhere except at Eugene's face, that it was odd he should have been kept in the dark. It appeared that Mrs. Lewis had finally made a precipitate flight, although she had more than once spoken of returning to Europe in September. Von Fröbel had urged it, and they had gone with him. Esmé was to study in Paris under his auspices until January, and then he had promised to get her an engagement.

Eugene listened with a parched throat which would have hindered his utterance even if he had had words to speak. There was the obvious fact of loss, as when you are told that your friend is dead; the grave has closed over him, you can speak to him no more, and you realize with surprise your own superfluous and nugatory gift of life. Esmé's face suddenly shone in Eugene's memory with parted lips, as when she had sung to him that morning on the mountain top.

"I had wondered, Eugene," Mrs. Fairfax now said, with some tenderness, putting her hand on his arm, "if you

really did care for her, or whether it was only an artistic experience."

"I loved her, — I wanted to marry her," he returned, with a rough, altered voice.

"Did you tell her so?"

"Do not ask me," he muttered.

"I fear," murmured Mrs. Fairfax, a little embarrassed, "Mrs. Lewis may have told Esmé that it was a way you had to — half fall in love."

As she spoke, Eugene knew that Fanny herself had imposed this belief of hers upon others.

"Mrs. Lewis said to me once," she proceeded, "that she thought your acquaintance had been stimulating to Esmé's genius. Mr. Von Fröbel had told her that Sontag's voice lacked charm until she had been through a good deal of experience."

Eugene returned to New York on the following day, with the intention of taking the Wednesday steamer to Europe. The manager, however, who had his play in rehearsal had blocked out different work for the author, and he was obliged to content himself with writing to Esmé. Yet in sitting down to compose his letter he experienced the fact that already his restless fever, his intense determination to win her, was moderated by his dread of imposing a dull future upon her.

Perhaps Esmé discerned this. Perhaps she was still too young to know

what imperishable hopes she had roused, what disappointment she had cost. She wrote back that she was sorry to have gone away abruptly, but had felt sure he would understand, since he knew that her art could be content with nothing less than an absolute giving up of all her life, of all her faculties, and of all her powers; that he must regard her as he had often seemed to regard her, as a mere child, and forgive her foolish truancy, which had made her suffer, running away as she had done from her kind summer friend, to whom for a week, for two weeks even, she had longed, at any cost, to return through the darkness and the distance.

This letter reached Eugene just as his play was brought out, when everything outside his present anxieties was something accidental, transitory, like summer lightnings which bring no relief to parched pasture lands. After his play had survived its ordeal, and had been pruned and shaped into something which pleased the public, he was worn out, disenchanted; and it was in this moment of despondency that he read in the paper of Esmé's successful début in Paris, and simultaneously of her engagement for the London season. Although Eugene feels in his deepest heart that no day of forgetfulness will ever dawn for him with temptation to feel happy again, he is writing a novel which promises to be his best work.

Ellen Olney Kirk.

SOME EVILS OF OUR CONSULAR SERVICE.

THERE have been occasional rumors — more or less vague and misty, it is true, but rumors nevertheless — of an intention to "remodel" the consular service of the United States. We are treated quadrennially to an abundant crop of Washington dispatches, in which vari-

ous enterprising newspaper correspondents announce with becoming gravity that the administration proposes to make a "few judicious changes" in the consular personnel, — always, of course, with an eye single to the improvement of the service. It is given out that business

efficiency will control the selection ; but when the record is made up, it is invariably seen, curiously enough, that there has been a slight confusion of terms. It is political, and not business efficiency which has prevailed. This is in no wise the fault of the parties or of the men who happen to be charged with their direction ; it is the fault of the system. The one controlling idea behind that system, if indeed such it can be called, is strangely suggestive of that pleasant bit of sentiment Alice was so often wont to meet with in Wonderland, — “Off with their heads.”

It would be impossible, within the scope of an article of this sort, to give anything like a comprehensive statement of the duties of a consular officer. Quite apart from the powers and privileges assigned to him by international law, our tariff laws impose duties of an unusual character. The proper and intelligent discharge of this work alone requires much special information, which can be acquired only by toilsome application. Every invoice must be produced before the consular officer by the manufacturer, exporter, purchaser, or some duly authorized agent. The consul is supposed to control this statement, to be in possession of the facts, and to be able to furnish the customs authorities with what our system calls for, namely, the market value of the goods at the place where they are manufactured or in the district where they are sold. He is required to have samples of the merchandise to be shipped. He is expected, in short, according to the beautiful theory of the law and regulations, to be in a position to check the enormous frauds which are being constantly and successfully perpetrated upon the revenues of this country. At seaport consulates the consul is vested with a sort of police control. He is charged with the settlement of disputes between master and seamen, and with the issuance of bills of health to vessels clearing for the United States. Destitute

sailors must be cared for and sent home. Vast commercial and maritime interests, together with the public health, are within the keeping of the men who guard these posts. Questions are constantly arising, even at unimportant places, which call for decision of character and sound judgment. The effects and estates of American citizens dying abroad are entrusted to the consular representative, and must be managed by him for the benefit of the heirs. Reports upon industrial, commercial, financial, and kindred subjects are required to be made from time to time to the Department of State. These reports are issued monthly, and have a wide circulation. As all business men well know, when made by men having an accurate knowledge of a country, its language and resources, they are of great practical value. Every consular officer must have been impressed by the multitudinous inquiries, covering every conceivable subject, which deluged him during his term of office. In addition to these regular and legitimate duties, in many places, incessant and petty demands for information and assistance are made upon consuls by their traveling countrymen. To adjust all these endless difficulties calls for great tact, and oftentimes friendly personal relations with the local authorities. The performance of notarial acts is another function. Legal instruments, of whatever character, which are to be used in this country, must be attested by one of our diplomatic or consular officers. This enumeration is far from complete, but it suffices to show how infinite and varied a consul's duties are. It shows, too, something else, and that is that no ordinary qualifications will enable their possessor to discharge his trust with success or even credit.

Prior to 1856 all officers were unsalaried. The law of that year, although it has been subsequently amended and extended, is still the foundation upon which our consular service rests. By

this bill, salaries were attached to some of the principal posts, and there were various classifications made, which have since been adhered to; although it may be remarked in passing that they have long since utterly lost whatever significance they may once have had; they no longer furnish any index to the real importance of a post. The substitution of fixed salaries for fees (of which, up to that time, no account had been rendered to the government) was a needed reform. Before this, the incumbents of posts like Liverpool, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Dresden enjoyed princely revenues, in no way commensurate with the services rendered. A few of these old-time fee-paid offices survived, however, and were flourishing less than two decades ago. They are all practically abolished now by the provision which requires official fees in excess of \$2500 to be turned over to the Treasury. At present there are few real plums in the consular fruit basket, and their pecuniary value is derived from the class of fees known as unofficial.

Partly because of the peculiar character of our revenue laws, and partly, no doubt, owing to the necessity of providing for the faithful, the number of offices of the lower grades has increased and multiplied of late years at an alarming rate. To many of these places salaries ridiculously inadequate have been attached. By the last annual appropriation bill, the compensation of seventy-five consulates was fixed at \$1500. There are still others where the official income is only \$1000, or where the fees are but slightly in excess of that sum. It will hardly be seriously contended that either of these amounts is sufficient, with the utmost economy, to defray the actual living expenses, especially when, as usually happens, the officer is accompanied by a family. The inevitable result is, in many cases, that men of slender means, who possess the requisite character and ability, have been debarred from

accepting this sort of preferment. By some strange process of reasoning, men whose unfitness for public service is too notorious to make it safe to name them for a domestic berth, but whose backing is too strong to be ignored, have been pitchforked into the foreign service, and there allowed to masquerade as representative Americans, to the discomfiture of their countrymen and the contempt of foreigners.

Here, as in most other cases, the cheapest is not the best, and the experiment has proved a costly one in not a few instances. If the search-light of a vigorous and impartial investigation could be turned upon these low-salaried offices (and there the greatest abuses unquestionably exist), the disclosures would be so damning as to make imperative some immediate and radical reform. The extent to which petty peculation prevails will never be disclosed so long as officers are responsible only to a department hundreds or thousands of miles away. It is a very easy matter to find persons unscrupulous enough to lend themselves, for some trifling compensation or advantage, to the return of fraudulent vouchers. Under such a system detection is next to impossible.

There are a variety of methods in vogue, ingenious often, and questionable always, through which the losses of the government become the gains of some of its sworn defenders. Take the item of rent. The law provides that a sum equal to twenty per cent of a consul's salary may be appropriated for the rent of an office devoted, in the words of the statute, "exclusively to the business of the consulate." Further, the regulations require that the office shall be central and accessible to its patrons. Many consuls combine office and residence, which is unobjectionable in itself, and then, by a species of manipulation which falls little short of legerdemain, contrive to make the official allowance cover the rent of both. It cannot be stated, of course, to

what extent the government suffers by this convenient arrangement, but it is safe to say that a tabulated statement of those consulates combining office and residence, and setting forth the true amounts paid for each, would prove at least instructive. The writer knows personally of one case where, upon investigation, it was disclosed that the sum paid for consulate and commodious private residence was \$350 per annum. Of this, \$300 was charged to the government for "office rent." Nor is the office always conveniently situated or accessible. In his zeal to increase his income, more than one consul has hung out the government shield in the outskirts of a city, in a quarter remote from the business section. Mr. De B. Randolph Keim, who was sent out in the early seventies, by President Grant, upon a tour of inspection, mentions one curious case, in his report to the Treasury Department, where he found that an important European seaport consulate was "perched in the loftiest corner of an exceedingly lofty building, and was only to be reached by means of a ladder, or steps, so called, extremely long, and deviating but slightly from a perpendicular. The ascent of this communication with the consulate of the United States at — was a matter requiring the exercise of no small amount of skill, and the descent was certainly not without considerable hazard." It is fair to add that in this case an inadequate allowance was somewhat responsible for the prevailing state of affairs.

Another favorite practice, no less fraudulent, is the returning of false vouchers for stationery and other office necessities. This would not seem, at first blush, to be a very fruitful source of revenue. It is probably no exaggeration to say, however, that there is scarcely a consul who has not found evidences of this kind of jobbery on the part of some predecessor. Not very long ago, an old and experienced officer of the service was

waited upon, shortly after taking charge of a new post, by a local tradesman, most anxious to dispose of a lot of stationery all stamped and ready for office use. Upon inquiry, it came out that this was only one of many like munificent orders given by the principal in charge some years before. This particular order was for three hundred dollars' worth of stationery; and as it was not filled before the thrifty incumbent of the office was relieved of his trust, his successor refused to sanction what had been only too palpably a job. In the end the dealer was glad to accept what the paper would have been worth as old junk without the headings, and that was about twelve dollars. Instances of this kind are by no means rare. Even the postage account is not overlooked. Taking the returns as a criterion, it would seem as if correspondence at some of the most obscure points could be disposed of only by an expert corps of stenographers and typewriters. One accommodating official, when it was suggested by the Department that eighty dollars for stamps during the quarter was somewhat excessive for a small post, promptly wrote to inquire whether forty dollars would be satisfactory. These are merely single illustrations of a list which might be sensibly enlarged; but however instructive, it is hardly pleasant reading. The indirect drain upon the revenues which these corrupt and disreputable practices entail is in any event very considerable in the aggregate, even allowing for the great majority of offices which are conscientiously administered. In 1891 and 1892 the deficiencies in the contingent expense account amounted for each year to over \$75,000, and had to be supplied by subsequent appropriations. Had anything like an efficient supervision existed in the consular service, neither of these items would have appeared in the deficiency bills for those years.

The creation of so many consular agencies is open to very serious objec-

tion. They have, broadly speaking, no valid or legitimate reason for existence, save perhaps — and this practice will not bear close scrutiny — in those cases where they help to increase the meagre salary of some consul. But the whole system, as it is at present conducted, is vicious and debauching in the extreme. The establishment of independent offices at most of the important points, in Europe at least, the excellent railway facilities which now exist everywhere, and the custom of permitting exporters to appoint agents living in the place where the consular office is situated render almost unnecessary these subordinate offices. Their total abolition, except in a few instances, would increase the efficiency of the service and improve its discipline. Upon this point there ought to be no room for two opinions.

The nature of these agencies is but little understood. They are created ostensibly for the convenience of local merchants at points where the trade with this country is too inconsiderable to justify a principal office. The usual method is to present a petition to the Department of State, signed by many residents of the place to be benefited by the establishment of the agency. This is nominally done in most instances. In reality, the consul within whose jurisdiction the agency is to be established, and to whose fostering care it is to be committed, is mainly instrumental in having the petition drawn up. It is another case where the cat's accommodating paw pulls the chestnuts out of the fire for some thrifty monkey. The compensation is derived entirely from fees. The agent is allowed to retain a sum not to exceed \$1000, while the supervising consul is allowed by law not more than \$1000 for all the agencies under his charge, not counting, however, certain other emoluments of an unofficial character. Very often he actually gets much more. It becomes simply a matter of private arrangement between the agent and the consul, who

appoints and dismisses his subordinate at pleasure, the Department seldom interfering. But this double drain upon the receipts is not all. The agent is usually an alien, knowing little of the spirit of our institutions. To him undervaluation frauds and blanket invoices are terms without meaning. He can have but little reason to protect and promote American interests. Willful disobedience of the regulations has no terrors for him. It would be inaccurate to say that the office means nothing; it may mean a great deal. Business and personal advantages may often be reaped by subservience to some powerful local magnate, whose interests are unalterably opposed to those of the remote foreign government which the agent represents. Indeed, it is no unusual thing to find the agent himself actively engaged in doing business with the United States. The anomaly of such a position was forcibly summed up by the Hon. R. R. Hitt, in a recent debate upon the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill in the House of Representatives. Mr. Hitt's long connection with the foreign service of this country entitles him to speak with authority. He said: "As a consular officer certifying invoices, he sees all the shipments and all the prices; in fact, all the details of the business of other business men who are his rivals. He is an authorized official spy. More than this, as he certifies to his own invoices, it is his interest to put the valuations or prices of goods of his own firm at the lowest possible figure, in order to have to pay a low duty; in other words, his interests are directly hostile to those of the Revenue Department of the United States. It is a bad, it is an unbusiness-like principle to place a servant in charge of business where his interest is directly the reverse of the employer's. We should have Americans to take charge of the business of their country."

Hampered by such a system, it is small wonder that the conscientious con-

sul comes, after a time, to understand that it is bootless to try to check the operations of the thieves who flourish on both sides of the water, and who have reduced undervaluation to a science. Strict supervision, under such circumstances, becomes as ridiculous as a farce in a comic opera. It is never really difficult to find an agent who will gladly legalize an improper invoice for the sake of the fee, and say nothing. Offices of this character have no right to exist. Wherever the fees are large enough to make an agency self-sustaining, it should be detached from the principal office, and an intelligent, progressive American should be put in charge of it. In the great majority of cases, the revenue interests of the government would be better guarded and a more economical administration insured by uniting the subordinate with the principal office. If this should be deemed inexpedient, at least something would be accomplished if the Department itself were to exercise a more direct control over the agent. Certainly, this would in great measure relieve these consular agencies of the stigma, now too often justly resting upon them, of being mere sources of "revenue only." But, unfortunately, the hope of improvement at this point is too remote to be seriously considered. The truth is, there is a practical obstacle which effectually blocks the way to all reform in this direction. That obstacle, already hinted at, is this: Each appointee is assigned to a post estimated to be worth so much a year, — say \$1500 in salary and \$1500 from agencies. If the office be taken in liquidation of some "claim," the discontinuance of the agencies would be regarded as a breach of contract. This circumstance alone must prevent the wholesale abolition of these agencies, so worse than useless to the government, but so profitable to the supervising consul.

Equally prolific in abuses is the custom of nominating citizens of the coun-

try in which the office is placed to be what is known as "merchant consuls." These officers are put in charge of posts to which no salaries attach, and where the fees are next to nothing. The same objections apply to them, and with equal force, as to alien agents. They enjoy most of the prerogatives of a regular consul, and share few of his responsibilities. Their acts are entitled to full faith before our law. However honest their intentions, their allegiance to their native country and their sympathy for their own countrymen render their services of doubtful utility. There are over a score of officials of this stripe now in the service. Five are in Spain alone.

No provision being made by law for the separate salary of a vice-consul, who acts principally in the absence of his chief, this post is generally filled by some local merchant, speaking English more or less indifferently, who is willing, for the added social or business prestige, to serve for a trifling consideration. As he is of course a resident, and therefore seldom changed, he comes in time to acquire a knowledge of the routine work, which easily makes him indispensable to the nominal head, who is pretty sure to find himself literally helpless amid the confusion of strange duties transacted in a stranger tongue. Nevertheless, this system, despite the drawbacks which will immediately suggest themselves, has worked surprisingly well. The history of very few offices, however, is entirely free from the malversation of an unfit vice-consul. Unfortunately, the opportunities of such an official for doing harm have not always been curtailed with the canceling of his commission. Thus, it was recently reserved for the principal officer at a metropolitan centre to make the rather startling discovery that he was competing with a dismissed vice-consul, who had abstracted a seal from the office, and was doing a thriving notarial business on his own account at "cut" rates. Some years ago, it was officially

reported that a number of American vice-consulates, no allusion to which was made in the State Department register, had been discovered in Egypt, much as the Aruwhami dwarfs, mentioned by Herodotus, were discovered in Central Africa by Stanley. It was also alleged that a profitable traffic had been conducted in these offices, and that they had been sold for sums ranging from \$1000 to \$5000.

Any comprehensive system of reform must include some method which shall provide for the training of a number of American vice-consuls. A more careful apportionment of the clerical allowance, together with the additional amount which might be saved by a more economic expenditure of the contingent expense appropriation, would be quite sufficient to pay salaries to a number of capable young men who would be attracted to the service—even if the compensation were small—if there were any hope of retention and ultimate promotion. This suggestion has already been made, and is worthy of consideration. Such a plan, once adopted, would furnish the nucleus and means of gradually putting the service upon a stable basis.

Frequent and angry outcries have been made against the consular rules, which are supposed to hamper trade. In an article which I have recently seen, the regulations were denounced as “oppressive and irrational.” However oppressive they may be to some people, they are not irrational, if the *ad valorem* system is to continue to be, as it has been, an important feature of our revenue legislation, and if the legalization of invoices is for the purpose of assisting customs officers. When traced to their source, most of these lamentations proceed from persons who are vitally and pecuniarily interested in promoting greater “freedom” of trade. There unquestionably exists cause for complaint, but it comes from making a hard-and-fast set of rules fit, like a Procrustes bed, all classes of

goods, whether *ad valorem*, specific, or free. There is, for example, no good reason why exportations coming plainly under the last two heads should be attended by the same requirements as those which ought properly and justly to accompany the legalization of *ad valorem* goods. To enforce strict compliance with the provision requiring goods to be invoiced before being shipped, as is the case with sugar, for instance, when that commodity is reasonably certain to be on the free or specific duty list, and when the different lots that may go to make up one shipment are likely to come from widely diverging points, is at once absurd and farcical. To attempt to carry out the law in a case like this simply encourages successful subterfuge, which brings the whole law into contempt. If some latitude and discretion were allowed consular officers in these matters, it would be productive of less friction and more respect.

Very different is it, on the other hand, with the average manufactured article. If the contention of some importers and their alien allies be conceded, it does away at one stroke with the great majority of inland consulates. To allow the exporter to consolidate in one invoice at Hamburg, we will say, goods made in Prague, Budapesth, and Chemnitz would reduce the whole theory of consular inspection of goods to inanity. The consul at the seaport would, in practice, have no other resource than to accept unqualifiedly the statements made to him by a person whose interest it was to get his goods through the New York custom house at the minimum duty. As well abolish the empty form of requiring invoices at once, and save the incident annoyance and expense.

Nor does it seem as if the personal presentation of invoices by the shipper or his agent were an act calculated to imperil the comity of nations. It is no hardship to the exporter himself, because he has the alternative of appointing a responsible agent. If it is expedient to

require an oath, it is certainly worth while to have it taken in the manner prescribed by universal law and custom. The mail or an irresponsible messenger would hardly do for this purpose. This is not affirming that there are not some grave defects in the present customs administrative act. Experience has shown, I think, that some of the requirements regarding the declarations accompanying consigned goods have proved vexatious and ineffective. Indeed, the whole consignment system is sadly in need of a legislative overhauling. The shipper, who is generally the owner of the merchandise and a foreigner, states distinctly in his declaration that he is willing to accept the prices which he gives in his invoice. If he is telling the truth, he ought to be glad to have a consul or an officer of the customs publish to everybody who handles such goods the place where they are to be had, and the price which is demanded. If he is telling a deliberate falsehood, he ought to be prevented from doing business on consignment, because his principal object is then to cheat our customs revenue. If the prices in consigned invoices are secret, how can any one prove that an American citizen is not willing and anxious to pay even higher? As it is at present conducted, systematic consignment is systematic fraud on our revenue, and systematic injustice to all honest merchants importing into the United States. If the secrecy now surrounding invoices of this class were abolished, and consuls were authorized to disclose prices and samples to legitimate buyers, or collectors of customs were required to make public at stated periods these consignments, omitting perhaps all names, the undervaluations now encouraged under this system would die in three months. To revise the administrative act, nevertheless, along the line of least possible inconvenience to the exporter would be fatuous in the extreme.

But no amount of captious criticism of the regulations, no matter how instruc-

tive, can do anything more than expose surface defects. The real trouble lies deeper, and the single word "spoils" lays it bare. It is this system, prolific of so much evil at home, which has also worked untold injury abroad. When this is remembered, all the contradictions, all the absurdities, all the vagaries, which have marked the history of the consular service become clear. That an inferior class of men should have been selected to represent us has followed as a necessary sequence. There have been, and are, many notable exceptions, and none more conspicuous than the lamented consul-general at Berlin, William Hayden Edwards; but in the last analysis it must be conceded that, in its personnel, our service suffers by comparison with that of other countries. Incompetency has done much to discredit and impair it; venality and its sinister accessories have done the rest. The new consul who inquired of the predecessor whom he was relieving "what in h—l an invoice was, anyhow," showed at least one merit,—a commendable tendency to acquire useful definitions. Some officers have not always regarded their work or their instructions so seriously. Several years ago, a consular officer learned that invoices belonging to him were being legalized regularly at a neighboring consulate. He thereupon wrote a friendly official note to his colleague, calling attention to the irregularity. The reply came, expressing regret, but explaining that he (the colleague) had no means of knowing whether certain places were in his district or not. Somewhat puzzled, the consul, whose receipts had suffered by this encroachment, suggested a reference to the large map of the district, which had been supplied a short time before by the Department for the express purpose of settling just such claims. It then came out that the colleague did have some faint recollection of such a map, which hung on the office wall upon his arrival. He later remembered that it

had struck him as being "pretty," and he had consequently carefully shipped it home to a friend as a souvenir. Worst of all, these examples present no isolated cases. A catalogue of these edifying incidents might be compiled, and it may safely be set down that as long as the consular service is freely made a political Botany Bay, so long will it continue to be a storehouse of grotesque incidents.

It is one of the few hopeful signs visible, in connection with the foreign service, that it has of late attracted the attention of solid and patriotic business men. The Boston Chamber of Commerce has taken the matter up with much earnestness, and so have other commercial organizations. Agitation in this direction, if it is not arrested, can accomplish much, and, if systematic, may impel Congress to action. The National Board of Trade, at its recent meeting in Washington, adopted resolutions in favor of a non-partisan service, and appointed a committee to advance the reform. All this is encouraging, and out of it may come something tangible. If the vice-consuls and more important agents could be placed within the classified list and fixity of tenure guaranteed by law, many of the sore spots now only too painfully apparent upon the body of our foreign service would be at once effectually healed. There are no practical obstacles in the path of this reform which a friendly Congress may not brush aside.

When, however, we come to consider the case of the consuls themselves, we meet a serious difficulty, and one that is very generally lost sight of by many earnest and well-meaning friends of consular reform. The Constitution provides that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint, ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls." Here, then, the President is vested with a constitutional right which no congressional enactment can change. Reform at this point, if it comes at all, can come only

from within the Department itself. •In other words, the initiative must be taken by the Executive. It must be left to him to prescribe the conditions under which appointments shall take place; and no matter how excellent those conditions, his successor could of course amend them, or abolish them altogether, if he saw fit. It may be safely asserted, nevertheless, that if regulations governing the appointment, promotion, and removal of officers in the consular service were once put in force, whether at the instance of the President himself or at the suggestion of the law-making branch, they would be permanently retained in some form. The tide of public sentiment would set too strongly to be resisted.

The bill recently introduced by Senator Morgan obviates this constitutional difficulty by providing that the President himself shall be a member of the commission to be appointed to remodel the foreign service. This would give all the force of departmental regulations to the recommendations of such a commission. The bill itself (which is not understood to emanate from the Senate) contains many crudities, but it is right in principle. It may not become a law, as it ought to do in some form, but the interest taken in the whole subject by no less a personage than the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs is an encouraging omen.

Undoubtedly, the highest efficiency would be obtained by a competitive examination, with reasonable safeguards which would allow the appointing power a proper latitude in the selection of candidates from the eligible list. This failing, the next best thing would be the substitution of a mere pass examination, and the assignment of a quota by States, in much the same manner as appointments at West Point and Annapolis now take place. In discussing this precise point at the recent meeting of the National Board of Trade in Washington, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt said: —

“I would divide the consuls, as far as may be, into grades, according to their salaries and the importance of the duties they have to perform. Then it should be provided that no men could be appointed to any higher grade save by promotion from the one immediately below it, and that before promotion he must serve a minimum period of, say, a year in that grade. Then, before receiving his appointment, he should be required to undergo a rigid examination — non-competitive — at the State Department upon his knowledge of foreign languages, and to test his fitness not merely for the low post he is seeking, but his fitness to enter a service where he may by diligence and industry rise to the very highest positions.”

The suggestion of a non-competitive examination has much to commend it. Tact, discretion, sound judgment, and good manners cannot be scientifically measured by any scale of percentages, and some such system as this would obviate the objections which are sure to arise to a purely competitive examination. The examinations might be conducted under the direction of the Civil Service Commission, already established for that purpose, or take place under the supervision of a board selected by the State Department. It would perhaps be imprudent at first to put all consulates — especially those of the highest grades — under the operation of a civil service law. Fully two thirds, at least, of the present offices might still be advantageously placed within the classified service, and many of the unimportant posts ought, logically, to be reduced to the rank of vice-consulates, a system which other countries have very generally followed.

There is danger, though, that in striving to attain perfection in this matter the visionary may obscure the practical. Reform rhetoric may impressively hurl anathemas at the head and front of the present offending system. It may burn

endless incense at the shrine of an ideal service, and still the desired reform be several æons away. The history of most changes for the better has been marked by piecemeal concession wrested from stubborn resistance. If the way of the transgressor is hard, the path of his critic is even more thorny. It is vain to hope that any topsy-turvy scheme will commend itself to our doubting Solons. The time is not ripe. It is to be feared that there are still too many political mortgages to be honored by drafts at the expense of a good-natured public.

But what is most sadly needed, no matter what the system of appointment, and what ought, moreover, to be easier of realization than any other project, is some responsible system of supervision. It is a singular and astounding fact that so important a branch of the public service has been so long allowed to drift and shift for itself. The Treasury, the Interior, and the Post Office departments — which are by no means conspicuous for adhesion to civil service rules — all have their inspectors. No department with any regard for the public interest could dispense with them. This is undisputed. Take a conspicuous case in point. The early history of our Indian agencies is filled with accounts of scandalous jobs and corruption of the most flagrant type; and it was not until a system of inspection was adopted that these irregularities were arrested. If the teachings of experience have made mandatory this system of checks upon domestic officers, who are constantly exposed to the criticisms of a vigilant press, how much more necessary becomes the supervision of officers who are far removed from such wholesome restraint! No plan which could be devised is more feasible or would result in more lasting good. A few inspectors, judiciously chosen, would not only much more than pay for themselves by checking reckless extravagance and waste, but they would vindicate the wisdom of their selection in a way not

to be measured by dollars and cents. Their existence would first of all insure the keeping of the consular records and accounts in an intelligent and orderly manner, which is now not always the case. Some of the gaps to be found in the archives of many offices can scarcely be accounted for on any theory of natural depravity. The knowledge that an inspector might drop in at any moment, without the ceremony of a formal notice, would put a stop to the almost incessant globe-trotting expeditions of many excellent gentlemen, who now go abroad for the purpose of educating their children, of studying art, of taking a vacation at the public expense, — in short, for every conceivable object save that for which they were commissioned. These men have no compunctions about returning grossly inaccurate quarterly statements of the time during which they were absent from their posts, while they are drawing their salaries with the usual punctuality and dispatch. The real work is of course done by some poorly paid clerk, to the great detriment of the interests of all concerned. But the inauguration of a system of inspection would do something more. It would elevate the morale of the service, and bring about a certain *esprit de corps*, as nothing else could. This could be accomplished, even with all the raw material with which inspectors would be condemned to work (so long as the present method of appointment prevails); for it is an interesting and instructive fact that there are at the present moment scarcely more than a dozen officers (thirteen, to be exact) — and they are usually filling unimportant posts — who have seen beyond a decade of service at the places where they are now stationed. If we include the exceeding few who have been transferred, it would be found that there are probably not over a score who have served continuously for the period mentioned. And this in a service of over three hundred members.

It is nothing that many able and conscientious officers, who have taken their families abroad at considerable expense, have been obliged to return after a brief term of service, and just as they were beginning to be of some use to those who sent them. The pathetic hardships of these removals are well known. They are of too common occurrence to excite much interest, whether the victim be at home or abroad. It is evident that what there is of sentiment in all these customs — which ought to be un-American, but, unfortunately for us, are everywhere recognized as being distinctively American — does not quicken the public conscience or arouse a righteous indignation. Something else is needed, and it will not be supplied until the American people can be persuaded to look into their accounts to see how needlessly they are being plundered. So long as human nature is as it is, so long will even importers, who so often have, as Lowell said, “no fatherland but the till,” with the aid of their alien allies, resort to every device to enter their goods at the lowest possible figure. These devices may not always be dishonest, but there is a pretty well grounded belief in the public mind that undervaluations on no petty scale have taken place in the past. There is nothing to indicate a cessation of these practices in the near future. The aggregate amount lost to the government in this way is almost incalculable, but some idea of it may be gathered when it is remembered that an increase of only two and a half per cent in invoice valuations at the little industrial centre of Crefeld alone would result in an annual accession to the customs receipts of \$150,000. It is beyond any mere conjecture that an addition of at least five per cent could be brought about and maintained at many posts by competent and trained officers. On this basis, then, the conclusion is irresistible that the entire expense of a first-class foreign service could be more than de-

frayed by the amount now actually lost every year through incapacity and ignorance.

In the interests of public economy, in the interests of American commerce, which has the right to be represented by intelligent men in foreign countries, and last of all in the interests of our own good name as a people, it is high time that we should dispense with an antiquated and a worn-out system, and substitute something more in harmony with modern ideas. Foreigners of an observing and a critical turn of mind never fail to record something about that which Mr. Bryce calls the "patriotism and demonstrative national pride" of the American people. It is not a little strange that a nation of which this is so freely said has not long ago grown restive under abuses which have fastened

themselves with "hooks of steel" upon its system of government. With our natural and well-defined hatred of an official caste and bureaucracy, it is perhaps not surprising that attempts have been made to defend the spoils system. But there is one branch of the public service where no apology can be made for its toleration, because none is possible on any conceivable ground, and that is the consular service of the United States. Permanency and stability are the imperious needs of that service. Divorce appointments and removals from the present miserable exigencies of partisan politics, remove them from the "cockpit of faction," and it can no longer be said in reproach of the American consul, as was once said of our average minister, that he "fleeth as a shadow, and hath no abiding place."

Albert H. Washburn.

VOICES FROM AFAR.

WE have it on a very great authority that where the body is delicate the soul is free. The imagination, however dependent upon physical health for its most vital and enduring results, may nevertheless, when ill supported by the body, receive subtle monitions not otherwise vouchsafed. There are conditions of disparity in the estate of body and soul, wherein the latter may be likened to the herald Mercury touching the surface of the earth with but one winged foot at the least point of contact. There are moments in physical illness when the soul ceases to concern itself very much with the body's distractions, its pains and its tedium, — moments when the soul, as it were, betakes herself to some quiet upper chamber of the house, some seldom ascended tower, from whose windows the usual landscape outlook becomes all sky, with the shifting move-

ment of its various cloud-courses; naught else but the departing smoke wreaths from the dwellings of mortals, and the occasional flight of the desultory or the migrant bird.

The jar or perturbation between the two, body and soul, need not, to produce the latter's wayward independence, be sufficient to menace seriously the body's health; nor is it implied that the soul is preparing for its final long journey hence. The liberation thus procured for the imaginative powers is perhaps not dissimilar to that enjoyed by the opium-dreamer or the reveler in hasheesh. There is, however, one very marked difference in favor of the former condition: it is the soul that invites its own dreams, and not the drug-born dreams that invite the soul. Yet in this arrest of amity between the physical and the spiritual (sometimes in continuous low fever or

other illness) the autocratic inmate persists for days in the pursuance of some one chosen theme, which as often as otherwise bears allusion to the unknown great margins of life, to rumors and vague intimations borne from "the shore of the mysterious Other World."

Under such conditions and of such elements were produced the subjoined verses, from time to time; the mind persistently carrying its one theme through sundry variations. On a certain dateless day, in the blank calendar of listless illness, came — and stayed — the thought that the Elysian Fields and Deepest Tartarus are but so according to the soul's unit of measurement and comparison. How much of far future weal or woe may depend upon the foil offered by our experience in this present life! With this thought came, simultaneously, the imagined testimony of two pilgrims from what the Anglo-Saxon terms

THE MIDDLE-EARTH.

Waked a lone voyager
To voices touched with love and mirth:
"Rejoice! Thou art in Heaven!"
"Nay, whence I came was Heaven, —
I came but now from Earth!"

Waked a lone voyager
To voices on the mournful blast:
"Thou comest to the Torment!"
"Nay, whence I came was Torment, —
My lot on Earth was cast!"

At one time, to the ear of the mind there seemed to be borne the message of a soul whose passing had exemplified our wistful human hopes of

EUTHANASIA.

Love had passed on before. My last of breath
Was as when Day absorbs a candle's flame, —
Light lost in light supreme. I knew not Death;
Love had passed on before — and home to
Love I came.

At another time was heard what seemed the voice of complaining ones thrust out of life before they had tasted the fullness thereof.

THE CRY OF THE UNREADY.

The rich day being reaped, Toil is content —
Nay, glad — beneath Sleep's popped wand to
pass;
So, Death, to thine our spirits' will were bent;
But strike not yet, — we have not lived, alas!

Bred of a reminiscence I had heard related by a filibuster who had been at the siege of Granada, in Central America, came the *adios, mundo*, of a Spanish soldier who perished there.

A GOOD-BY.

Beside that Lake whose wave is hushed to hear
The surf-beat of a sea on either hand,
Far from Castile, afar in Toltec land,
Fearless I died, who, living, knew not fear.

Dark faces frowned between me and the sky;
The Indian blade drove deep. Life grew a
dream.

Far from Castile! who heard my cry extreme
That held the sum of partings, — *World,*
good-by!

On one occasion sleep seemed to hold aloof, to procure audience to the voice of a child. Its plaint, also, was a half-reminiscence, — the remembrance, through long years, of a little one's pleading for an "equal Heaven." But the fancy so blended the image of my little friend with a child of old time, whose memory a poet's verses forever keep green, that I was fain to unite the two in my record of a voice from afar.

EROTION AND THE DOVE THAT DIED.

I was too young, they said (I was not seven),
But I would understand, as I grew older,
Why the White Dove that died was not in
Heaven.

But they were wrong, for when I came to
Heaven,
When first I came, and all was strange and
lonely,

My pretty pet flew straight upon my shoulder!
And there she stays all day; at evening only,
Between my hands, close to my breast, I fold
her.

It was one night, as I remember, that to the imagination came a hurried word,

as though uttered with the dashing off of the stirrup-cup; the lament, it might have been, of

A RASH RIDER.

I rode my dearest champion to the ground,
I made the smiling traitor mine ally,
I gave my faithful love a lethal wound,
Truth read I in a wanton-glancing eye!

I made a darkness of the noontide sun,
I took the swamp-fire for a guiding light:
My little day of days is almost done,
Mine errors rush into the rushing night!

In course of time A Rash Rider came to possess an opposite crying in the wilderness between worlds, — a Camilla-like spirit who had fought her battle bravely, but in vain, and was now spurning the sodden field. “Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbris.”

A SOUL INDIGNANT.

I am come quickly from yon spinning ball, —
Brief, unremembered, unregarded guest.
Some gifts were mine, but those not in request;
Mine, Constancy — but Constancy doth pall;
Fidelity — but servile knees forestall;
And Love, with Truth, dwelt in an ardent breast:

Ere Truth could speak would Falsity attest,
And Wantonness obtained Love's prizes all!

I am come quickly from yon spinning ball!
Naught there I gained, of naught am dispossessed.

Love, Truth, and Faith cry *Onward* to my quest
Through the vast, starlit, firmamental hall.
From world to world I pass, till these have rest
To whom on earth no bidding-place did fall!

In his Urn Burial Sir Thomas Browne has this inquiry and answer: —

“Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known count of time?”

“Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man.”

By some alchemic process of the mind brooding upon this ancient theme, the above-quoted paragraphs became transformed into a canticle of resignation, the swan-song of one not unwilling to be counted as

UNKNOWN.

“A verse, a verse before I go,” I cried,
“That, though I vanish out of time and place
And glad encounter of the human face,
Some dwelling in the heart be not denied!”
(This between dream and deeper sleep untried.)

Then like a wind that groweth out of space,
Fraught and oppressed with murmurs of the race,

A Voice beneath the evening casement sighed:

“And why this boon to thee? Of earth, the best

Have closed the gracious lip, the lovely eye,
And in meek silence sweetly gone to rest,
Nor craved to leave behind a troubling cry.”
So spake the Voice that I content might die,
Content might join the Unremembered Blest.

The “Unremembered Blest” was not without its sequence, — the last in the flight of voices from afar.

IN TURN.

“Why over thee sweeps Sorrow's moaning wave?
O Soul, why wilt thou not in Eunoe lave?”

“The ripple of my loss hath ceased to mar
Life's gliding stream. At night none wakes
with sighs

To lose the dream of me; nor hungering eyes

Look out to see how dim have grown the ways, —

The sunlit paths of long memorial days.

This is my grief, — *so soon to be forgot!*

And canst thou smile? Then happier was thy lot.”

“Not so. But they who ceased for me their tears,

Themselves have been forgot a thousand years.

Beyond this battlement they once did lean,
Did see what all must see, what thou thyself hast seen.”

Edith M. Thomas.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE AND PUBLIC LIFE.

THERE are always, in our national life, certain tendencies that give us ground for alarm, and certain others that give us ground for hope. Among the latter we must put the fact that there has undoubtedly been a growing feeling among educated men that they are in honor bound to do their full share of the work of American public life.

We have in this country an equality of rights. It is the plain duty of every man to see that his rights are respected. That weak good nature which acquiesces in wrong-doing, whether from laziness, timidity, or indifference, is a very unwholesome quality. It should be second nature with every man to insist that he be given full justice. But if there is an equality of rights, there is an inequality of duties. It is proper to demand more from the man with exceptional advantages than from the man without them. A heavy moral obligation rests upon the man of means and upon the man of education to do their full duty by their country. On no class does this obligation rest more heavily than upon the men with a collegiate education, the men who are graduates of our universities. Their education gives them no right to feel the least superiority over any of their fellow-citizens; but it certainly ought to make them feel that they should stand foremost in the honorable effort to serve the whole public by doing their duty as Americans in the body politic. This obligation very possibly rests even more heavily upon the men of means; but of this it is not necessary now to speak. The men of mere wealth never can have and never should have the capacity for doing good work that is possessed by the men of exceptional mental training; but that they may become both a laughing-stock and a menace to the community is made unpleasantly appar-

ent by that portion of the New York business and social world which is most in evidence in the newspapers.

To the great body of men who have had exceptional advantages in the way of educational facilities we have a right, then, to look for good service to the state. The service may be rendered in many different ways. In a reasonable number of cases, the man may himself rise to high political position. That men actually do so rise is shown by the number of graduates of Harvard, Yale, and our other universities who are now taking a prominent part in public life. These cases must necessarily, however, form but a small part of the whole. The enormous majority of our educated men have to make their own living, and are obliged to take up careers in which they must work heart and soul to succeed. Nevertheless, the man of business and the man of science, the doctor of divinity and the doctor of law, the architect, the engineer, and the writer, all alike owe a positive duty to the community, the neglect of which they cannot excuse on any plea of their private affairs. They are bound to follow understandingly the course of public events; they are bound to try to estimate and form judgment upon public men; and they are bound to act intelligently and effectively in support of the principles which they deem to be right and for the best interests of the country.

The most important thing for this class of educated men to realize is that they do not really form a class at all. I have used the word in default of another, but I have merely used it roughly to group together people who have had unusual opportunities of a certain kind. A large number of the people to whom these opportunities are offered fail to take advantage of them, and a very

much larger number of those to whom they have not been offered succeed none the less in making them for themselves. An educated man must not go into politics as such; he must go in simply as an American; and when he is once in, he will speedily realize that he must work very hard indeed, or he will be upset by some other American, with no education at all, but with much natural capacity. His education ought to make him feel particularly ashamed of himself if he acts meanly or dishonorably, or in any way falls short of the ideal of good citizenship, and it ought to make him feel that he must show that he has profited by it; but it should certainly give him no feeling of superiority until by actual work he has shown that superiority. In other words, the educated man must realize that he is living in a democracy and under democratic conditions, and that he is entitled to no more respect and consideration than he can win by actual performance.

This must be steadily kept in mind not only by educated men themselves, but particularly by the men who give the tone to our great educational institutions. These educational institutions, if they are to do their best work, must strain every effort to keep their life in touch with the life of the nation at the present day. This is necessary for the country, but it is very much more necessary for the educated men themselves. It is a misfortune for any land if its people of cultivation take little part in shaping its destiny; but the misfortune is far greater for the people of cultivation. The country has a right to demand the honest and efficient service of every man in it, but especially of every man who has had the advantage of rigid mental and moral training; the country is so much the poorer when any class of honest men fail to do their duty by it, but the loss to the class itself is immeasurable. If our educated men as a whole become incapable of playing their full

part in our life, if they cease doing their share of the rough, hard work which must be done, and grow to take a position of mere dilettanteism in our public affairs, they will speedily sink in relation to their fellows who really do the work of governing, until they stand toward them as a cultivated, ineffective man with a taste for bricabrac stands toward a great artist. When once a body of citizens becomes thoroughly out of touch and out of temper with the national life, its usefulness is gone, and its power of leaving its mark on the times is gone also.

The first great lesson which the college graduate should learn is the lesson of work rather than of criticism. Criticism is necessary and useful; it is often indispensable; but it can never take the place of action, or be even a poor substitute for it. The function of the mere critic is of very subordinate usefulness. It is the doer of deeds who actually counts in the battle for life, and not the man who looks on and says how the fight ought to be fought, without himself sharing the stress and the danger.

There is, however, a need for proper critical work. Wrongs should be strenuously and fearlessly denounced; evil principles and evil men should be condemned. The politician who cheats or swindles, or the newspaper man who lies in any form, should be made to feel that he is an object of scorn for all honest men. We need fearless criticism; but we need that it should also be intelligent. At present, the man who is most apt to regard himself as an intelligent critic of our political affairs is often the man who knows nothing whatever about them. Criticism which is ignorant or prejudiced is a source of great harm to the nation; and where ignorant or prejudiced critics are themselves educated men, their attitude does real harm also to the class to which they belong.

The tone of a portion of the press of the country toward public men, and especially toward political opponents, is

degrading, all forms of coarse and noisy slander being apparently considered legitimate weapons to employ against men of the opposite party or faction. Unfortunately, not a few of the journals that pride themselves upon being independent in politics, and the organs of cultivated men, betray the same characteristics in a less coarse but quite as noxious form. All these journals do great harm by accustoming good citizens to see their public men, good and bad, assailed indiscriminately as scoundrels. The effect is twofold: the citizen learning, on the one hand, to disbelieve any statement he sees in any newspaper, so that the attacks on evil lose their edge; and on the other, gradually acquiring a deep-rooted belief that all public men are more or less bad. In consequence, his political instinct becomes hopelessly blurred, and he grows unable to tell the good representative from the bad. The worst offense that can be committed against the republic is the offense of the public man who betrays his trust; but second only to it comes the offense of the man who tries to persuade others that an honest and efficient public man is dishonest or unworthy. This is a wrong that can be committed in a great many different ways. Downright foul abuse may be, after all, less dangerous than incessant misstatements, sneers, and those half-truths that are the meanest lies.

For educated men of weak fibre, there lies a real danger in that species of literary work which appeals to their cultivated senses because of its scholarly and pleasant tone, but which enjoins as the proper attitude to assume in public life one of mere criticism and negation; which teaches the adoption toward public men and public affairs of that sneering tone which so surely denotes a mean and small mind. If a man does not have belief and enthusiasm, the chances are small indeed that he will ever do a man's work in the world; and the paper or the college which, by its general course, tends to

eradicate this power of belief and enthusiasm, this desire for work, has rendered to the young men under its influence the worst service it could possibly render. Good can often be done by criticising sharply and severely the wrong; but excessive indulgence in criticism is never anything but bad, and no amount of criticism can in any way take the place of active and zealous warfare for the right.

Again, there is a certain tendency in college life, a tendency encouraged by some of the very papers referred to, to make educated men shrink from contact with the rough people who do the world's work, and associate only with one another and with those who think as they do. This is a most dangerous tendency. It is very agreeable to deceive one's self into the belief that one is performing the whole duty of man by sitting at home in ease, doing nothing wrong, and confining one's participation in politics to conversations and meetings with men who have had the same training and look at things in the same way. It is always a temptation to do this, because those who do nothing else often speak as if in some way they deserved credit for their attitude, and as if they stood above their brethren who plough the rough fields. Moreover, many people whose political work is done more or less after this fashion are very noble and very sincere in their aims and aspirations, and are striving for what is best and most decent in public life.

Nevertheless, this is a snare round which it behooves every young man to walk carefully. Let him beware of associating only with the people of his own caste and of his own little ways of political thought. Let him learn that he must deal with the mass of men; that he must go out and stand shoulder to shoulder with his friends of every rank, and face to face with his foes of every rank, and must bear himself well in the hurly-burly. He must not be frightened by the many unpleasant features of the contest, and he must not expect to have

it all his own way, or to accomplish too much. He will meet with checks and will make many mistakes; but if he perseveres, he will achieve a measure of success and will do a measure of good such as is never possible to the refined, cultivated, intellectual men who shrink aside from the actual fray.

Yet again, college men must learn to be as practical in politics as they would be in business or in law. It is surely unnecessary to say that by "practical" I do not mean anything that savors in the least of dishonesty. On the contrary, a college man is peculiarly bound to keep a high ideal and to be true to it; but he must work in practical ways to try to realize this ideal, and must not refuse to do anything because he cannot get everything. One especially necessary thing is to know the facts by actual experience, and not to take refuge in mere theorizing. There are always a number of excellent and well-meaning men whom we grow to regard with amused impatience because they waste all their energies on some visionary scheme, which even if it were not visionary would be useless. When they come to deal with political questions, these men are apt to err from sheer lack of familiarity with the workings of our government. No man ever really learned from books how to manage a governmental system. Books are admirable adjuncts, and the statesman who has carefully studied them is far more apt to do good work than if he had not; but if he has never done anything but study books he will not be a statesman at all. Thus, every young politician should of course read the *Federalist*. It is the greatest book of the kind that has ever been written. Hamilton, Madison, and Jay would have been poorly equipped for writing it if they had not possessed an extensive acquaintance with literature, and in particular if they had not been careful students of political literature; but the great cause of the value of their writings lay in the

fact that they knew by actual work and association what practical politics meant. They had helped to shape the political thought of the country, and to do its legislative and executive work, and so they were in a condition to speak understandingly about it. For similar reasons, Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth* has a value possessed by no other book of the kind, largely because Mr. Bryce is himself an active member of Parliament, a man of good standing and some leadership in his own party, and a practical politician. In the same way, a sketch of Lincoln by Carl Schurz, a life of Washington by Cabot Lodge, a biography of Pitt by Lord Rosebery, have an added value because of the writers' own work in politics.

It is always a pity to see men fritter away their energies on any pointless scheme; and unfortunately, a good many of our educated people, when they come to deal with politics, do just such frittering. Take, for instance, the queer freak of arguing in favor of establishing what its advocates are pleased to call "responsible government" in our institutions. This agitation was too largely deficient in body to enable it to last, and it has now, I think, died away; but at one time quite a number of our men who spoke of themselves as students of political history were engaged in treating this scheme as something serious. Few men who had ever taken an active part in politics, or who had studied politics in the way that a doctor is expected to study surgery and medicine, so much as gave it a thought; but very intelligent men did, just because they were misdirecting their energies, and were wholly ignorant that they ought to know practically about a problem before they attempted its solution. The English, or "responsible," theory of parliamentary government is one entirely incompatible with our own governmental institutions. It could not be put into operation here save by absolutely sweeping away the United States Constitution.

Incidentally, I may say, it would be to the last degree undesirable, if it were practicable. But this is not the point upon which I wish to dwell; the point is that it was wholly impracticable to put it into operation, and that an agitation favoring responsible government was from its nature unintelligent. The people who wrote about it wasted their time.

But of course much of the best work that has been done in the field of political study has been done by men who were not active politicians, though they were careful and painstaking students of the phenomena of politics. The back numbers of our leading magazines afford proof of this. Certain of the governmental essays by such writers as Mr. Lawrence Lowell and Professor A. B. Hart have been genuine and valuable contributions to our political thought. These essays have been studied carefully not only by scholars, but by men engaged in practical politics, because they were written with good judgment and keen insight after careful investigation of the facts, and so deserved respectful attention.

It is a misfortune for any people when the paths of the practical and the theoretical politicians diverge so widely that they have no common standing-ground. When the Greek thinkers began to devote their attention to purely visionary politics of the kind found in Plato's Republic, while the Greek practical politicians simply exploited the quarrelsome little commonwealths in their own interests, then the end of Greek liberty was at hand. No government that cannot command the respectful support of the best thinkers is in an entirely sound condition; but it is well to keep in mind the remark of Frederick the Great, that if he wished to punish a province, he would allow it to be governed by the philosophers. It is a great misfortune for the country when the practical politician and the doctrinaire have no point in common, but the misfortune

is, if anything, greatest for the doctrinaire. The ideal to be set before the student of politics and the practical politician alike is the ideal of the Federalist. Each man should realize that he cannot do his best, either in the study of politics or in applied politics, unless he has a working knowledge of both branches. A limited number of people can do good work by the careful study of governmental institutions, but they can do it only if they have themselves a practical knowledge of the workings of these institutions. A very large number of people, on the other hand, may do excellent work in politics without much theoretic knowledge of the subject; but without this knowledge they cannot rise to the highest rank, while in any rank their capacity to do good work will be immensely increased if they have such knowledge.

There are certain other qualities, about which it is hardly necessary to speak. If an educated man is not heartily American in instinct and feeling and taste and sympathy, he will amount to nothing in our public life. Patriotism, love of country, and pride in the flag which symbolizes country may be feelings which the race will at some period outgrow, but at present they are very real and strong, and the man who lacks them is a useless creature, a mere incumbrance to the land.

A man of sound political instincts can no more subscribe to the doctrine of absolute independence of party on the one hand than to that of unquestioning party allegiance on the other. No man can accomplish much unless he works in an organization with others, and this organization, no matter how temporary, is a party for the time being. But that man is a dangerous citizen who so far mistakes means for ends as to become servile in his devotion to his party, and afraid to leave it when the party goes wrong. To deify either independence or party allegiance merely as such is a little absurd. It depends entirely upon

the motive, the purpose, the result. For the last two years, the Senator who, beyond all his colleagues in the United States Senate, has shown himself independent of party ties is the very man to whom the leading champions of independence in politics most strenuously object. The truth is, simply, that there are times when it may be the duty of a man to break with his party, and there are other times when it may be his duty to stand by his party, even though, on some points, he thinks that party wrong; he must be prepared to leave it when necessary, and he must not sacrifice his influence by leaving it unless it is necessary. If we had no party allegiance, our politics would become mere windy anarchy, and, under present conditions, our government could hardly continue at all. If we had no independence, we should always be running the risk of the most degraded kind of despotism, — the despotism of the party boss and the party machine.

It is just the same way about compromises. Occasionally one hears some well-meaning person say of another, apparently in praise, that he is "never willing to compromise." It is a mere truism to say that, in politics, there has to be one continual compromise. Of course now and then questions arise upon which a compromise is inadmissible. There could be no compromise with secession, and there was none. There should be no avoidable compromise about any great moral question. But only a very

few great reforms or great measures of any kind can be carried through without concession. No student of American history needs to be reminded that the Constitution itself is a bundle of compromises, and was adopted only because of this fact, and that the same thing is true of the Emancipation Proclamation.

In conclusion, then, the man with a university education is in honor bound to take an active part in our political life, and to do his full duty as a citizen by helping his fellow-citizens to the extent of his power in the exercise of the rights of self-government. He is bound to rank action far above criticism, and to understand that the man deserving of credit is the man who actually does the things, even though imperfectly, and not the man who confines himself to talking about how they ought to be done. He is bound to have a high ideal and to strive to realize it, and yet he must make up his mind that he will never be able to get the highest good, and that he must devote himself with all his energy to getting the best that he can. Finally, his work must be disinterested and honest, and it must be given without regard to his own success or failure, and without regard to the effect it has upon his own fortunes; and while he must show the virtues of uprightness and tolerance and gentleness, he must also show the sterner virtues of courage, resolution, and hardihood, and of desire to war with merciless effectiveness against the existence of wrong.

Theodore Roosevelt.

MARIE VON EBNER-ESCHENBACH.

"I CAME into the world in the year 1830. My mother, who died a few days after my birth, was the only daughter of Baron Vockel, a Saxon, and I have always looked upon it as a bit of good

fortune that some Saxon blood runs in my veins. My father, a quick-tempered, mobile man, having been wounded in the campaign against Napoleon, was obliged to quit the service of the army,

and married again ; so that I received, in addition to the sister I already had, two sisters and three brothers more. We composed a company of seven sworn allies, among which there were three inordinately ambitious souls, two of my brothers and myself. They thought of reforming the world ; I, of reforming the theatre. To this day I can recall the hour when my ambition became a consecrated resolve. The spot was the fir heath described in Lotti the Watchmaker. My age was thirteen years. Since then over thirty years have gone by, and I have striven through most of them to fulfill the dream of my childhood. My industry has been sufficient ; it is in talents that I am wanting.

"The least unsuccessful of my attempts at dramatic composition are, perhaps : Mary Stuart in Scotland, a tragedy in five acts, published in 1860 ; Marie Roland, a tragedy in five acts, of the date 1867 ; Violets, a comedy in one act, written in 1870 ; and Dr. Ritter, a dramatic poem in one act, printed in 1872. The censure which my Woodmaid met with at the hands of the critics, upon its appearance on the boards of the Stadt Theatre of Vienna in 1873, cured me forever of my wish to work for the stage. I expressed a little of what I suffered at the time in the tale Born Too Late, which was published in 1875, with a few other short stories, and which won success. The year after, my novel Buzzena was published by Cotta, and in 1880 a volume of Aphorisms ; while in 1881 New Stories came out in print under the ægis of F. Ebhard, in Berlin. A volume of Tales of Castle and Cottage followed in 1883, the publishers being Paetel Brothers, of Berlin.

"In conclusion, I have to relate that in my eighteenth year I became the wife of my cousin Moritz, Baron Ebner, who was then a captain, and is now a pen-

sioned lieutenant-marshal of the Austrian army. We live during the winter in Vienna ; in the summer we retire to our old nest Zdislavice, in the country."

Such are the biographical details that the author confided in a letter to Herr Paul Heyse, in 1884, to be used at his discretion in one of his prefaces for the *Neuer Deutscher Novellen Schatz* ; while a letter to me, written four years later, mentions Mrs. Wister, of Philadelphia, as the translator of her Aphorisms. This volume, so far as I know, is the only one of her works that has been made into English, and made well. Meanwhile, *Two Countesses*, *New Tales of Castle and Cottage*, *The Ward of the Parish*, and two volumes of short stories have appeared ; her latest publications are the books¹ that fall within the present review.

This begins as it does with a muster of all her productions because Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach is a new comet, comparatively, in the sky of literary criticism, a knowledge of whose origin and trail, so to speak, can hardly be taken for granted as yet on the part of the reviewer. Moreover, the characteristics that first attract attention in the fiction of the author may be best explained by a reference to her dramatic writings. These came short of success themselves, but aided in procuring it for the tales that followed, by virtue of the discipline which their composition had imposed ; short-story writing being analogous to the art of the playwright in several fundamental traits. Economy in space is required by the circumscribed nature of one species of composition as well as by that of the other ; then, too, there is in both the like limitation set (by the necessity of being brief) to the number of personages introduced ; and both, finally, are under the same restriction as to the quality of these person-

¹ *Unsühnbar*. Berlin : Paetel. 1891. *Margarete*. Stuttgart : Cotta. 1891. *Drei Novellen*. Berlin : Paetel. 1892. *Parabeln, Mär-*

chen und Gedichte. Berlin : Paetel. 1892. *Glaubenslos*. Berlin : Paetel. 1893.

ages. The characters in short stories, like those in dramas, must be fully developed natures, for the reason that adolescent, undeveloped natures demand a space for the delineation of the successive stages of their growth, stretching far beyond that which can safely be given up to mere description in short works. The substructure of the plot, in both kinds of writing, must be made, furthermore, of similar plain material, and the development of the plot, if it is to be successful, must be comparatively direct and simple. To practice the composition of dramas holds one, in a word, to requirements which agree precisely with the features of Marie von Ebner's works. Significantly enough, therefore, all are on the same level technically. There is no period of imperfect methods, or of inferior, tentative work, in her past as a writer of tales.

Her short stories are always short. Her personages are few. Her heroes and heroines are adult, sharply individualized men and women. Her plots are carried forward to the end with utmost simplicity of means, and with a suave firmness of touch that is classical, and which has never yet been so fully acquired save where the writer's pen has been trained in the severe drill of metrical composition and dramatic condensation, then exercised upon broader and freer tasks. In truth, if Marie von Ebner had a sufficient number of peers, German short stories would soon rise above their present reputation of uncouthness, and be placed by common accord in the fore ranks of polished fiction.

The long paragraphs that are still favored by such of her contemporaries as Paul Heyse, Gustav Freytag, and Spielhagen become condensed in her pages. Sentences take the place of lengthy strings of adjectives, and, in like manner, the long-winded predicates of old-style writers are broken up into separate, independent descriptions. The grammatically correct, involved phraseology that

stands for conversation in the typical romances of the Fatherland changes, in her transcriptions from life, into the short-breath utterances of actual talk. When a moral is inculcated, it is wrought into the structure of the tale, and, like the marrow of the human skeleton, is diffused throughout the whole frame; nowhere appearing, excrescence-like, upon the surface of the narrative in the form of didactical remarks.

The sole resemblance to a fault of this kind, in the books under review, occurs on pages 21 and 22 of *Margarete*. Here, for once, the author's idea of the altruistic duty of maintaining silence in cases where outspokenness can wound, but not benefit, — an idea that is very successfully transfused throughout *Unsühnbar*, — becomes suddenly over-urgent, and the unartistic temptation to moralize is given way to; so that we have a sermon on the use of silence under the transparent disguise of a description of Countess Priska Vohburg's forbearance with Robert.

A defect or two of this sort, however, can hardly impair the impression of Marie von Ebner's works being eminently free from turgidness of every kind, of style as well as of sentiment. Their very distinction consists in the lack of turgidity. Each book, each tale, each chapter, each sentence, is like a trained race horse, distinguished by an absence of bulk, and an affluence of the keenest, finest vitality.

As for *Unsühnbar*,¹ the first novel in the list under review, it is, I think, taking it all in all, a good specimen of her longer stories. If it shows fewer plastic, large touches than *Bozena*, or *The Ward of the Parish*, or *Margarete*, it affords, on the other hand, a problem a good deal more complex and subtle than the problems treated in these. *Margarete*, as a heroine, stands out in her physical

¹ A faulty and unauthorized translation has been published, under the title *Beyond Atonement*.

splendor in strongest contrast to the refined, dull aristocrats that move and have their being in the background of her life; whereas Countess Maria, the heroine of *Unsühnbar*, is one of her own kind, and moves amongst her fashionable associates as undistinguishable at first as is one Byzantine figure from the others on their golden background. For the representation of the personage Margarete, single, passionate strokes were necessary, an artist's heart and hand; for the portrayal of Countess Maria, on the other hand, great intellectual penetration was required. Margarete is remarkable for its contrasts, while *Unsühnbar* excels in *nuances*.

Both novels open with scenes in the streets of Vienna. In *Unsühnbar* it is a night in winter, and the Opera House is emptying its audience into the square. Snow has fallen, and the gang of men who are shoveling it off the pavement step aside as the brougham of the Wolfsbergs approaches. One man — a fellow better featured, but worse clad than the others — raises his snow-shovel to his shoulder in mock salute to the vehicle, as it passes, and grins familiarly and maliciously at old Countess 'Dolph Wolfsberg within. To the mind of 'Dolph's niece the man is a Socialist. She is terrified and shocked, yet she concedes to herself, high spiritedly, that his embittered feeling is quite warranted.

"Poh!" is 'Dolph's comment. "He has brandy in his belly. He's warmer than I am." And when Maria comes back to the subject again, the gruff old countess reprimands her sharply, saying it is faulty breeding to think of a disagreeable thing twice. In time Maria does succeed in forgetting the scene; but it is not before she is at home, seated with her father in her boudoir, over a cup of tea, and listening as usual with devotion to his nonchalant, witty chat. A young acquaintance has come to him that day, asking if he might pay visits at the house. Can she guess who it was?

"Felix Tessin!" Maria replies, with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"Tessin has his affections engaged elsewhere," is the diplomat's cool response. "It is Count Hermann Dornach who wishes to come."

Maria makes answer coldly, "What an honor!"

Yet as Hermann Dornach is really the excellent man that society takes him to be, she gives way to his persistence, and to the wishes of her family and of the dowager Countess Dornach, and marries him; but not, however, before she tells him that her feeling is an idea that she may come to love him for his goodness, rather than any present sentiment of love. As for the old dowager, it is a matter of indifference to her whom her son marries, — provided, naturally, that his wife be high born, — and she dampens Maria's gratitude by observing that her presents are to the future Countess Dornach; her person has little to do with them. She is made to understand that Hermann is the last Dornach of the old, rich line of Dornachs. If he should die, therefore, without marrying, Dornach would revert to Squire William Dornach, of the younger line, — a man who has committed the imprudence of bringing seven or eight children into the world. 'Dolph laughs cynically enough when *he* writes congratulating Hermann on his engagement. Maria unconsciously is much influenced by the laugh, so much so that she feels actually surprised when she sees nothing but pellucid depths of good will in the big squire's blue eyes, when she meets him, later, in Dornach.

For that matter, however, everything in Dornach strikes her as being good. The villagers, she thinks, must have been treated with systematic kindness by generation after generation of benevolent masters like Hermann, for they are all well to do in means and well disposed in mind; whereas the pauper tenants of Wolfsberg return the relentless severity

of her father with hatred or shameless hypocrisy. What a difference, too, between the tidy homes of Dornach and the damp huts that lie at the foot of Castle Wolfsberg! Her riding-horse and its groom have come one morning from Wolfsberg, so she is reminded more than ever of her old home, and is thinking of it, when, suddenly, the man of the street scene stops her way. His dress is fashionable this time, but his face is the same, and wears the same expression of insolence as on the night of the opera. Maria asks him, imperiously, whether he does not know that this portion of Dornach Park is forbidden to intruders, when the fellow's face falls into a threatening scowl. She would do better, he says, to use him respectfully. He is no tramp. He had dressed like one, and resorted to the dodge of shoveling snow, to get some money from their aunt 'Dolph or their distinguished father. If he had succeeded, he would have been spared the exertion of coming to her in Dornach. She could see for herself his health was hardly up to traveling.

Maria, indeed, does see: his whole aspect is that of a man in the last stage of consumption. But the story against her father, the implication, — it is all too outrageous. She tells him to be gone, and she does so with a ring in her voice that sets her hounds growling.

She does not believe a word of the man's account, but in the course of time she is forced by circumstances to concede the truth of it. Hermann harbors him in a house on the estate, sends him the Dornach family physician, and urges Maria, when Wolfi grows better in health, to comply with his request, and play for him while he lies on a lounge in a pavilion near by. Hermann, in fact, treats him almost fraternally, whereas she cannot see him without experiencing mortification and sickness and revolt of soul. Her feelings recoil from her father without swinging nearer to the victim of his vices. She dreads seeing her parent

face to face again; so much, indeed, that Count Hermann thinks it wise at last to write to Wolfsberg and make an easy way for him to excuse himself from visiting Dornach. The court minister, however, comes to the baptism of the new-born heir, precisely as he had intended. His art of pleasing is consummate, and he practices it to win back Maria's admiration; she possesses the finest discrimination for elegance of manner and proofs of good taste. And really, from being gratified with her father's demeanor, Maria comes to forgiving him. But she does not forgive Princess Alma, a former flame of his. When they arrive in town, later, for the winter gayeties, she cuts the princess.

As for Prince Felix, a nephew of Princess Alma, on whom Maria had ineffectively expended her maiden love, he holds aloof of his own accord. Maria remarks this fact, and remarks it at first with grim satisfaction. When, however, Felix continues to ignore her throughout the entire season, she is filled with an increasing unrest. One evening, Felix tells her, at an unexpected moment, that he is going away on a foreign mission; he goes because of her, because she spurned him by giving him no answer to his suit, because he is a man made desperate by a hopeless love. The scene is her own salon. But to Maria the world is changed. Her emotion threatens to overcome her. Education, however, acts at this crisis like a mechanic force in reserve, and enables her to find words to repulse the prince with due conventional severity. This lifting of the veil from his heart, and of the weight of humility from hers; this hearing of the tardy news that her maiden love was reciprocated, that but for her father, who had suppressed it, she would have received an offer from the man who had won her heart, — all this leaves her like a bark unanchored, lightened, and adrift upon a tumultuous sea. She prays Hermann, in consequence, to take her

with him into the country; and she feels safe from herself only when he complies by leaving her at Dornach, while he pursues his way to his mother in Dornachthal. Yet it is here in Dornach that her fate overtakes her; for Prince Felix, with the connivance of Wolfi, who was his schoolmate once, gains access to Maria's presence. Maria, confused and overwhelmed, struggles with her will to leave him this time again, as she had left him in Palace Dornach. But nature, like an enemy within her own breast, yields to him. Two intoxicated souls forget honor, duty, the earth.

Wolfi's dragging his enfeebled limbs into the chamber brings Maria to herself. He has accompanied Felix to the village stagecoach, and sinks into a seat exhausted. Will she call him Brother now? he asks, and he insists upon the question with a malicious revengefulness even while bleeding to death from the lungs. Nor does he cease demanding until Maria drops her proud head and repeats meekly the word Brother. That night he expires, and his final agony is so harrowing that the doctor assures Count Hermann, when he returns a few weeks later, it is the sole cause of the countess's strange state. She is nervous from having seen Mr. Wolfi die; she will recover soon, — he will give his word for it. And indeed the good man is perfectly sure his diagnosis is right, so that Hermann, who has implicit faith in him, looks infinitely relieved, and Maria, who contemplates both men, feels her resolution to confess the real truth melt quite away. There is a spot below the tower on the hill where the river banks form a deep ravine, and the river becomes a foaming torrent that sends up columns of tormented water against opposing boulders, then screws itself downward into a sucking maelstrom. She thinks of this as the proper place for atonement, and goes to it from day to day without finding courage to throw herself in, until the time arrives when she becomes aware

that if she kills herself two lives will be destroyed. How will God receive a murderess? she then asks distractedly. And the naming of the new crime drives her back to her first resolve. She will confess to Hermann. She will say to her husband, "You know now what I am. Treat me as I deserve."

"But while she spoke to him mentally in this fashion, her common sense was all the while exclaiming, 'What hypocritical stuff! You know he will not cast you off. He will be wounded to the quick; but he will treat you as he has always done, and require the world to. You will lose absolutely nothing by confession. On the contrary, you will gain, — gain peace of mind. It is only he who will lose by it.'"

This synopsis must be somewhat inadequate through the omission of all mention of Maria's nurse. The normal, every-day, healthy air that breathes from the original pages is compounded of the humor of this querulous, amorous personage in the country, and, as the tale proceeds, of that of personages from the court circle in town. For, after the birth of the gentle child Erich, Countess Maria is impelled to distract herself incessantly in the fashionable society of Vienna, — a society which, as all readers of Motley know, is one of the most polished, but at the same time one of the most delightfully ignorant of any on the continent of Europe. The author's own social position as a countess by birth, and consort, by marriage, of an excellency of the empire, makes her knowledge of this exclusive set very intimate, while her insight and talent render her passing delineation of its refreshing types quite inimitable.

It is one of Maria's idle friends from town that brings about the catastrophe, — the death of Hermann and their child in the maelstrom, — which composes at once the dramatic climax and the *tour de force* of the book. The reader is put into an impassiveness similar to that

which the actors of the story were in, that he may be as suddenly terrified as were Dornach's guests. Flaubert was wont to bring about the like sort of shock of surprise by mentioning the deaths of personages of his novels in an offhand fashion, or by having some character speak in such a way. This last kind of stroke, indeed, is nearly always effective. Marie Ebner herself has used it, and used it with success. But in this ambitious work she sees fit to resort to the old method of employing contrasts to obtain effect, so before a scene of disaster she paints a scene of dullest *insouciance*. She even ventures to be dull, introducing, in the face of Voltaire and all authoritative censure to the contrary, long pages of the *genre ennuyant*. For dullness, she seems to say to them, and to all critics who think it praise to declare "there is not a dull page in the book," dullness may have great value as a literary foil, in pieces otherwise *du genre amusant* throughout. The reader is as unprepared for a sedative in such works as is an habitual water-drinker for a dose of heavy grog. Hence he succumbs unconsciously to its influence by sinking into passivity, when he is in precisely the right mental condition to be greatly shocked by an untoward accident.

The closing scene of *Unsühnbar* is that of Maria's death. It wears a somewhat melodramatic air of exaggerated pathos. Perhaps this is because of the association which it suggests with similar scenes upon the stage. It could hardly be expected, of course, with the novelist's bent towards depicting and dramatizing, that she would relate the event in detail. Yet if it were narrated, the pages might gain in sincerity, things being as they are. The times of Dumas and Sarah Bernhardt are not easy times for the successful treatment of death scenes of frail women in epic. The competition of playwrights is not only very great in this particular, but the boards have all the prestige that goes with past successes.

Nevertheless, it is to be remarked of this scene, otherwise unsatisfactory, that the touch is given therein which lifts the dolorous story out of the depressing swamp of pessimistic literature and above the production of the modern stage. Maria, in dying, lays the education of Erich in the hands of William Dornach; and in so doing she relieves the minds of the readers of her story by the justifiable hope that the imbruted villagers of Wolfsberg will receive a new kind of master some day in the person of this boy. The heroines of the French drama die without offspring, and hence one great and efficient cause why, with all their naturalness, they still are quite unlike life in affecting the mind with hopelessness instead of joy. Life which knows no "finis" appears ever like the dream of Alnaschar to mankind: it goes on and on, and by going on creates a compensation somewhere for every fault. So stories are not pessimistic because their atmosphere is brutal or sad and the writing unflinching, but because they come to an end. *Unsühnbar* closes, but does not end.

Margarete, the central character of the story next on our list, is a most opulent figure: Juno-like in stature; endowed with artistic tastes; superbly passionate; a sister, in literature, of a brilliant heterogeneous group of robust and sumptuous heroines. Shakespeare, simple-minded monarchist that he was, saw her prototype, very naturally, in an Oriental queen; the romanticists Grillparzer and Hawthorne conceived her as a rich poetess; while the Republican Gottfried Keller, for his part, detected her unmistakably in the person of a rural pastor's sister. In our day of socialistic propaganda, Marie Ebner has found her at last in an attic of the proletariat. Judith, Sappho, Zenobia, Cleopatra, Margarete the seamstress, — one sees, by the mere mention of the names of these heroines in their chronological order, in what way a poetical ideal becomes varied and changed through suc-

cessive epochs of history. The change consists more in outward circumstances than in the inner natures of the characters; grand passions being brought by poets, as was fire by Prometheus, from a high sphere ever and again to a lower human level. All these women of story love exuberantly, all despair, and all, save Judith, end their lives by an act of violence. What is new in Margarete is the widening of the space of history portrayed so as to include the bit of her existence that precedes her fatal love affair. We see her for a moment virtuous, her large heart filled by her boy. The central scene, then, has to do with her love affair, and the short final scene is that of her passionate death.

As for the volumes that follow, *Drei Novellen*, *Parabeln*, *Märchen und Gedichte*, and *Glaubenslos*, they are all much lighter undertakings than the two novels that have been dwelt on. The fables, in the collection of poems and fables, concern themselves with art, genius, and war. Some of the allegories are even political in tendency. Only a single poem is dedicated to a flower, and very few verses are exalted flights to the regions of cloudland, or recordings of what the stars rehearse. As a whole, the poetry of Marie von Ebner wears the stamp of intellectuality rather than of sentiment, and has divination for its source oftener than inspiration. The folk of allegory whom she employs to be the bearers of the torches of metaphor that illumine the sharp points of her morals are all chosen, very characteristically, from the statuesque deities of classic song. Never does she admit the

chameleon-like kobolds and unshapely gnomes of German romantic literature into her creations.

A few short pieces are delightfully culminative in effect, as in the triplets entitled

Ein kleines Lied.

Ein kleines Lied, wie geht's nur an
Dass man so lieb es haben kann,
Was liegt darin, erzähle?

Es liegt darin ein wenig Klang,
Ein wenig Wohllaut und Gesang,
Und eine ganze Seele.

Nowhere among the poems is there a masterpiece, perhaps, but in recompense we find a little biography, a few confidential disclosures from Marie Ebner the woman. Such are the verses called, humorously, *The Blue Stocking* and *St. Peter*, and the earnest lines entitled *That's the Whole Case*. These afford the reviewer the opportunity of pointing to the final distinction of the author, which is her uncommon personality. She is a realist in style and method of working, but by nature she, like most authors worthy the name, belongs to the idealists. A clarified wisdom and tenderness distinguish all she writes, a sincerity which has not been common in fiction since the death of George Eliot. The latter swept over broader and more varied fields of life in her mental surveys. Marie Ebner, on the other hand, gives us more wit and Attic grace in the conversations which she transcribes. Between the lines of both, however, different as they are in content and aspect, there breathes one and the same rare spirit of moral earnestness.

A DUMAS OF THE HOUR.

LATE in the life of the elder Dumas, hisson found him poring over the Three Guardsmen. He had promised himself, it seems, that when old he would test the real worth of his earlier vintage. "Eh bien, où en est-tu?" asked the son. "À la fin." "Qu'y-est-ce que tu en penses?" "C'est bien." Some days after this simple expression of approval, he was again noticed reading with extraordinary diligence, — this time the Count of Monte Cristo. A similar conversation took place. "Qu'en penses-tu?" "Peuh! Ça ne vaut pas les Mousquetaires." The anecdote, so characteristic of Dumas, expresses not only the master's final judgment as to the relative merit of his two typical works, but that of posterity. Absorbing as the Count of Monte Cristo is in intricacy of plot, superb as it is in its assertion of the enormous power, for good or evil, of the centred human will, its overwrought motive and its prevailing sombreness of tone restrict its appeal to humanity, and eventually condemn it to a lower grade of fiction than that of the Three Guardsmen. Indeed, for the people at large — the last court of resort in criticism — it is not literature of the Monte Cristo type that holds its own longest, not fiction that portrays the everlasting triumph over the world of one man or one idea, or even that which attempts, like Dante's great tale, to mould the world according to God's ideal judgment of it, but the human comedy, where man jostles with man, where tears and laughter mingle, where life shows as it is, not crushed into set and philosophic shapes, however plausible.

It is but carrying the same thought a step further to notice the great power and popularity of fiction based not merely on seemingly natural forms and conditions of life, but on such events, whether real or legendary, of history itself as have

become, or may become, typical of the fortunes of humanity. If we would not forego the opportunity which the novel offers of extending our sympathetic interest in human nature beyond the borders of the actual present, we must not, then, despise, as it is sometimes the fashion to do, the historical novel as a form of literature. The present is good, the real is good; imagination working on the past is unreal, in that it necessarily swerves away from the actual fact of the past. But it is not to be doubted that the historical romance — the *comédie historique* as distinguished from the *comédie humaine* or *divine* — has in almost all ages held man's interest and roused his imagination. The Iliad and the Æneid, the Chanson de Roland and Shakespeare's historical plays, owe much of their greatness and success to the skill of their authors in allowing the results of their own individual experience or fancy to be supplemented by the rich and accumulated associations that cluster in the popular imagination around great historic epochs.

Each of our great English masters of historical romance, Shakespeare and Scott, had a strong influence on Dumas, who was quick to follow Victor Hugo in a course for which the popular taste was ripe, and for which his inexhaustible vitality and his double race inheritance of sensations rendered him peculiarly fitted. Since Dumas's time, two new species of literature have gained, to a greater or less degree, the favor of the multitude, — the naturalistic or realistic novel, and the novel with a purpose, the novel of religion or of demonstration. We may fairly question, however, and rely for corroboration on publishers' records, whether the historical romance has been, or is, in any danger of dying completely out. Long life to the race, says the present

writer, at least ; for, good history or bad, true archæology or false, philology to the *pro* or the *con*, the type which Les Trois Mousquetaires and La Reine Margot represent, the historical novel of adventure, is second only to sleep for the unraveling of care and the rejuvenation of the tired human spirit. Unlucky he whose bedside is ever unblessed by one of that great family, or who measures dreary journeys save in terms of their crisp chapters or their fat volumes. The bare present may appall us, the romance of the present or the future seem fallacious or absurd ; in the romance of the past we may lose ourselves without fear.

Luckily, the wheel of fortune brings us now and then, as if to save us, in pity, from the death of boredom at the hands of the realistic or the religious novel, an author who, like Scott or Dumas, satisfies the popular and natural craving for historical romance. The Dumas of the hour is Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, an Englishman, whose first fiction fell in with the school of Trollope, but who has now given us five novels¹ smacking of Dumas in plot, in place, and in time, and with not a little of the master's force and vitality in them. It may be worth while, then, to compare Mr. Weyman's work, in a general way, with that of Dumas, bringing out the modifications of his method, which the somewhat altered tastes and ambitions of our day have resulted in.

The Man in Black is a trivial, inconsequential tale, but the others deserve at least a slight analysis. The Gentleman of France was a Huguenot of Brittany, who had seen service under the great Condé, but who, poor courtier and poverty-stricken gentleman, was at the last gasp of his fortune when he was entrusted with a perilous mission by Henry of Navarre. The thankless task was none

other than to seem to kidnap a kinswoman of the great Vicomte de Turenne, a girl well disposed toward the king, and with a secret of state in her possession. It was the time when the League had, for the moment, the upper hand, and on Mademoiselle de la Vire's meeting Henry of Valois and convincing him of Turenne's duplicity hung, or seemed to hang, Henry of Navarre's fate. But acknowledge the plot the royal schemer could not without turning Turenne's secret ambition into open enmity. The scapegoat, Gaston, out at the elbows as he was, by his very grim straightforwardness managed to make off in safety with the gay court demoiselle, rather against her will ; and after many vicissitudes of fortune, still flouted by her, and still bravely defending her against perils of sword and plague, to bring her into the presence of Valois and back again to security. By this time the proud lady was deep in love with her sombre but trusty guardian, who, however, as an unacknowledged political agent and the author of violent deeds, was under the ban of both parties. In the nick of time, nevertheless, recognition came, as the assassin's knife made Henry of Navarre Henry IV., and the shamefaced Sieur de Marsac became the governor of Armagnac, and the husband of the damsel who had once despised his poverty and his awkwardness.

The House of the Wolf deals with the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Wolf is a certain grim, gigantic, and ruthless Raoul de Mar, Vidame de Beziers. He woos the young Catherine de Caylus, and, learning that she has a Huguenot lover, rides off to Paris with a cruel threat against him. Her three country cousins, mere boys, spur hotly after him to warn her betrothed, but, falling into the Wolf's hands, accomplish little besides

¹ *The Story of Francis Cludde*. The Cassell Publishing Company. *The House of the Wolf*. New York : Longmans, Green & Co. 1890. *A Gentleman of France*. Being the Me-

moirs of Gaston de Bonne, Sieur de Marsac. Longmans, Green & Co. 1894. *Under the Red Robe*. Longmans, Green & Co. 1894. *The Man in Black*. The Cassell Publishing Company.

being tossed to and fro in the tumult of the massacre, and being dragged back, with the captured *fiancé*, in the midst of the Wolf's guard. But the beast relents, Catherine gets her lover again, and the boys come trotting home in useless triumph.

In *Under the Red Robe* and *Francis Cludde* the plot is scarcely less superficial. In the first, Gil de Berault, gambler, duelist, and bully, has forfeited his life to the law. Richelieu spares him on condition that he do for him a dirty piece of work in Béarn, — the spying out and capturing in his own house of M. de Cocheforêt, a Gascon rebel. Disguised as a Huguenot and a friend, Berault finds and seizes his man, but only by winning and betraying the confidence of Cocheforêt's sister, whom he had meantime learned to love and reverence as a more pure and noble woman than any his dissolute life had ever led him to imagine. At the last the rascal redeems himself by giving the prisoner his freedom, and returning alone to Paris as a man of honor, to pay the price of his life to the cardinal. Thither, of course, the heroine comes also to beg for his pardon. The time is propitious, the Red Robe is generous, and the tale ends with rejoicings over the repentant sinner and the sound of wedding bells. In the second, perhaps the most pleasing of all Mr. Weyman's novels, *Francis Cludde*, a sturdy young Englishman of old stock, and a Protestant, uncomfortable at home in Queen Mary's time, sets out to build up name and fame for himself; succeeding by good luck and brave deeds, as a young adventurer should.

Such are plots, by no means intricate, with which Mr. Weyman delights his readers. Each novel can be read at a sitting. The action is rapid, the outcome rarely long in doubt. The English is pure and unaffected, only by exception artificially literary, and, as a rule, delightfully free from labored archaisms. With means so simple the author pro-

duces effects which arrest the attention by their picturesqueness and force. The English boy, slow to speak and prompt to act, growing cooler as his excitement increases, and fairly blundering his way into honor and fortune; the French stripling, proud of his house, and risking his foolish neck for a noble whim; the sombre and desperate Huguenot, wresting victory from defeat by his grim courage; the hard-hearted adventurer, shedding his leopard's spots under a good woman's gaze, — characters such as these are to our Anglo-Saxon liking, and do not easily leave the memory. Rare, too, as striking words and phrases are in Mr. Weyman's work, which impresses one rather as a whole than by details, we find here and there scenes that strike the imagination freshly and picturesquely. The landscape of Béarn as described in *Under the Red Robe*, for instance, is charming, and it is not easy to forget the stirring passage, in *A Gentleman of France*, where Marsac defends at Blois, one against many, the stairway before the battered door of his scornful lady's prison-chamber: —

“ ‘Bonne Foi! France et Bonne Foi!’ It seemed to me that I had not spoken, that I had plied steel in grimmest silence; and yet the cry still rang and echoed in the roof as I lowered my point and stood looking down on them, — ‘France et Bonne Foi!’

“ ‘Bonne Foi and good sword!’ cried a voice behind me. And looking swiftly round, I saw mademoiselle's face thrust through the hole in the door. Her eyes sparkled with a fierce light, her lips were red beyond the ordinary, and her hair, loosened and thrown into disordered tresses by her exertions, fell in thick masses about her white cheeks, and gave her the aspect of a war-witch, such as they tell of in my country of Brittany. ‘Good sword!’ she cried again, and clapped her hands.”

Rich in promise as this group of novels is, there are, on the other hand, marked

characteristics of Mr. Weyman's work that must strike the lover of Dumas as faults or limitations. It fails, in the first place, in what we may call emotional depth and breadth. These romances hold our attention, and mayhap cling to our memory. I doubt if by any chance they move us to laughter or to tears. In Dumas's best work we run the whole gamut of the emotions. There we have wit, gentle humor, broad fun, no less than the horrible, the thrilling, the touching, or the deeply sorrowful. But Mr. Weyman's work is all of a single tone and color. One adventure follows rapidly another of the same sort, in such a way that it is only the total impression upon which the reader's emotions can be based. In no full sense of the words can we say that his characters live. Worse than that: we read almost every chapter with a sense of shame. Not a single one of his heroes, unless it be Francis Cludde, has anything like a genuine Gascon self-satisfaction in his own words or deeds, nor can we be thoroughly proud of one of them. The boy Caylus is hoodwinked and outwitted at every turn of his petty plans; Berault is a spy and a sharper, hovering at best between the noble and the vile; Marsac, in spite of his good sword, is almost despicable in his tatters and *gaucherie*.

In the second place, Mr. Weyman seems to fail in the intellectual part of his task, the grouping, the modulation of his characters, the proper subordination one to another of the creatures of his own imagination. The simple plot, the single motive, the bareness of the modern short story, possess him entirely, and spoil the breadth and compass of his work.

A curious sign of this is his predilection for the narrative in the first person. It lends *naïveté* of phrase, but it produces effects too subtle for constant use, too one-sided, too monotonous. We miss everywhere contrast, refreshing alternation of standpoint. Imagine the broad and noble world of La Reine Margot portrayed from the point of view of La Mole or Coconas, or any of the ten chief characters of the novel. How distorted, how lacking in perspective, would such a single point of view justly appear! Our modern methods, with their morbid craving for individuality, smack too much of the experimental psychologist. The genuine memoir, the actual record of experience, is valuable, indeed, for the constructive historian; but to reverse the process, to force a great epoch, infinite in its rich suggestiveness of varying men and moods, of warring ambitions, diverging hopes and fears and loves and hates, into the strait-jacket of a single pseudo-memoir, is the height of folly. To amuse or interest one's readers by a single fictitious episode of the past is one matter, and a trifling one; to refresh and reinvigorate them by spreading before them a whole broad world of the past, peopled with great and small figures, of diverse characters and diverse aims, to give to the dead facts of encyclopædic quartos and stout octavos the reality of life and the glamour of romantic adventure, to quicken the pulses, to loose the bonds of tears and smiles and laughter, to construct a veritable simulacrum of throbbing existence and action in ages lost to actual human memory, — that is another matter, and one not trifling.

MARCELLA AND PEMBROKE.

THERE could scarcely be a greater contrast in the material for contemporary fiction than is shown in the English novel *Marcella*¹ and the New England one *Pembroke*.² In *Marcella*, the scene is laid in London and English country seats; the people are nobility, gentry, labor reformers, and peasants; the talk is of the readjustment of society. In *Pembroke*, the scene is laid in an obscure country village, among people who know no social distinctions, and have no interests beyond marrying and giving in marriage, though political antagonism furnishes the apple of discord. The one superficial likeness between the two books lies in the fact that in each case the hero and heroine, after plighting their troth, fly apart, and the labor of the novelist is to bring them together again on the last page of the story.

The contrast of art is even greater. The author of *Marcella* is an English-woman, born into an intellectual household, trained in scholarship and polite society, conversant with literature in many phases, and actively concerned in the solution of mighty problems of religion, politics, and industrial life. Her great interest is in character, but in character as it is moulded by the influences issuing from the turmoil of a changing England, and most of all, as disclosed by this novel, in the character of woman. Not to generalize too far, we may content ourselves with saying that she has aimed to portray a character in its gradual unfolding from a crude, unformed nature, eager in its emotional life which is expended upon social disorders, and craving an independent expression of power, into such a womanhood as knows its limitations, and also the satisfaction which comes to it through

its subjection to a law of love. Mrs. Ward writes so at the centre of English life that, whether consciously or unconsciously, she represents a sort of intellectual and social Woman's Bench, and *Marcella* may fairly be regarded as an opinion handed down upon the great case of woman's rights and duties in contemporary society.

As such it has a peculiar interest. It cannot be said that *Marcella Boyce* is a merely notional woman. She tries experiments; by turns Lady Bountiful, practical Socialist, and nurse, she comes as closely as is possible to the lives of the men and women from whom her rank and breeding have seemed to separate her. But her great experiment is upon herself, in the test of her own womanly nature, how far she is able to acquire an independence of home, father, mother, and lover, and to lead a self-centred life, none the less self-centred that it is ostensibly one of self-sacrifice. At every turn *Marcella* meets herself; and if we read the moral aright, it is only when she fairly recognizes the incompleteness of the woman in her that she comes to her senses and marries, substituting thus a normal life for a factitious one. If this be thought a commonplace rendering of an elaborate fiction, it must be remembered that when a thoughtful woman undertakes, in the space of nearly a thousand pages, to work out the destinies of two or three people, she must, if she will escape the snare of subtlety, get down to elemental foundations; and the virtue of this novel is that Mrs. Ward is genuinely desirous of penetrating the complexity of the life she is transcribing, so as to reach the clear and simple meaning of it all.

This is very noticeable when one con-

¹ *Marcella*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

² *Pembroke*. By MARY E. WILKINS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1894.

siders the substance of the interests which concern the men and women of the book. Again and again, in incident, in conversation about the incident, and in all the speculation which arises over the problems of the social order, Mrs. Ward appears to be hunting for some solvent. She is too wise to think to find a formula which shall express the result of all the ferment which her story reflects, but she comes very near a final statement when she makes Marcella say, in a conversation with Anthony Craven, when he charges her with being recreant to Socialism:—

“No! so far as Socialism means a political system, — the trampling out of private enterprise and competition, and all the rest of it, — I find myself slipping away from it more and more. No! as I go about among these wage-earners, the emphasis — do what I will — comes to lie less and less on possession, more and more on character.”

In so far as *Marcella* is a tract for the times it is a failure as a novel, and we can anticipate the languor of an intelligent reader of the book a generation hence. It is saved from being a mere tract for the times by the effort of the novelist to concentrate interest on the girl whose development forms the theme of the book. It is *Marcella Boyce* caught in the social maelstrom, and struggling to escape being swallowed up in it, who enlists the reader's sympathy; and both novelist and reader, in spite of their common interest in social problems, really strike hands most emphatically in their desire to get her happily married in the end to Aldous Raeburn. What attracts our attention, as students of contemporary fiction, is the enormous expenditure of intellectual energy by Mrs. Ward in evoking her figures out of this seeming chaos of opinionative disorder. It is as if she perceived clearly that fiction is not a vehicle for opinions, and yet could not care for any persons whom she might create unless they were elaborately representative of opinions,

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and all actors in the drama of reform. She is a critic engaged in creation, with a theoretic perception of sound canons of art, but with so strong a practical tendency toward the negation of those canons that one comes at last to a confused admiration of a will which has forced a tolerably consistent work of fiction out of most unpromising materials. The whole novel is a piece of strenuous workmanship, with thought and feeling pressed into service, but with scarcely a passage which conveys the notion of spontaneity, of sudden inspiration, or even, we may say, of thorough enjoyment of her art by the artist.

If *Marcella* is a reproduction of modern life by a writer always on her guard against offending the laws of art, *Pembroke* makes no appeal to interest in any movement for reform or the bettering of conditions. The world which it reproduces is singularly narrow, and is spinning in a groove cut deep by generations of hard-headed men and women. One gets a glimpse, in *Marcella*, of what centuries of life close to the soil have made out of plain men and women. In *Pembroke*, one sees a community fixed in its little agricultural ways, also pretty near a rocky soil, but inheriting elements of character which once knew the stress of conflict with the powers of darkness, whether those powers lurked in the forms of dusky men or in the scarcely less palpable shapes of spiritual enemies. The New England which is concentrated in Miss Wilkins's landscape is provincial enough, but there is a subtle quality about it, under her treatment, which leads one to use the familiar agricultural phrase that it has run to seed. The sturdy self-respect has degenerated into pig-headedness; the frugality has lapsed into meanness; the stern discipline has passed over into cruel tyranny. Above all, the pride which resides in the hero of the tale has stiffened into an ugliness which makes him most desperately “sot.” As one runs over in his mind

the several characters in this unlovely yet impressive tale, he sees that, with scarcely an exception, they all represent some abnormal twist; their special virtues have devoured the rest of their nature, so that they stand for individualities distorted, strained, and incapable of the ordinary duties and pleasures of life. Yet it is not through exaggeration that Miss Wilkins makes them vivid; it is through the power of an imagination quick, firm, and extraordinarily sententious. Not a figure in this little book but betrays itself naturally and through very simple means: the pathetic ones do not know how pathetic they are; the wrong-headed ones are as blind as bats; but the author knows them through and through, and the ease with which she makes them known to the reader is the ease of genius working confidently in material with which it is entirely familiar. It is a genius, too, which is by no means fascinated merely by the abnormal. It is true that the queer warpings of nature afford Miss Wilkins opportunity for some of her keenest strokes, as witness the inimitable scenes in which the addled philosopher Cephas Barnard appears; but she is equally alive to sudden efflorescences of nature, and shows her capacity for perceiving the effect of lovely glints of sunshine. When one considers the material out of which it is made, one stands with admiration before that remarkable passage in which she sends Ephraim Thayer out of the house, on a winter night, to take the one stolen delight of his life; and with how few touches she manages to sketch the idyllic scene of the cherry party! For the most part, Miss Wilkins does not decorate her story; each scene is set with a precision of language which is not barren, but felicitously fit and sufficient; yet

now and then one comes across a phrase which leads the interested reader to speculate what would happen if this artist once let her feeling for the beautiful have free play, as, for example, in such phrase as this:—

“The wind began to rise, and at the same time the full moon, impelled softly upward by force as unseen as thought. Charlotte’s fair head gleamed out abruptly in the moonlight like a pale flower, but the folds of her mottled purple skirt were as vaguely dark as the foliage on the lilac bush beside her. All at once the flowering branches on a wide-spreading apple-tree cut the gloom like great silvery wings of a brooding bird. The grass in the yard was like a shaggy silvery fleece. Charlotte paid no more attention to it all than to her own breath or a clock-tick which she would have to withdraw from herself to hear.”

One is tempted to say that nothing save the charm of genius could save this story from ridicule, so daringly unreasonable is the situation which forms the central motive of the book; but in the real culmination, when Barney gets a glimpse of his moral deformity in the actual curvature of Royal Bennet’s spine, the author seems to justify her logic in pushing this unhappy temper of her hero to the extreme verge of improbability.

An imperfect sympathy will doubtless stand in the way of a widespread interest in this book, just as a current enthusiasm will lead a great many persons through the long alleys of Marcella. Yet a judgment which looks mainly to the exercise of art can scarcely hesitate in pronouncing Marcella a *tour de force*, held up for the time being by a humane temper, and Pembroke a genuine artistic achievement, in spite of the crumbling materials out of which it is built.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Criticism. The Yellow Book, an Illustrated Quarterly. (Cope-land & Day, Boston.) The merry-go-round of literary history brings back the old illustrated annual in this Yellow Book. To be sure, our great-grandaunts would have thought the pictures puzzles, and the text somewhat unedited, but the general principle is the same, — a collection of heterogeneous stories, poems, and sketches, of the current manner, and detached engravings by the artists in vogue. Only, in this case the fashion seems to be that of day after to-morrow, and that is two days away. Much may happen to-morrow; possibly a return to nobility, purity, and high ideals in literature and art. We commend to some of his associates in The Yellow Book Mr. Waugh's vigorous contribution on Reticence in Literature. — The volume of The Century Illustrated Magazine, comprising the six numbers ending with April, 1894 (The Century Co.), is noticeable for the absence of serial fiction; Mark Twain's novel, running through five months, being the only continued story except Mrs. Foote's *Cœur d'Alene*, begun in February. Nor is fiction generally overabundant. The group of Lowell's posthumous papers and the series of illustrations from American artists, with Cole's examples of Old Dutch Masters, belong to the permanent in this contemporary miscellany of good things. — Studies of the Greek Poets, by John Addington Symonds. (A. & C. Black, London.) This is a third edition, which Mr. Symonds prepared just before his death, of a work which, in less thorough form, he published a score of years ago. The exuberance of his æsthetic nature is well illustrated in these two volumes, which discourse of the whole succession of Greek poetry with a regard to literary art and philosophy. Symonds brought to bear upon his studies a mind well stored with a varied knowledge, but his own strong passion for beauty constantly shapes and directs his criticism. Readers trained in severer schools will be likely to weary now and then of his affluence, but this pleasing work is likely to attract some who would have the ancient world brought easily to their very doors. — Specimens of

Greek Tragedy, translated by Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan.) Of the two volumes of specimens, one is given to Æschylus and Sophocles, the other to Euripides. Mr. Smith, by his brief argument and head-notes, and then by his wise selection of scenes, manages to give more unity to each specimen than one might suppose; and taken together, the pair of books makes a most admirable companion to a history or critical study of the Greek tragedies. The diction is strong without being rough, and the dignity is often one of beauty as well as of simplicity. The volume devoted to Euripides is perhaps the more satisfactory; but then Euripides presents the modern translator with scenes and sentiments which readily find English equivalents. — The Jacobean Poets, by Edmund Gosse. (Scribners.) In this volume of The University Series Mr. Gosse treats the poets who came immediately before the men considered in his *From Shakespeare to Pope*. This time, we trust, there is no Mr. Churton Collins prepared with a Quarterly article to demolish Mr. Gosse's utterances, for they seem to us to draw clearly the distinctions between the Elizabethan and the Jacobean poets, and to give as well as can be given by writing about writers a conception of the things they have written and the manner thereof. This is a gentle art in which Mr. Gosse is known to be proficient. — A Commentary on the Writings of Henrik Ibsen, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. (Macmillan.) A long introduction gives many of the facts of Ibsen's life, and some account of his historical plays. The social dramas and the poems are treated in the separate chapters that follow. The book does not seem one that would have been very hard for any devoted reader of Ibsen to write, for the greater part of it is given to retelling in narrative form the stories of the plays. When passages are literally reproduced by translations Mr. Boyesen's own are most frequently used, and when they are in verse one wishes some one else had done them. The value of the book will be appreciated especially by those who would know what Ibsen is without reading him for themselves. — Ghazels from the Divan of Hafiz,

done into English by Justin Huntly McCarthy. (Imported by Scribners.) "A brace of good comrades, a flagon of wine, leisure, and a book, and a corner of the garden." These, to Hafiz as to Omar, "were Paradise enow," and are, with the addition of a Beloved from whom the poet is separated, the burden of the ghazels rendered in poetic English prose by Mr. McCarthy. "Whether the Beloved is Spirit or very Flesh, whether the Wine is the Blood of the Grape or the Ichor of Doctrine," the translator leaves the reader to decide. We may not discuss deep significances here, nor point out more than the constant presence in the book of the spirit which in Omar is most distinctly Oriental. — Overheard in Arcady, by Robert Bridges. (Scribners.) It appears that one of the pleasures of Arcady is the discussion of novelists by the characters they have created, and that Mr. Bridges has been fortunate enough to overhear and report a number of these conversations. As readers of these contributions of Droch to Life will remember, the creators usually have the sympathy and liking of the created, so that, in spite of some poking of fun, the body of criticism contained in the book is friendly. When the first freshness of Mr. Bridges' plan wears off, one finds that the humor of the conversations is a less important part of them than their expression of critical opinion, usually shrewd and true. In the Stockton talk, between the Lady and the Tiger through the bars that separate their adjoining rooms, the idea of humor, by way of exception, is constant to the end; and in the illustrations by three of Life's cleverest artists it is conspicuous. On the whole, the book is a successful *jeu d'esprit*, agreeable, no doubt, in large measure by virtue of its very contemporary quality. — English Prose, Selections with Critical Introductions by Various Writers, and General Introductions to each Period, edited by Henry Craik. Vol. II. (Macmillan.) When the first volume of this work appeared, we made mention of its excellences, and of the shortcomings inevitably due to the attempt at handling English prose after the manner of Ward's English Poets. With no loss of success, this volume covers the period from the Sixteenth Century to the Restoration. — The Binding of Books, an Essay in the History of Gold-Tooled Bind-

ings, by Herbert P. Horne. (Imported by Scribners.) "The art of book-binding depends," according to the author, "upon a prolonged series of minute particulars." And so, from the nature of the author's plan, does the description of the art. After a detailed account of processes in general, the writer concerns himself especially with the work of early masters of the craft in Italy, France, and England. The book is for bibliophiles, or rather for persons — let us not lose the opportunity of using an apt and beautiful word — of distinctly bibliopegistic tastes; and to these this latest volume of the Books about Books Series must be of considerable interest.

Poetry and the Drama. Ban and Arrière Ban, a Rally of Fugitive Rhymes, by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) It is a fair troop of verses which Mr. Lang marshals in this little book. Most of them are of the lighter sort, and many of them are charming. None speak more truly for their author, nor show more faithfully his bookman's humor and his delicacy of touch, than those in which he champions the cause of Romance. The Tournay of the Heroes — in which the characters of modern realistic fiction joust with the worthies of old books, David Grieve, in the end, falling beneath the lance of Porthos — is particularly a delight. — Plays, by John Davidson. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London; Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) The title-page proceeds with the definition, "Being: An Unhistorical Pastoral: A Romantic Farce: Bruce A Chronicle Play: Smith A Tragic Farce: and Scaramouch in Naxos A Pantomime." This list is given in full, because, in a few lines, there is perhaps no better way of suggesting the nature of Mr. Davidson's dramatic work. In his plays he is one of the Neo-Elizabethans who, with the help of Mr. Beardsley, are adorning the last days of the Victorian era. He is equipped with a wealth of imagination and fancy which would have stood in excellent stead to a minor poet earlier in the era, for such an one would have been likely to eschew the fantastic as diligently as Mr. Davidson courts it. We should bear the present dispensation with patience, however, in the hope that the new Elizabethans will do more for us than they have yet shown the possibility of doing, and give us a new Shakespeare. — A Poet's Portfolio, Later Readings, by William Wetmore Story.

(Houghton.) The same He and She who read and talked about the verses in a Poet's Portfolio three years ago take up their pleasant pastime again, and discuss many of the thoughts that come to persons who look back instead of forward upon life. The joys and sorrows alike are tempered with a soft light, and the whole picture of age that the book presents is one of gentleness and charm. — A Song of Companies, and Other Poems, by O. C. Stevens. (H. C. Cady Printing Co., Holyoke, Mass.) We have seen a previous volume by Mr. Stevens, and this seems to us an advance on the same lines, thoughtful pondering on large conceptions, resulting in single lines and passages of fine effect, yet sometimes struggling for expression, and fluting vent in somewhat confused forms. Yet no one can read *The Company of Children* and *The Capitol Dome*, to name at least two of the poems, without being impressed by the large imagination and the penetrative insight of the poet. — A Sheaf of Poems, by George Perry. (Putnams.) The author of this book was the successor of N. P. Willis in the editorship of the *Home Journal*, a post he held until his death, six years ago. His verse, as these collected specimens reveal it, was not included in the succession, for the relation it bears to the verse of Mr. Willis is far more remote than its descent from the spirit of transcendentalism which flourished in Mr. Willis's time and without his aid. The poems, in their total effect, give true expression to this spirit. — *The Bayadere*, and Other Sonnets, by Francis Saltus Saltus. (Putnams.) The triple standard of wine, woman, and song is well maintained in this volume. In respect of wine, the series *Flasks and Flagons* reveals an intimacy with flavors and effects which no novice could boast. In respect of woman, many types from many lands are portrayed as by a student not of books alone. And as for song, it is surely to be said that Mr. Saltus's skill in sonnet-making is proved beyond question by the high average merit of the verse in a collection so large as this. — *When Hearts are Trumps*, by Tom Hall. (Stone & Kimball.) A pretty little book, full of rhymes which, without the author's prefatory note, would be known as having appeared in the frivolous weeklies, so to call an estimable class of periodicals. The trouble is that when these rhymes on Cupid and Cupidity — as another

verse-maker called his favorite theme — get into a book, without pictures or prose to uphold them, they seem rather less worth while. One suspects sometimes, even with the frivolous weekly in hand, that Lockers are born, not made; and the suspicion is not allayed by such books of facile verse as this one. — *In Various Moods*, by M. A. B. Evans. (Putnams.) This is what is popularly known as a dainty volume, for it has a light green-blue cover with a white-and-gold back, adorned on its overlapping sides with lyres and arabesque tracery; and in the modern fashion of criticising works of one art in terms of another, the inside of the book might, without undue expense of ingenuity, be defined in words that would fit the outside.

Fiction. *Life's Little Ironies*, a Set of Tales, with some Colloquial Sketches entitled *A Few Crusted Characters*, by Thomas Hardy. (Harpers.) If this book should fall into the hands of an intelligent person who had never heard of Mr. Hardy or read a word of his writings, — if such a person there be, — what would he say of it? Perhaps something like this: Some of the tragic tales are memorably tragic, the funny stories are funny, and the skill of the writer is so conspicuous that he must have written many clever books before; but on the whole I do not care greatly for this one. The stories seem to be the work of a man with a grudge against the world, and with a preference in his writings for the coarser side of human nature. He never lets anything turn out well if he can help it. Sometimes there is a glimmer of hope, and in real life it would stand a fair chance of being the forerunner of a turn for the better; but here it is used simply to make the inevitable irony more tragic. After all, perhaps I have not a strong enough natural liking for scientific studies in human frailty and helplessness. Certainly these are capital documents of the sort. — *The Flower of Forgiveness*, and *Other Stories*, by Flora Annie Steel. (Macmillan.) Mrs. Steel has speedily and surely taken her place as, with one exception, the first of Anglo-Indian story-writers, all other competitors being so far behind these two as to be practically out of the running. Mrs. Steel not only imparts the very atmosphere of India to her slightest sketch, but she can, as it were, look at its life with the eyes and mind of

the East, putting herself in the place of those men and women whose destinies have been fixed, it might almost be said, centuries before their birth, so immutable are the laws of caste, custom, prejudice, and superstition. She is a wonderfully clear-eyed observer, but a sympathetic, humane, and generous one as well. There is no story in this volume without its own peculiar interest, and all are marked by a natural blending of humor and pathos, artistic reserve, and a certain dramatic effectiveness, but five or six of the sketches will at once be selected by discerning readers as most admirable. Of these, we should be inclined to give the preference to *The Footstep of Death*, perhaps because it was our first introduction to its author. The tale of the blind old *fakeer*, begging alms of all that pass by, "in the name of your own God," waiting through many years in godliness and contentment for the footstep that had brought shame and death to his mistress, — the footstep which will mean death to himself and that other, — is one not easily to be forgotten. — *The Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling. (The Century Co.) Mr. Kipling is a nineteenth-century *Æsop*. In this spirited, delightful book he has dramatized the beasts of the jungle, the wolf, the tiger, the jackal, the elephant, the panther, and has even associated a man cub with them; he has entered also into the hide of the camel, the mule, the terrier, and the horse, and all for the sake, not of pointing a moral, but of delineating character, and telling the varied life which goes on just beyond the inner eye of man. Verily man is extending his kingdom of letters. Barye's animals are hardly more works of art than are Kipling's. — *Varying Moods*, by Beatrice Harraden. (Putnams.) In this little volume Miss Harraden has collected seven of her short stories and sketches, the longest and best being *At the Green Dragon*, which tells of an episode in the life of a literary gentleman who is accidentally detained for some weeks at a village inn in Shropshire, and of a farmer's daughter who serves as his amanuensis, — a discontented girl with some liking for books and ambitions beyond her dairy and poultry-yard. The story is told gracefully, sympathetically, and with delicate insight, the minor characters are indicated with a few vivid touches, and the spirit of the whole

is refreshingly cheerful and sane. None of the shorter stories will be likely to add materially to the author's reputation, though there is perhaps none that her admirers would wish omitted, except probably that gruesome study of two madmen, *The Umbrella Maker*. A word must be said of the pleasant sketch *A Bird of Passage*, which shows the writer in a vein much lighter than her wont. Miss Harraden contributes a preface to the American edition of the book, giving some hints as to how the various tales came to be written. — *With Edged Tools*, by Henry Seton Merriman. (Harpers.) Africa is beginning to rival India and Australia as a place where English novelists can send young men to meet with strange adventures and hairbreadth escapes, to perform deeds of daring, and, above all, to gain exceptionally large fortunes in an astonishingly short time. All these things are accomplished by the hero and sub-hero of this tale, who go back and forth between England and Africa as easily and indifferently as though the West Coast were no farther away than the Riviera. They are urged by love of the same young woman to go in quest of fortune; the hero being her *fiancé*, the other thinking that he is. She is, in truth, a sad flirt, but the reader hardly takes her sins so seriously as does the author, or feels his joy in her final punishment. The story is spirited, well constructed, and readable, the African portion being especially well done, and there is a good deal of epigrammatic brightness in the dialogue. But Mr. Merriman's cleverness too often degenerates into artificiality. — F. M. Crawford's *Marion Darche* (Macmillan) is a story of contemporary New York life. Its romantic quality is ingrained, its realism merely superficial, and its local color, though true and distinct, is after all somewhat thin, for Mr. Crawford is preëminently a cosmopolitan. He takes the whole world for his province, and therefore it is small wonder that he cannot know any place and people so intimately as, for instance, Thomas Hardy knows his Wessex and Wessex folk. But in whatever place Mr. Crawford lays his scenes, he has a keen sense for dramatic situation, and this is what redeems *Marion Darche* from the ordinary. — In *The Upper Berth* (Putnams) we have Mr. Crawford again. This is the first volume of a new

series of long, thin books to be called the Autonym Library, which really strikes us as a rather laborious way of saying what is to be said of the vast majority of books, that they appear under the authors' own names. Besides the title story, which will be well remembered by many as the first and ghastliest in a book of good ghost stories by various hands, there is one other, *By the Waters of Paradise*. It is less familiar and less memorable, though the supernatural element is well wrought, and throughout there is much characteristic cleverness. — *The Two Salomes*, by Maria Louise Pool (Harpers), is the tale of a country girl who in her native New England is almost morbidly conscientious, but who in Florida suddenly loses, or thinks she loses, her sense of right and wrong. Though the narrative might be made plausible enough, it seems curiously improbable through lack of subtlety and self-restraint in plot and characterization. In its local color, however, the story is true. Here, in fact, and in a few scenes of pure pathos and rather exaggerated humor, the book is at its best. In style, it is light and rapid, and readable to the end. — *Claudia Hyde*, by Frances Courtenay Baylor. (Houghton.) In this story on both sides, the American, which is specifically the Virginian, is much the larger; it is indeed all that makes the book of consequence. Here Miss Baylor is on her own ground, and she writes freely, affectionately, indeed, of the out-at-elbows Virginian aristocracy. There is much of her playfulness, though less than usual of her wit; the story is transparent so far as the fortunes of the two chief characters are concerned, but the attractiveness is in the interior, which she paints so confidently. — *An American Peeress*, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor (McClurg), is the story of a beautiful American girl who almost loses the love of her English lord, but wins it back again by fighting the devil with fire. This somewhat aged plot serves to connect scenes chiefly from English aristocratic life in town and country. In tone, however, it is quietly but strongly American. Though a bit didactic, it may fairly claim consideration as a piece of artistic work, but so regarded it lacks still the spontaneity which makes art instinct with life. One can praise the author for his studious painstaking. — *Esther Waters*, by George Moore. (Charles

H. Sergel Co., Chicago.) This much-discussed English novel comes out here in a print which adds no charm to the tale. If one wishes to see how a painstaking artist deals with disagreeable material, and keeps his reader's attention to the details of an ill-smelling world, here is the opportunity. There certainly is no illusion about the book. — *Friends in Exile*, by Lloyd Bryce (Cassell), is a series of ill-connected chapters, chiefly about some rather impossible Americans living in Paris. Toward the end, the book degenerates into farce and cheap sensationalism. In the first half, however, it suggests by its occasionally clever style — the style of a disillusioned man of the world — that its author's real forte lies in the way of short character sketches. — Among the paper-bound reissues of older fiction are: *The New Timothy*, by William M. Baker (Harpers); *The Rose of Paradise*, by Howard Pyle (Harpers).

Books of and for the Young. Two new volumes have been added to Harper's Young People Series: *The Mystery of Abel Forefinger*, by William Drysdale, and *The Mate of the Mary Ann*, by Sophie Swett. The first is the story, well told and rapid in movement, of the haps and mishaps befalling two boys during a West Indian and Mexican tour, and, though full of adventure, is, as boys' books go, noticeably free from exaggeration and over-sensationalism. The mate of the *Mary Ann* is a girl in her earliest teens, who, like so many very youthful heroines in American tales for the young, has much of the care of a large family upon her slight shoulders. In this case the father is an invalid, the mother a nullity. The main motive of the story is the girl's sufferings arising from complications and mistakes which a few words in the beginning would have set right. It is told in a readable fashion, but would have been improved by condensation. — *The Wee Ones of Japan*, by Mae St. John Bramhall. Illustrated by C. S. Weldon. (Harpers.) A little volume devoted to the babies and children of Japan. The pictures are very attractive, and the text also, for the most part. There is a touch of affectation about the writer, but when she is doing her real work of describing scenes and customs she speaks in a natural voice. — *Through Thick and Thin*, and *The Midshipmen's Mess*, a *Soldier Story* and a *Sailor Story*, by Molly Elliot Seawell. (D. Lothrop

Co.) Is it not as it should be when the soldier story for boys ends with an Indian fight, in which two young friends stand by each other, and the sailor story has in its last chapter a "Man overboard!" and the gallant rescue of the villain by the hero of the tale? Both stories bear all the marks of having been written for a periodical for the young. — *The Boy Travellers in Southern Europe, Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Italy, Southern France, and Spain, with Visits to Gibraltar and the Islands of Sicily and Malta*, by Thomas W. Knox. (Harpers.) The *Boy Travellers Series* has now attained encyclopædic proportions, the ever-wandering and ever-youthful heroes having reached their fourteenth quarto volume. As before, they see everything which can be illustrated, directly or indirectly, from the inexhaustible store of excellent pictures at their historian's disposal, they are still conscientiously thorough in the pursuit of information, and they will meet with their usual welcome from a host of young readers.

History and Biography. St. Andrews, by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by T. Hodge. (Longmans.) The author modestly calls this work "a little sketch of the history of St. Andrews," and disclaims any intention of producing an elaborate and learned chronicle. He suggests that it may help to revivify the past to those visitors to whom the singular fascination of the old city and the interest of its story appeal quite as strongly as the game of golf. In short, it is a sort of expanded and glorified guidebook. Mr. Lang cannot write otherwise than gracefully and entertainingly, and he gives an agreeable vitality even to such facts as are gleaned from dryasdust records; but the work sometimes shows marks of carelessness or haste, and is hardly complete, even within its self-imposed limitations. The writer has before now indicated his views of Maister John Knox and his work, which may be briefly characterized as differing more or less widely from those of the vast majority of his countrymen and sympathetic students of their history. But though his manner of treating the great religious contest and also the earlier struggle for independence may jar upon the readers most likely to be attracted by the book, in delineating the leading actors of those turbulent scenes he often shows that he can deal faithfully with friends as well as unfriends. The best of

the illustrations add distinctly to the value of the volume. But why should the portrait of Tom Morris have strayed, with comical incongruity, into the tragic climax of *The Cardinal's St. Andrews*? — *Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville, 1810-1845*, edited by her son, the Hon. F. Leveson Gower. (Longmans.) Mr. Charles Greville, in speaking of Earl Granville, declared his most fortunate marriage to have been incomparably the greatest of the many blessings vouchsafed to him in the whole course of his prosperous career, and the view given of certain traits of the writer's character in these unstudied and confidential letters serves to confirm the statement. While more liberal omissions from the correspondence would have been wisely made by a less partial editor, the letters are, at their best, exceedingly pleasant reading. By birth a Cavendish, and by marriage a Leveson Gower, Lady Granville was related to or connected with all the ruling Whig families, as they then justly might be called, and her husband was for a long term of years British ambassador at Paris; so of necessity she knew intimately society, fashionable and political, in France as well as England, during the first half of this century. The cleverness, vivacity, and quick, humorous perception shown in these letters came as a rightful heritage from her mother, the beautiful and brilliant Duchess of Devonshire; and though one of the greatest of great ladies, the writer never ceases to be a warm-hearted and unselfish woman, loyally devoted to her family and friends. — *Glimpses of the French Revolution, Myths, Ideals, and Realities*, by John G. Alger. (Sampson Low & Co.) Though this book is not so important and original a work as the author's *Englishmen in the French Revolution*, the comparison is but a relative one; for the later volume is not only full of interest and most easily readable, but it also contains so much curious information gathered from the revolutionary byways as to indicate a great deal of intelligent and laborious research on the writer's part. Even when he follows more or less well-trodden paths, his familiarity with his subject, — a realization of the spirit of the time as well as knowledge of the course of events, — and his special aptness in the selection of illustrative incidents and anecdotes, give a certain freshness to his vivid

narrative. The opening chapter contains an excellent *résumé* of the myths that have been indubitably proven such by many investigators, but the majority of which, we can feel assured, will continue to appear in popular histories quite in the accustomed form. The closing chapters, *The Revolutionary Tribunal*, *Women as Victims*, and *The Prisons*, will give even to careless and superficial readers a lively sense of what life was during the Terror, and may at least partially show why resistance to and attempts to escape from that hideous tyranny were so infrequent; for what was all France but a larger prison? — Josiah Gilbert Holland, by Mrs. W. M. Plunkett. (Scribners.) An air of the Memorial hangs about this book, a little to its disadvantage. Dr. Holland was perhaps too successful a man to yield the best subject to a biographer, and yet he was in his way so typical a man of letters, especially as related to American life, that there was an opportunity for a judicious study of character and career. He was a preacher, as Mrs. Plunkett readily shows, but we suspect his preaching told not so much by the force of his ideas as by the touch of art which lifted his work out of the commonplace, though not into the enduring and distinguished. — *A True Teacher*, Mary Mortimer, a Memoir, by Minerva Brace Norton. (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.) A detailed narrative of a representative of a class of teachers too apt to be forgotten in these days when women's colleges are flourishing. Miss Mortimer was penetrated with a sense of the supremacy of religion; she was also a believer in thoroughness, and she was a pioneer in Western education, long identified closely with the teaching of girls in Milwaukee. Her type is not so common now as it was, but it is devoutly to be hoped that, with greater learning of a specialized sort, the teacher of women who is above all possessed with a genius for forming character may yet be the ideal teacher. — *Wah-kee-nah and her People*, the Curious Customs, Traditions, and Le-

gends of the North American Indians, by James C. Strong. (Putnams.) The Indian girl who gives this volume its title does not appear until the history and habits of many tribes of Indians, particularly in relation to their women, are described. Then the nominal heroine, having saved the author's life in the Yakima country, on the Columbia River, is left in happy wedlock with a young chief, while the reader is shown some of the ways of her immediate people, is hurried away to Florida, and at the end finds himself in Mexico with the natives and Spanish conquistadors. It would be too much to expect equal interest and value in all portions of this much-embracing work, which is distinctly at its best when the writer is dealing with the Indians he has known in the Northwest.

Domestic Economy. The Expert Waitress, a Manual for the Pantry, Kitchen, and Dining-Room, by Anne Frances Springstead. (Harpers.) This little volume gives admirably clear and precise directions as to the whole duty of a waitress at breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner, and supper; together with instructions in regard to the household work pertaining to the dining-room and pantry; closing with practical brief homilies on truthfulness, adaptability, and a servant's contract. The maid who lives up to this excellent handbook will be indeed a treasure. — *Domestic Economy; or, How to Make Hard Times Good and Good Times Better.* Designed to Aid in the Successful Management of the Affairs of the Family, the Home, and the Individual. By S. H. Mayer, M. D. (The Author, Lancaster, Pa.) Dr. Mayer is a courageous man. In a volume of less than three hundred pages he essays to give necessary advice relating to economy in general, education, occupation, recreation, accounts, the use of time, fuel, clothing, pets, housekeeping, food, drink, family expenses, care of the constitution, accidents, training of children, exercise, the prevention and cure of disease. It would be hard if some of the advice were not good.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Discord ver- ABOUT thirty years ago, follow-
sus Harmony. ing in the steps of my ances-
tors, I rediscovered a discovery of theirs, in
the form of a region previously unknown
to me, lying within a hundred miles of a
New England metropolis, yet as far from
it in appearance and character as if it were
at the antipodes ; and I shall try to describe
the place as it used to be, premising that
it has no grand or striking features, but all
the more, perhaps, is good for human na-
ture's daily food.

It is a land of flowers, a sort of Lotus
Land, consisting of a large peninsula of un-
even moor or heath, and oak and pine woods,
varied by low hills and many clear ponds,
and containing numerous beaches and shal-
low harbors. The kindly Gulf Stream mol-
lifies not only the sea, but the air, the tem-
perature of which is the despair of any active
New England thermometer.

Southward lies a sheltered sound, three
to five miles wide, a shining expanse of wa-
ter, through which streams an endless pro-
cession of white sails ; among them, now
and then, a dark hull with a long trail of
smoke behind it. In the distance is to be
seen the blue form of a far-stretching island
of picturesque outlines. Midway between
the sound and a body of woods toward the
north, which serves as a wind-break, is our
village, straggling for a couple of miles
along the main street like the beads of a
time-worn necklace, with side streets, or
roads, depending from it like so many loose
strands. At one end this street widens into a
snug little common, surrounded by graceful
elms which send flickering shadows across
the grass.

Around it were gathered the best peo-
ple of the place : the minister ; the lawyer,
with his little detached office ; the doctor ;
the bank cashier ; the squire ; a few retired
ship captains ; and as many faded maids and
widows, poor derelicts of the sea. Their
houses, mostly of the simplest post-Revolution-
ary type, were square, with porches ;
hospitable front doors topped by fan-lights ;
smallish windows, containing generally six-
teen panes ; and a large chimney, or four
lesser ones. The fronts were covered with
honest white lead prosperously grayed by

wind and weather ; the dim green blinds
were darkened by time ; and near by stood
the favorite old growths, — hollyhocks and
phlox, marigolds and Canterbury bells,
climbing roses and honeysuckle ; making in
all, together with the little meeting-house,
a picture of modest completeness, of Qua-
ker-like harmonies, such as sensible folk
who do not strain too high may sometimes
attain to.

The poorer sort of people were distin-
guished from the others principally by the
size of their dwellings and the number of
columnar appendages. In the absence of
painting, these houses were adopted by Na-
ture herself, who colored them to match her
own boulders. Nearly all were shaded by
trees and framed with flowering shrubs, and
the well and wellsweep were in frequent
use.

The bank, a low, long building of a single
story, was unique among the shrines of Plu-
tus. Connected with the cashier's house by
a private door, with a leafy veranda stretch-
ing its whole length, it served as a resting-
place and Exchange for the village solidi-
ties, who, seated in wide armchairs, could
easily talk with their townsmen whose horses
were being watered at the town pump. It
would hardly have surprised one to discover
the venerable cashier brushing cobwebs
from his eyes, or counting out mouldy Span-
ish dollars within his vine-covered bower.

A characteristic feature of this country
was the windmills, of the old English sort to
be found upon the margin of the sea, their
vast sails sluggishly turning in the breeze,
as well as the labyrinth of wood roads, often
bordered with a wild growth of vines and
flowers.

Turning to the inhabitants, it may be said
that the very spirit of rest, together with
an insuperable philosophy, possessed them.
They all seemed to say, "There is no joy
but calm," and the universal refrain was,
"I guess it'll do to-morrer." From the
worthy minister — who, from being a fisher
of men, became intermediately a simple *blue-
fisher* — to the village losel who sat by the
blacksmith's fire or lolled in the sun on the
lee side of something, there was no excep-
tion. There were, indeed, Sybarites like

"Cap'n" Cottle, who, not satisfied with his natural blessings, inclosed his roomy porch with old sails, fixing his hammock between, and, pipe in mouth, might be found any summer afternoon enjoying "the trades," as he called the daily southwest breeze from the sound. And in truth, the flapping and creaking of the canvas straining at its rope-fastenings, and the sweep of the wind through the trees, mimicking the rush of water in a vessel's wake, half persuaded the crippled old salt, as he swung with eyes partly closed, that he was bowling across the Pacific, and not "tied to er hitchin'-post."

From beside this post — that is to say, the pillar of his porch — I have often watched the sun set in gold and amber behind the village snugly nestled among the trees, showing a dark gray roof here and there, and the low tower of the Academy among willows; the slender meeting-house spire being bathed in splendor, while nearer fields and hollows lay darkly suffused with a thousand ineffable hues of green, and some shadow-bordered pond reflected the pale violet of the zenith in its still mirror, — a perfect harmony without a discordant note.

But, unfortunately, the spirit of discord lay dormant in the hearts of my fellow-metropolitans who enjoy with me the privileges of this happy land. One of these, having bought a house in the village street, undertook to *modernize* it by the addition of a veranda, and an L which had no affinity with anything, painting it a ghastly white, and the roofs bright red; the whole screaming defiance to the neighborhood, to which it yet imparted a shabby air, so that the thriftiest householders were goaded into painting their good gray homesteads, adding, as a matter of course, dazzling green blinds. Thus fell the first blow upon the old-time harmony of our village; the contagion of new paint quickly extending even to the common.

Another man from the metropolis, having possessed himself of the roomy house of a deceased sea captain, at first kept his hands from it, but presently must put up a huge barn and outbuildings, by way of playing farmer; and, like his fellow-Philistine, instead of conforming the new to the old, built them with no sort of reference to anything he had found, coloring them a dirty chocolate, possibly with an eye to "not showing dirt."

Another little rift within our lute was

the few tiny cottages, like cardboard boxes, planted on the edge of a bluff commanding a wide sweep of ocean. These were experiments of exotic excursionists and amateur fishermen to provide themselves with shelters at the smallest outlay of money and trouble, but, unhappily, not without an ambition for what is called ornament, taking in this case the form of a sawed fringe along gables, and windows with pointed tops. To-day, this toadstool growth, fallen into other hands, enlarged but not beautified, litters the water's edge like a trumpery toy village left to itself by a child of some giant race tired of play; its whimsical absurdities of color suggesting his deranged and dirty paint-box.

It might have been hoped that people with more money and education, who, following some of the first-comers, indulged in architecture, would have done much better than they. But no. Having generally elected to build on the bare, windy level between the main street and the sound, in quest of a prospect, they have had no regard to the effect of their houses in relation to each other or the surroundings, or to the disastrous result of opposed styles and forms seen behind or against one another in various combinations. Neither has any attempt been made by tree-planting to prevent or soften these strange groupings. High houses, low houses, short and long, white and yellow houses, black houses and red, stand staring at each other and at the beholder, as if asking how they came where they are, and why, their conditions and purpose being alike, they should be made to masquerade in such diverse and harlequin attire. Each householder has followed his own whims, just as in the case of the toy village, neither thinking nor caring that the ugliness of one house is the injury of all, and that a neighboring exterior concerns one as much or more than one's own. A rampant individuality and a deficient sense of harmony must have much to do with this.

We have yet another small class of rich persons who own a tract of slopes and hills somewhat apart from the village. They assume something of manorial dignity, and their influence, wisely used, might have been most effective for good. What have they done beside incidentally raising the cost of living, giving the town the benefit of their taxes, and encouraging shopkeepers who

have added carpenter's disfigurements to the others which encumber the main street ? Alas ! they have shown no more taste than their neighbors, though greatly befriended by adjacent woods and elevated sites. They have made the roads dusty with drags and wagonettes, and marred the delicate profiles of the hills with clumsy water-tanks and rattling skeleton windmills of Western invention ; and these eyesores are multiplying everywhere, while the mill of the early days has gone to rack and ruin. Finally, by way of climax, these rich people have caused two churches to be built : one so crude and barbaric that its very stones seem to cry out against it ; the other, near the common, so out of place with its smug reproduction of English Pointed architecture that, considering its surroundings, one is greatly tempted either to demolish the church or burn the village.

It is now beginning to be said that "a real live town" such as ours promises to be should have an electric road, "to make it handier to git round." If it is to come, it would be *handiest* to carry it across the common, under the shadow of the two spires. Possibly a dummy engine attached to a car, and expected to take its water from the town pump, might prove profitable to investors.

For myself, I had thought of organizing an Anti-Village-Extinction Association before our paradise should be altogether lost ; but being told that the local Village Improvement Society, under the auspices of our wealthy residents, has succeeded only in planting a few trees, and in debating the question of buying a new watering-cart without practical results, I am led to think it might not be a success.

The Story of the Street Continued. — I shall never be done telling the Club about the children I

see on the city streets. The drama they act in outstretches any on the Chinese stage ; and though it has its dull days, its tiresome, meaningless acts, it is always likely to reward attention by some bit of byplay, some passage of pantomime that is truly precious.

What fitter adjective could be given, for instance, to a scene I have just observed enacted by three infants in Forty-Second Street ? Who could hope that a Forty-Second Street would bring forth anything so pretty ? The heroine was very ragged, very dirty, and the loveliest bit of

womanhood that ever reached the age of four. She had golden-brown curls, golden-brown eyes, a peach-blossom complexion, and the particularly soft and lovely curves and modelings that seem almost peculiar to this coloring. And in the same simple, unconscious, helpless way, she was as touchingly feminine as Adelaide Neilson in the part of Viola.

When my eyes fell upon her, she was in trouble ; her eyes were filling with tears, and she was pressing a mite of a palm upon her quivering mouth in a piteous effort to keep back a rising tide of sobs. She was not the only one in trouble ; a snub-nosed newsboy of eight or nine years was bending over her, his eyes strained with worried anxiety. He talked to her, but she only turned her curly head this way and that in an effort to hide her tears, and caught her breath the faster beneath that repressive palm. He offered her (God knows why) his only remaining paper ; but she would none of it, though her refusal was only grief-smitten, not cross. No being could have seen her without an impulse to try to comfort her. But speaking to children is a perilous measure, perilous to the interest of the play ; and now see how a proper sacrifice of human to artistic feeling was rewarded. The harried newsboy raised his eyes and looked despairingly about him. He saw another and lesser boy forty feet away, and coming toward him ; he hurried to the seven-year-old, and — as my eyes told me — stated the case to him.

The snub-nosed boy was masculine enough in his despair, but the little one had a trick of masculinity worth more ; he (the little one), with the firm, even step of the head of a family, walked up to her ladyship, and, without one word, one inquiring glance, just threw his arm around her neck, drew her close, and walked on. To see her snuggle her comforted head on his shoulder, and slip an arm about his waist, and silently dry her eyes with the other hand, and be happy again — well, if it is worth the paper it is printed on here, what do you *suppose* it was to see it ? It would have been just like the pictures of street children in *Life*, if it had not been altogether unlike in being as winsome as it was humorous.

Of course the children are the stars in the panorama of the street, but occasionally men or women rise above the compara-

tively sordid parts they usually play, and, generally by some touch of helplessness that makes them akin to the children, arrive at a like power to move the heart.

One morning, as I came through Washington Square, I became conscious that a dingy woman was hovering about me; now before, now behind or beside me. When my eyes turned to her, she drifted nearer, looking at me with pale, watery eyes and the gentlest expression of tenderness.

"You don't mind my speaking to you, do you?" she said. "I like to look at you. You don't mind?" Then, sinking still lower her quiet voice, she said, while a look of appeal came into her face, as if she felt she were telling the most pitiful thing in the world, "I've been drinking. Yes," nodding her head a little, and trying to smile her blank, friendly smile again, "I'm trying to get sober now. I just thought I'd like to speak to you. You don't mind, do you? I'm very respectable, only that I go on sprees. I'm a sewing-woman, — see?" and she pointed to a number of needles impaling her breast in the usual seamstress fashion. "I knew you were kind. I like to look at you. You don't know anything that would help me sober up, do you?"

It seemed probable she knew more on this point than I, but the fact was she had the air of simply seeking to prolong the conversation. Considering her state, one was not called upon to feel flattered by her attentions; but I confess that I do not always wait for the necessity, and probably I should not have parleyed so long with a drunken woman who was uncomplimentary. My vanity did not receive the wholesome check that might have been expected, for the poor woman proved that her vague pursuit was quite unmercenary.

I told her, on a venture, that I thought a cup of strong black coffee would do her good, and asked if she had the money to get it.

"How much will it cost?" she asked, smiling still as she tried to focus her eyes upon mine, and giving her soft, affectionate inflections such simplicity as would have befitted a wanderer from Mars who had never heard of coffee.

When I suggested localities — near by — where five cents might be expected to pay for my prescription, she said, "I've got a dime," and still without seeming quite to

descend to any sharp recognition of the vulgar, material sides of life, she drew her dime from her pocket and showed it to me. When, after expressing my sympathy and my hope that the coffee would help her, I started on my way, she stood aside to let me pass, saying once more, "You don't mind my speaking to you, do you?"

How things change their proportions in retrospect! I shall never remember what engagement I was so determined to keep just then, and now it seems the strangest brutality that I left that poor, pitiful, struggling thing without really turning a hand to help her. But I was full of an idiotic notion that I must hurry about this or that triviality. It was not a case in which it seemed wise to offer money, and I contented myself very well then by turning back, giving her a card bearing my name and address, and telling her to come to me if she wanted assistance or wished to see me. She said nothing, smiled on, and stood watching me as long as I could see her. Of course I have had no more knowledge of her since than of some raindrop that splashed my cheek that week.

That is a definitely melancholy little tale, but here is another, in which I find the melancholy element, if less definite, is still poignantly touching. I sat unobserved at a window close to the sidewalk, and watched two little urchins in shabby knickerbockers search ardently for some lost treasure. Probably it was a broken key or a glass marble. Anyway, it was something very small and very precious, and they rubbed their bits of noses over yards of flag and cobble stones looking for it.

All the time, as they hunted, they manufactured little superstitions, and acted upon them. The big one (he might have been seven) would say, "Now let's shut our eyes and walk to the gutter, and maybe, when we open them and look down, one of us'll see it."

This expedient failing, the little one, enough less to be very docile with his superior, would venture a suggestion expressing his faith that if they walked ten steps backward into the street, and then whirled around three times and looked, this singular course would prove efficacious. I found their self-invented, vague devil-worship curious and entertaining; but when the baby, at last, tired out and on the point of tears,

exclaimed, in a half-whispered tone of patient awe this time, "Willie, Willie, let's say we don't want to find it," — when it came to that, I broke up the council.

The age of five is too young, too young for a little man to be discovering the darker ways of fate.

Friendship — — "Just read me again that epigram on The New Broom."

Story. "With pleasure. As Touchstone says, 'It's a poor thing, but my own,' based on keen experience."

"You have the inheritance of the *irritable genus*."

'Out of my own great woes
I make my little songs.'

Is that it? But let's have the verses."

"Well, here they are. Deal gently."

THE NEW BROOM.

Oh yes, he will do it,
I know he will do it, —
The more that our friendship is new!
To expect our old friends
To further our ends
Would be taking an optimist's view.
While the iron is hot,
We must strike, for, if not,
Sober second-thought always means 'won't'!
If we wait till to-morrow,
We learn to our sorrow
That Echo says nothing but 'don't'!"

"Yes, that 'sweeps clean.' There is, undoubtedly, an extensive Gallic territory in the Land of Friendship, where the inhabitants, like our old acquaintances in Cæsar's Commentaries, are always 'desirous of new things.'"

"'Stranger is a holy name' very particularly applies to their eager, welcoming attitude. It should be the motto of a lady I know. All her friends are strangers; all her strangers are swans. If there is an ellipsis in the statement, I leave you to supply what is lacking. At any rate, they prove birds of passage. I hear their praises from her lips no more. Meantime, a new set provide a theme; for, to do her justice, she is very enthusiastic in the manner in which she speaks of her friends, or rather, her strangers. To grow old, as a friend, is as grievous to her and as insupportable as to others of her sex is the waxing old of the fashion in garments. But in either case change remedies all. Yes; old friends are like relations: the best there is of them, for us, is already won. They have reached that perilous point where they know enough of our failings to temper their generosity

with a mild measure of justice! The new-found friend is full of delightful possibilities. So much of the pleasure of friendship with new people consists of getting acquainted, of surveying unknown territory, of colonizing yet undiscovered countries with one's own views and prejudices, that, like an ardent speculator, one scarce knows where to leave off this reckless investment!"

"You are severe. Let me tell you what happened to me at the outset of my acquaintance with an excellent Scotch family. (Ah, there's the stuff for lasting friendships!) I was young, ardent, and, being impulsive in speech, I expressed strongly my strong liking for these good people; to which one of the family replied, 'You're pleased with us because we're *newins* to you.' I have often had occasion to remember the phrase when observing the avidity with which new friendships are struck up between eager strangers. They taste their 'newins,' and the gusto is great while it lasts. But, do you know, I think there are two sides to this subject, Friendship — as an Old Story. I'm not quite prepared to say, in what might be termed the language of the Hebrew venter, that 'old friends are like old clo's;' they lack style, and have no quality but the one of hanging easy on you; or, to put it briefly, they are easy, and nothing else! But it would be well, I think, to remember that the advantage of age is liable to be overrated both as regards friendship and wine. A celebrated *gourmet* has remarked that wine has its dotage. Now, I fail to see why the qualities of friendship should be considered immortal, when, usually, there is nothing else about the friend but what is commonplace. Even criminals boast of enduring friendship, — friendship founded upon so slight a moral basis as the habits of their class offer; but the records of the station-house present a solid wall of negation to all this glowing pretension. But to return. I think that friendship, in a certain sense, should always be new; the older it grows, the newer it ought to be."

"Would you mind explaining that little paradox?"

"Certainly not. You know I don't object to being didactic — on occasion. I mean just this (and here we come back to your New Broom). With many people friendship is like a tontine policy; after a given number of years it matures, and is then

called 'paid up.' There is such a position as emeritus professor in friendship. The period of contribution having passed, the incumbent settles into calm possession of rights already earned. It's not a gracious rôle to play. I don't see why we should be so zealous to keep 'abreast of the times' in every other matter, while in friendship alone we allow ourselves to rest complacently on the oar. Every art, every industry, every project in which we engage, looks forward. There must be some lure, some novelty, to draw us on. You don't grind with the water that has passed, and just as little do you grind the grist that is already ground. I think of a good illustration from the sciences. To a well-equipped and earnest naturalist there need be no higher recommendation to secure his interest than that the animal under consideration be but little known. Some beast of the Dismal Swamp, some Mexican or Guatemalan toad whose horned and grotesque body suggests to the philosopher that the Almighty has a sense of humor, — all this is food for the naturalist's loving thought, and an incentive to curious investigation. There is no serpent too slimy or too venomous to engage his intensest interest, provided such serpent possesses one rattle more to his tail or one fang less to his buckle armory than is the wont of his kind in general. I think of a more agreeable illustration. When a child, I brought to an old musician with a passionate love of flowers a specimen unknown to his children, and called by some fanciful childish name of our own invention. At sight of this unaccustomed blossom, the old flower-worshiper dropped his eyes in unspeakable disappointment. 'Why, it's only a cowslip,' he said. In so doing he but betrayed that universal lack of interest in the familiar which is so sad to contemplate, even when that familiar is taken from the subject of our deepest joy."

"*Omne ignotum holds good among the every-day things of this life; undoubtedly, the element of strangeness goes far to enhance romantic interest wherever it is encountered.*"

"Yes. Even the crystalline Emerson, talking as the gods upon Olympus talk from peak to peak, says that lovers must guard their strangeness."

"And what wise Corydon was it who, on being questioned, gave this recipe for keep-

ing his sweetheart aglow with perennial enthusiasm? 'Don't never marry her. Court all the time, like two pretty people in a picture.'"

"Yes. Among the expedients granted to poor human nature, in order that it may keep alive the freshness and glow of the heart, there is nothing more useful than the resourceful temperament which, like the moon in Browning's poem, turns always a new side to her mortal."

'Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman,
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats, — him, even!'

Yet I'm not so sure as to that last specification. If you will reach me that volume of Keats, I think I can find a wise word on this very subject, as on many another, though his lovers will never allow the possibility of his moralizing upon any theme. Here it is, — the sonnet To J. H. Reynolds.¹ He wishes that

'a week could be an age, and we
Felt parting and warm meeting every week;
Then one poor year a thousand years would be!'

And here, again, he is still more strenuous to endow friendship with all the fullness of life: —

'Oh, to arrive each Monday morn from Ind,
To land each Tuesday from the rich Levant,
In little time a host of joys to find,
And keep our souls in one eternal pant!'

I won't say familiarity breeds contempt, but it does breed a too easy-going certainty and a slackness of endeavor in friendship, which assuredly deserves our best efforts."

"It might be useful for friends to adapt for their purpose the refrain of an old sentimental ditty, Strangers Yet."

"Yes, they might do worse. The joy of mutual discovery would then never fail them."

"And, on the other hand, they might sometimes be spared a world of pain?"

"Certainly. It's a grave question just how far the idealization that seems to be necessary to friendship will bear the strain of an intimate, minute, and *humorous* knowledge of defects. Perhaps, for our friend's sake, we ought to see that he doesn't discover too many of our little faults."

"My Machiavellian prince of friends speaks there!"

¹ To J. H. Reynolds. No. X. Posthumous Poems.

The Artist of
the Mono-
stich Again.

— On a second visit to the workshop, in company with the Censor, I found the Artist of the Monostich engaged in some studious work of cutting and polishing, — such as befitted this lapidary of the Muses.

The Censor, by way of engaging the Artist in conversation, and referring to previously expressed opinions, asked to what extent he thought it possible to reduce an epic, or, to employ a phrase borrowed from a far different and a more mechanical industry, how many "pounds pressure" a composition of this order could sustain. Why not, for instance, the reduction of the *Iliad*?

Now, the Artist, strange as it may seem, had been a soldier, before cultivating the gentle arts of peace in the form of his present novel avocation. To say that the Artist detected a lurking irony in the Censor's "for instance" would be to hazard no unsafe venture of opinion. It was patent to one observer, at least, that a gray glint shone forth in the Artist's eye. He replied that had Mount Athos, as proposed, been cut in the likeness of the human countenance (a work of needless magnitude, perhaps), no upstart engineer would have been so rash as to attempt reducing the monolith to a cameo relief! There were, likewise, works of the human brain which, to use the plea of Shakespeare's early editors, had had their "triall already" and had "stood out all appeales."

The Miltonic epic was then cited. Whereupon the Artist observed, not so irrelevantly as at first seemed, that Swedenborg, a seer who at times approaches the poet, had not done so badly in compressing the Miltonic epic: witness that spirited polemic

scene where two sages are still disputing, in the other world, some question that vexed them to sore disagreement in this; witness the famous description (so nearly filling the requisitions of a single heroic line):

"As they had no swords, they fought with pointed words."

While the Censor and the Artist were following up some line of thought suggested by this new-found poem, I allowed my eyes to rove about the studio; and in their journey my attention was arrested by the work upon which the Artist was bent when we entered. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "Why, here are several epics *in parvo*! By your leave" — and I read aloud, in my zeal to convince the Censor of his error in baiting the Artist, the following concentrated verses descriptive of scenes too well known to one who was a soldier before he was an artist.

BATTLE EVE.

We beheld in the ruddy camp-fire a vision of what must be.

THE AMBITIOUS LEADER.

He saw his sword beam bright through battle mists.

A FORLORN HOPE.

I felt I dared not trust myself to live.

A LOVER IN BATTLE.

Till Love was born I had no fear to die.

BEYOND THE LINES.

He passed to where our substance is but shadow.

FATAL REPULSE.

They stormed a fortress, but 't was Heaven they scaled!

A DEAD CAUSE.

It died like day, — in agony of crimson.